

The
Christian Remembrance

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THE
CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

APRIL, 1856.

- ART. I.¹—1. *The Song of Hiawatha.* By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. London: David Bogue, Fleet Street.
2. *Maud.* By ALFRED TENNYSON. London: Moxon.
3. *Men and Women.* By ROBERT BROWNING. London: Chapman and Hall.
4. *The Mystic, and other Poems.* By JAMES PHILIP BAILEY. London: Chapman and Hall.
5. *The Poetry of Creation.* By NICHOLAS MICHELL. London: Chapman and Hall.
6. *The Battle-Day, and other Poems.* By ERNEST JONES. London: G. Routledge and Co.

OUR poets would seem this year to have entered into a compact—or some subtle influence spreading amongst them has acted with all the force of mutual agreement and design—to surprise the world with something new and unexpected. Actual originality comes of itself, and no man can successfully lay snares for it; but the public may be made to wonder and look about them at an easier cost of powers. Startling effects, what the mercantile world calls ‘novelties,’ are oftener produced by recklessness than study; and it needs only for a man of genius to resolve by a deliberate act of the will to tread in no man’s steps, to be guided by no canons of criticism, to submit to no exclusions, to break down the barriers between prose and poetry, to constitute nothing too mean to compose a verse, nothing too grotesque to point a thought, nothing too barbarous or grating to be forced into the fetters of rhythm, to raise a more general curiosity and excitement than he has ever raised before, to be more in the world’s eye and on the world’s tongue, and probably for his book to find a readier sale.

We are not disposed to be severe upon this impulse. Surprise

¹ The following pages were in type for the January Number of this year.
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is an agreeable sensation; often something really effective is hit off in this mood, and the reading public are so far gainers on the whole, that they enjoy the great desideratum of a luxurious age—a new sensation: their feelings go through a series of vicissitudes more *piquante* than a matter-of-course approval. They indulge in a sort of lovers' quarrel with their favourite, and experience the delights of a reconciliation when their judgment is subdued to a charmed acquiescence in his vagaries. What poem, for example, was ever received with a louder outcry than 'Maud'—with such regret, despair, even contempt? Enemies triumphant—closest friends confounded, and hanging their heads for shame. 'The Times' reviewer exulted in a lost reputation. Tennyson was supposed to have done for himself. We doubt not the poet all the while had no fears; he must have intentionally and deliberately inflicted the shock, and would now wait calmly for the reaction. The 'new sensation' had been produced—curiosity had been excited. Was it indeed a deliberate insult to the public understanding? or might not deep meaning lie underneath? Was there any sense, after all, lying perdu under the 'blush from West to East, the blush from East to West'? Was there any poetry in the domestic arrangement so naïvely confided to us—'I keep but a man and a maid'? What about 'burial fees,' 'pestles and mortars,' 'forging wine-companies,' 'yard-wands,' 'snubnoses'? The very audacity of the assault on their prejudices made men pause in their first indignation. A man could not have written such things without knowing what he was about—a poet, too, whom they had loved and honoured so long—the very master of melody, who had added new strings to our harp, and struck out music our language never gave utterance to before. Men began to lower their tone. Poets are teachers: what though we do not understand their message? does it therefore become learners to clamour against it at the first hearing? May there not be harmony to tutored ears in those apparent discords? or may not their harshness of tone, and coarse, snarling misanthropy of thought—this seeming defiance of all rule, both in the choice of subject for verse and mode of treatment—be in themselves so many proofs of the artist's skill; by their contrast adding sweetness and grace to the very intelligible beauty of certain passages? or, again, are not the worst passages, as we had profanely designated them in our presumptuous exercise of private judgment, really the best, as showing the deepest dramatic power, the keenest insight into that mystery, the distracted human intellect?—which sees all things distorted and astray, and yet is guided by influences as certain in their action as those of reason—influences which genius alone can trace and follow out. We

recoiled, it is true, on first reading, at the thought of that shallow grave under the highway—those ‘horse-hoofs beat, beat, beating into the scalp and brain.’ We thought no one had a right to inflict it upon our nerves; it was too horribly matter-of-fact, too disgusting. But when we find it gives rise to philosophic controversy, our nerves strengthen—we begin to see power; and what will not people excuse to this idol, power. Then the Peace party cry ‘Maud’ down, as though they regarded the poet as a dangerous antagonist: counter-poems are addressed to him in reproof. The case is thus removed, so to say, to a court far more favourable to the poet; for we see at once it is unreasonable ever to expect poets to be in their inmost hearts on the side of peace. Where would their vocation be, if all the world lived comfortably by their own firesides? Human suffering is indispensable to their art, as developing magnanimity and heroism; and perhaps in this case our poet may even be conscious that, had he lived in the stir of war and battle, great deeds and mighty sufferings passing under his eyes, his verse might have been inspired by greater unity of purpose, and might have achieved greater things. Noble *action* might have been reflected there, and it might have been given him to conceive a hero, and to compose a great work.

In the meanwhile ‘Maud’ enjoys all the vulgar signs of success. After all the initiatory clamour, Mr. Moxon is able, a very few months after the first publication, to advertise a ninth thousand—a vast number, when we consider how very small a part of the world reads poetry, and how few of those buy it. We believe that the extravagancies and eccentricities of ‘Maud’ have materially assisted its circulation; they have brought it into more general notice. For ourselves, we can in all sincerity congratulate each purchaser: he has, if not a fine poem, some most exquisite fragments. The opening and the close he may never look at again—some pages he may even turn over in nervous haste; but, rejecting the rough rind, there remains a sweet kernel. ‘I have led her home,’ is a little clysium of sweet sounds and thoughts while it lasts: those beautiful mellifluous lines alike haunt heart and ear; we turn to them again and again, always to be more alive to their sweetness and truth: and sweetness and truth to nature on the purest Tennysonian model; so that we may take comfort in the conviction that his more characteristic powers have lost none of their excellence and felicity. But the world has had ‘Maud’ before it so long, that it is no part of our intention to enter on an elaborate criticism. We adduce this strange poem only as a leading example of the passion for eccentricity, or novelty, or change our modern poets, and would-be poets, are showing. No two poets could

present more marked points of contrast than Alfred Tennyson and the topmost bard of the Western hemisphere, Mr. Longfellow; but they have pretty simultaneously produced poems in bold defiance of all preconceived standards. 'The Song of Hiawatha' and 'Maud' have not another feature in common; but in an utter indifference to the laws and customs of verse-making they agree. We consider that Mr. Longfellow's subject justifies any departure from usage he may be pleased to make: we think his poem original, interesting, and, on the whole, attaining the end aimed at; but candour obliges us at the same time to say, that his unprecedented metre is too often a jingling sing-song, and his language not seldom a jargon. The poem is a step towards barbarism. If the style became popular, the consequences might be fatal to literature; but Mr. Longfellow is not answerable for consequences. Having set himself to portray savage life, his business has been to *invent* an appropriate language; good English and established classical verse having notoriously failed in awakening any interest in that subject. In spite of this failure, the subject has a claim on the American poet. So wonderful a thing as savage life ought to have its epic. The aborigines seem to demand this from their conquerors: and the American poet's love of Nature and acknowledged skill at portraying her minutest features must lead him to dwell much on the wild humanity which haunted, as an integral part, her fairest and grandest scenes. As parts of a scene, these wild men have a picturesque charm and value: as America's only early history and antiquities, they must not be forgotten; even for some fine qualities in themselves, they deserve to be remembered. On the other hand, there is between cultivated and savage life a natural repugnance and alienation. Try as we will, reason as we may, the idea of savages soon wearies and disgusts us. Our curiosity may be laboriously raised, but presently subsides again: the separation between them and us is too wide; we turn to more congenial thoughts. All this, no doubt, Mr. Longfellow has reflected upon, and discovered that if he is to make his readers care for wigwams, war-paint, wampum belts, feathers, and their wearers, they must steal into his regard through the aid of appropriate scenery and accessories. A cultivated measure, for example, with its artful cadences and recurring rhymes, its intricacies and linked harmonies, was too far removed from the subject to hope for success. It was regarding the poor savage too much *de haut en bas*. It was bringing him into the midst of our façades and colonnades, and shaming his bareness by our wealth. In fact, no familiar structure of verse, ancient or modern, can either transport us to his haunts or keep us there. They all ring of cultivation; they wake echoes more

congenial to our taste. Romance, chivalry, art, science, philosophy, devotion, our measures all tell of one or other of these; and if we are to care at all for Mr. Longfellow's hero, upon all of these we must turn our backs for the time being, and suffer a temporary oblivion that such matters ever engaged our attention. For we are to be transported to another world altogether. Man is to show his superiority over the animals mainly by his keener instincts. He conquers them, but he also learns from them. Instincts he has, and feelings and passions; but the faculty of reason may be said to sleep within him. Progress is an idea unknown. Human life is from age to age the same struggle with animal life and with the elements, partially and feebly redeemed by certain moral perceptions, and some innate or traditional ideas of a Divine Providence, miserably obscured by superstition. We are to sympathise with a life that lives only in the present, without hope, and almost without forethought, alternating between sloth and excitement, satiety and famine, where the affections alone,—lasting longer and more generous than in the animal tribes, but blindly obeyed as in their case,—raise the life of man above the life of the brute; whose language, too, partaking of this distinction and this similarity, is based on *sound*, and takes nature, animate and inanimate, for its source and guide: meagre, scanty, and barren,—an echo of wind and wave, of song and whirring wings, of roar, growl, and scream; but apparently no vehicle of abstract thought.

Such is, or was, the Red Indian, and being what he is, his poet and chronicler has at least the stimulus of knowing him the crowning barbarian of our age, the only respectable savage. In him he can exhibit savage life in its heroic and most divine aspect. God's image is least obliterated; he is still man stalking erect, brave, tall, active, king of his own domain, supreme over the brutes; and such the poet of the soil is minded to portray him before the last Ojibway disappears, and vanishes into a fading legend, leaving no material trace behind. But language framed in the service of reason, poetry, and art being ill adapted, as we have said, to sustain our sympathies in his life and achievements, the poet, as a preliminary measure, has felt himself obliged to *invent* a new language appropriate to the theme, and removing it from all other themes as wide as may be. Sounding it must be, as beseems a land of forests and cataracts—monotonous, for life there has no variety—simple, for few are the ideas to be enunciated—often harsh, as imitative of animal sounds, associated as these are with all human habits and interests,—repeating itself, because this is the inevitable action of the mind debarred from new impressions. A few lines from the Preface show the poet's view of his task:—

'Should you ask me whence these stories?
 Whence these legends and traditions,
 With the odours of the forest,
 With the dew and damp of meadows,
 With the curling smoke of wigwams,
 With the rushing of great rivers,
 With their frequent repetitions,
 And their wild reverberations,
 As of thunder in the mountains?
 I should answer, I should tell you,
 "From the forests and the prairies,
 From the great lakes of the Northland,
 From the land of the Ojibways,
 From the land of the Dacotahs,
 From the mountains, moors, and fenlands,
 Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
 Feeds among the reeds and rushes.
 I repeat them as I heard them
 From the lips of Nawadaha,
 The musician, the sweet singer."—P. 1.

We believe that Mr. Longfellow, adopting the tom-tom beat of the Indian drum for his lyre, has fulfilled all our requirements with a skill which none but a real poet could show. His is a sort of creation, though people may reasonably differ as to its value. Of his courage at least there can be no doubt. Where ever before were barbarous sounds so profusely used for mere sound's sake? where was the system of parallelism ever carried to such an extreme? where was simplicity ever more nakedly simple? where was mere repetition—to enforce without amplifying an idea or a fact—so persisted in? The unrhymed verse, too, four trochees, without break or change throughout a long poem, supports admirably the monotony of the design, and is to our ears as new, as much an invention, as the language. We are told that this is the old national metre of Finland, and as Mr. Longfellow is great in Scandinavian lore, the idea was no doubt thus suggested to him. The measure of some Spanish ballads is also the same. In one of his earlier poems we learn that in these it had charmed his ear—

'Like the long wave on a sea-beach,
 Where the sand as silver shines,
 With a soft monotonous cadence
 Flow its unrhymed lyric lines.'

But Finnish and Spanish are not precedents for English. We believe the large infusion of Indian words, barbarous as they sound, are *necessary* to the effect: that they tell wonderfully on the ear, and preserve this long poem from a monotony which would without them grow insufferably tedious. As it is, though managed with skill, we soon perceive a kind of knack acquired, a mechanical process arrived at, and see no

reason why the poet should not maintain an average success, while an Indian tradition remains to be told, or a word in Indian nomenclature (the accent generally lying so conveniently on the penultimate) to refresh the sated ear, and bring up the line with a new effect of sound.

Before entering upon the matter of the poem, an instance or two will be appropriate of its savage characteristics: and first of barbarous sounds. Here is a passage from Hiawatha's fight with his father, the West Wind:—

‘And as Mudjekewis, rising,
Stretched his hand to pluck the bulrush,
Hiawatha cried in terror,
Cried in well-dissembled terror,
“Kago! kago! do not touch it!”
“Ah, kaween!” said Mudjekewis,
“No, indeed, I will not touch it!”
Then they talked of other matters;
First of Hiawatha's brothers,
First of Wabun, of the East-Wind,
Of the South-Wind, Shawondasee,
Of the North, Kabibonokka;
Then of Hiawatha's mother,
Of the beautiful Wenonah,
Of her birth upon the meadow,
Of her death, as old Nokomis
Had remembered and related.’—P. 30.

and such lines as these, which abound—

“Pishnekuh!” cried Pau-Puk-Keewis,
“Pishnekuh! my brothers!” said he.—P. 129.
“Hi-au-ha!” replied the chorus,
“Way-ha-way!” the mystic chorus.—P. 112.

and where Hiawatha, fishing, is on such familiar terms with the denizens of the deep, and desiring to catch the Sturgeon, king of fishes, is expected to put up with the Pike instead—

‘Full of scorn was Hiawatha
When he saw the fish rise upward,
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
Coming nearer, nearer to him,
And he shouted through the water,
“Esa! esa! Shame upon you!
You are but the pike, Kenozha,
You are not the fish I wanted,
You are not the King of Fishes!”
Reeling downward to the bottom
Sank the pike in great confusion,
And the mighty sturgeon, Nahma,
Said to Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
“Take the bait of this great boaster,
Break the line of Hiawatha.”—P. 31.

As a specimen of parallelisms and repetitions, this is the

picture of Hiawatha's home, where each idea is reiterated three or four times—

'By the shores of Gitche Gumees,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.'—P. 21.

and in the description of the strong man (the Indian Samson it might seem) and the fairy conspiracy against him—

"If this hateful Kwasind," said they,
"If this great, outrageous fellow
Goes on thus a little longer,
Tearing everything he touches,
Rending everything to pieces,
Filling all the world with wonder,
What becomes of the Puk-Wudjies?
Who will care for the Puk-Wudjies?
He will tread us down like mushrooms,
Drive us all into the water,
Give our bodies to be eaten
By the wicked Nec-ba-naw-baigs,
By the Spirits of the water!"
So the angry Little People
All conspired against the Strong Man,
All conspired to murder Kwasind,
Yes, to rid the world of Kwasind,
The audacious, overbearing,
Heartless, haughty, dangerous Kwasind!
Now this wondrous strength of Kwasind
In his crown alone was seated;
In his crown too was his weakness,
There alone could he be wounded,
Nowhere else could weapon pierce him,
Nowhere else could weapon harm him.'—P. 135.

Of the simplicity which arises from fewness of ideas, and which yet is redeemed from absolute inanity by the fixedness and reality of those ideas, the following translation of an Indian song is a very curious instance; it is a maiden's lamentation for her lover:—

"When I think of my beloved,
Ah me! think of my beloved,
When my heart is thinking of him,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!
"Ah me! when I parted from him,
Round my neck he hung the wam-
pum,
As a pledge, the snow-white wam-
pum,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

"I will go with you, he whispered,
Ah me! to your native country;
Let me go with you, he whispered,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!
"Far away, away, I answered,
Very far away, I answered,
Ah me! is my native country,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!
"When I looked back to behold
him,

Where we parted, to behold him,
After me he still was gazing,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!
"By the tree he still was stand-
ing,
By the fallen tree was standing,

That had dropped into the water,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!
"When I think of my beloved,
Ah me! think of my beloved,
When my heart is thinking of him,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!"
—Pp. 95, 96.

These all remove us far enough from civilized life, and as such do their work well, though our readers may not be disposed to think these examples in themselves very valuable additions to our literature. But the poem has many passages of real beauty. The author calls it an Indian Edda. It is founded upon a tradition prevalent amongst the North American Indians, of a personage of miraculous birth, who in past ages was sent to teach them the arts of peace, to clear rivers, forests, &c., to make the land habitable, and to introduce some ideas of agriculture. This person goes under various names, of which Mr. Longfellow has chosen the most euphonious—Hiawatha. He is endowed with certain magic powers, and the supernatural largely enters into the narrative, but both influence his course very little. The effect produced is that of an heroic savage endued with the virtues, feelings, antipathies, and prejudices of his class, and with the strength, fortitude, and spirit which our previous notions deem necessary to the character. He loves his friends with tenderness, hates his enemies (our friend Pau-Puk-Kewewis) with unswerving tenacity, and is a more sentimentally attached husband than our previous ideas of that relation amongst Indians led us to expect. Not that we would at all wish to alter the very pretty passages which tell us of Minnehaha, Laughing Water. Some of the legends bear a curious analogy with those of Scripture. We find Hiawatha naming the animals according to their natures; at another time he wrestles with a spirit all the night, indeed several successive nights, and gains a blessing:—the spirit Mondamin, of whom it is beautifully said that he

'Came as silent as the dew comes,
From the empty air appearing,
Into empty air returning,
Taking shape when earth it touches,
But invisible to all men
In its coming and its going.'—P. 38.

Again, our hero is swallowed, canoe and all, by the Sturgeon, who, from the quantity of oil he yields, must be the Indian fresh-water whale, and emerges from his dark prison on to the pebbly beach unharmed and conqueror. Lastly, we have the strong man Kwasind, with his Samsonian feats. The notes, however, make no comment on these singular coincidences, if they are not, rather, genuine though distorted traditions.

We like the history of the construction of the first canoe.

The authority of man over the powers of Nature, and her ineffectual resistance, are we think gracefully symbolised in the process of building:—

“Give me of your bark, O Birch-Tree!

Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!

“Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-tree?

Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the Summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!”

* * * *

And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
“Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!”

With his knife the tree he girded;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

“Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!

Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!”

Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,
“Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!”

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.

“Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!

Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree!

My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!”

And the Larch, with all its fibres,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,

Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
“Take them all, O Hiawatha!”

From the earth he tore the fibres,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-Tree,

Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

“Give me of your balm, O Fir-Tree!

Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!”

And the Fir-Tree, tall and sombre,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,

Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,

“Take my balm, O Hiawatha!”

* * * *

Thus the Birch-Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest:
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,
Paddles none he had or needed,
For his thoughts as paddles served him,

And his wishes served to guide him.’

Pp. 49—52.

Minnehaha is a very poetical squaw; a word by the bye which Mr. Longfellow wisely does not think fit to make use of.

Hiawatha is an Ojibway; but in one of his journeys he had stayed to purchase arrows of the ancient arrow-maker of the Dacotahs, whose wigwam was by the Falls of Minnehaha.

' With him dwelt his dark-eyed daughter,
Wayward as the Minnehaha,
With her moods of shade and sunshine,
Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate,
Feet as rapid as the river,
Tresses flowing like the water,
And as musical a laughter;
And he named her from the river,
From the water-fall he named her,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.'—Pp. 33, 31.

The remembrance of the fair damsel haunts him, and at length he announces to his old grandmother Nokomis that he will seek her for his wife. She argues against a stranger:—

" Wed a maiden of your people,"
Warning, said the old Nokomis;
" Go not eastward, go not westward,
For a stranger, whom we know not!
Like a fire upon the hearthstone
Is a neighbour's homely daughter,
Like the starlight or the moonlight
Is the handsomest of strangers!"
Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,
And my Hiawatha answered
Only this: " Dear old Nokomis,
Very pleasant is the fire-light,
But I like the starlight better,
Better do I like the moonlight!" —P. 70.

Hiawatha sets out on his wooing, shoots a red deer by the way, which he bears on his shoulders as an offering, and approaches with magic strides the land of the Dacotahs.

' At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Making arrow-heads of jasper,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.
At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes;
Of the past the old man's thoughts
were,
And the maiden's of the future.

* * * * *
She was thinking of a hunter,
From another tribe and country,
Young and tall and very handsome,
Who one morning, in the Spring-
time,
Came to buy her father's arrows,
Sat and rested in the wigwam,

Lingered long about the doorway,
Looking back as he departed.
She had heard her father praise him,
Praise his courage and his wisdom;
Would he come again for arrows
To the Falls of Minnehaha?
On the mat her hands lay idle,
And her eyes were very dreamy.
Through their thoughts they heard
a footstep,
Heard a rustling in the branches,
And with glowing cheek and fore-
head,
With the deer upon his shoulders,
Suddenly from out the woodlands
Hiawatha stood before them.
Straight the ancient Arrow-maker
Looked up gravely from his labour,
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,
Bade him enter at the doorway,

Saying, as he rose to meet him,
 "Hiawatha, you are welcome!"

At the feet of Laughing Water
 Hiawatha laid his burden,
 Threw the red deer from his shoulders;

And the maiden looked up at him,
 Looked up from her mat of rushes,
 Said with gentle look and accent,
 "You are welcome, Hiawatha!"

Pp. 72, 73.

He enters the wigwam, and is hospitably entertained, Minnehaha waiting on him and her father, listening to all that was said, but, like Milton's Eve, taking no part in the conversation. Soon the lovers' discourse takes a practical turn:—

"After many years of warfare,
 Many years of strife and bloodshed,
 There is peace between the Ojibways

And the tribe of the Dakotahs."
 Thus continued Hiawatha,
 And then added, speaking slowly,
 "That this peace may last for ever,
 And our hands be clasped more

closely,
 And our hearts be more united,
 Give me as my wife this maiden,
 Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
 Loveliest of Dakotah women!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker
 Paused a moment ere he answered,
 Smoked a little while in silence,
 Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
 Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
 And made answer very gravefy:

"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;
 Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!"

And the lovely Laughing Water
 Seemed more lovely as she stood
 there,

Neither willing nor reluctant,
 As she went to Hiawatha
 Softly took the seat beside him,
 While she said, and blushed to say it,
 "I will follow you, my husband!"

This was Hiawatha's wooing!
 Thus it was he won the daughter
 Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
 In the land of the Dakotahs!

From the wigwam he departed,
 Leading with him Laughing Water;
 Hand in hand they went together,

Through the woodland and the
 meadow,

Left the old man standing lonely
 At the doorway of his wigwam,
 Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
 Calling to them from the distance,
 Crying to them from afar off,
 "Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker
 Turned again unto his labour,
 Sat down by his sunny doorway,
 Murmuring to himself, and saying:
 "Thus it is our daughters leave us,
 Those we love, and those who love

us!
 Just when they have learned to help

us,
 When we are old and lean upon

them,
 Comes a youth with flaunting

feathers,
 With his flute of reeds, a stranger
 Wanders piping through the village,
 Beckons to the fairest maiden,
 And she follows where he leads her,
 Leaving all things for the stranger!"

Pleasant was the journey homeward,

Through interminable forests,
 Over meadow, over mountain,
 Over river, hill, and hollow.
 Short it seemed to Hiawatha,
 Though they journeyed very slowly,
 Though his pace he checked and

slackened
 To the steps of Laughing Water.

Pp. 74—76.

Like all heroes, Hiawatha has to be perfected by affliction. The saying that 'misfortunes never come single,' has this very happy illustration:—

- 'Never stoops the soaring vulture
 On his quarry in the desert,
 On the sick or wounded bison,

But another vulture, watching
From his high aerial look-out,
Sees the downward plunge, and follows;
And a third pursues the second,
Coming from the invisible ether,
First a speck, and then a vulture,
Till the air is dark with pinions.

So disasters come not singly;
But as if they watched and waited,
Scanning one another's motions,
When the first descends, the others
Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise
Round their victim, sick and wounded,
First a shadow, then a sorrow,
'Till the air is dark with anguish.'—Pp. 138, 139.

Troubles come upon him, ushered in by a visit of ghosts in a female shape, who seem a more material sort of personages, in Indian belief, than we esteem them, and very expensive as well as troublesome guests. For weeks they sat crouching in the corner of the wigwam, undisturbed, as became the laws of Indian hospitality.

'And whenever Hiawatha
Came from fishing or from hunting,
When the evening meal was ready,
And the food had been divided,
Gliding from their darksome corner,
Came the pallid guests, the strangers,
Seized upon the choicest portions
Set aside for Laughing Water,
And without rebuke or question
Flitted back among the shadows.

Never once had Hiawatha
By a word or look reproved them;
Never once had old Nokomis
Made a gesture of impatience
Never once had Laughing Water,
Shown resentment at the outrage.
All had they endured in silence,
That the rights of guest and stranger,
That the virtue of free-giving,
By a look might not be lessened,
By a word might not be broken.'—P. 112.

The object of their visit at length transpires; it is to forbid the living to mourn too keenly for the dead, or to wish them back again:—

'“Cries of grief and lamentation
Reach us in the Blessed Islands;
Cries of anguish from the living,
Calling back their friends departed,
Sadden us with useless sorrow.
Therefore have we come to try you;
No one knows us, no one heeds us.
We are but a burden to you,
And we see that the departed
Have no place among the living.”'—P. 143.

The famine consequent upon a long frost, of which these dreary guests are the precursors, is amongst the most striking parts of the poem. The death of Minnehaha is full of pathos and human interest; the peculiar measure suits the mournful theme, and no ornament or minuteness of detail disturbs the wild simplicity of the scene:—

‘O the famine and the fever!
O the wasting of the famine!
O the blasting of the fever!
O the wailing of the children!
O the anguish of the women!

All the earth was sick and famished;

Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

Into Hiawatha’s wigwam
Came two other guests, as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow

At the face of Laughing Water.

And the foremost said: “Behold me!

I am Famine, Buckadawin!”
And the other said: “Behold me!
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!”

And the lovely Minnehaha
Shuddered as they looked upon her,
Shuddered at the words they uttered,
Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning

At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha,
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face a stony firmness;
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze and fell not.—

* * * * *
‘In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests, that
watched her,

With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the Beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.

“Hark!” she said; “I hear a rushing,

Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!”

“No, my child!” said old Nokomis,
“’Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees!”

“Look!” she said; “I see my father

Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs!”
“No, my child!” said old Nokomis,
“’Tis the smoke, that waves and beckons!”

“Ah!” she said, “the eyes of Pauguk.

Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!”

And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
“Hiawatha! Hiawatha!”

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,

Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:
“Wahonomin! Wahonomin!
Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are!
Wahonomin! Wahonomin!”

And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Laying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,

That the very stars in heaven

Shook and trembled with his anguish,
Then he sat down, still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet that never
More would lightly run to meet him,

Never more would lightly follow.
With both hands his face he covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.
Pp. 145—149.

Certainly 'Hiawatha' is the most interesting Indian legend that has yet been produced. We feel it an act of justice to those hapless tribes; there is a satisfaction in it beyond the intrinsic value of the performance, and therefore we have dwelt on it longer than some of our readers may thank us for. But it is something in these days to understand a poem, and more to be able to read it; and we linger by the smooth flow of intelligible verse, however singular and capricious the structure, when we know that the next step brings us to Mr. Browning's spasmodic whirls and eddies—that beyond yawns the black gulf of Mr. Bailey's 'Mystic.'

Such of our readers as are acquainted with Mr. Browning's poetry, if only through the medium of these pages, will know that affected singularity can be no new feature; nevertheless, the influence which we have attributed to the year has not been without its effect. And his last volume, 'Men and Women,' is by many degrees more eccentric, affected, resolutely strange, and in parts deliberately unintelligible than its predecessors. Nor are these by any means the book's worst characteristics. No doubt other poets have more grossly transgressed the bounds of propriety, more unscrupulously outraged decorum; but we doubt if any writer of verse amongst such as have a place at all in the literary world, and have their little circle of admirers, ever represented 'Men and Women' under a more uniformly offensive aspect, or more utterly without moral elevation. We presume Mr. Browning's design is to represent human nature as he sees it. But our nature is twofold. It may have low propensities, but it has also high instincts and aspirations. Such he either despises or ignores. To him, it cannot be doubted, the only interesting part of humanity is its fallen earthly elements. These he fastens upon, gloats over, and depicts with curious minuteness and evident relish; and undoubtedly with some ingenuity, but in our estimation with scarce a spark of genuine poetry either in matter or execution. Mr. Browning, conscious of certain coarse powers of emphasis and realization, thinks and calls himself a poet, and he has followers who claim the rank for him, and use very grand language indeed concerning his reach of thought, and fine ear for all the intricacies of harmony.

But *no* man can turn such themes as he constantly chooses for his verse into poetry, nor could a man endowed with anything so divine as the real poetic faculty ever apply his thoughts to such revolting subjects as are many in this volume. The muse is avenged for the attempt; for anything so crabbed, harsh, grotesque, as many of these so-called poems, we never encountered before. The weary and exasperated reader perpetually pauses in search of epithets to express the ungrateful toil of perusal: all images of obstruction and little-ease crowd into his fancy; stitches, cramps, and spasms, grinding cart-wheels, clanking chains, Charivaris, shrieks, insane utterances, all suggest themselves by turns. This is where the sense is to be learnt by a steady unrelaxed attention, which he feels the subject is not worth; but there are various passages, and whole poems, where a conscientious desire to get at the meaning can only be compared to a search in the dark. We grope and stumble along, encountering unexpected obstructions at every turn, now hitting a shin, now fraying an elbow, and emerging at length unsuccessful, irritated, humbled, and with resolutions against such expeditions for the future.

The subjects are various, but the mode of treating them tolerably uniform—themes of small interest, acted on by men and women of low ideas, and resulting in some grovelling end. A sort of chemical process may be observed throughout, by which the dregs of each feeling and passion remain, the purer emotions having vanished we know not whither. His pictures of love are coarse passion, or at best a subjugation of conscience and reason to passion; his idea of beauty is sensual, his religion bigotry or hypocrisy, his patriotism selfishness, his philosophy scepticism. His respect is given not to purity but strength of purpose; his moral is a deliberate preference of the present over the future. These are hard charges; but what can we think of such poems as ‘The Statue and the Bust,’ the point of which is to hold up to our contempt a man and woman who had not courage enough to act out a wicked intention? of another (Fra Lippo Lippi),—where we are called upon to sympathise with a licentious monk artist, compelled to paint saints against the grain, and apologising with unctuous minuteness for his shameless course of life?—of another (The Heretic’s Tragedy; a middle age interlude), where a bigot exults in roasting a heretic over a slow fire, and malignantly gloats over the process of torture, indulging his fancy the while in certain pious conceits?—of another (Holy-Cross Day), where we are made to hear the hissing, croaking spite of certain Jews, compelled to the obsolete discipline of listening to a Christian sermon for their conversion; the malignity, the insinuations, the self-contempt,

all venting themselves in scarcely human language—squeaking, groaning, barking? Even where these heights of impropriety are not reached, the tone is almost as bad. One of the most elaborate poems, so to call it, is an apology for infidelity, (Bishop Blougram's Apology) by a cardinal bishop of the Roman Catholic Church; unjustifiable, as pointing unmistakably to a living person much in the world's eyes and thoughts, and also as a really clever defence of a life-long course of conscious deliberate hypocrisy; so ingeniously done, that it is difficult to believe the author is representing another's supposed feelings, without in a measure justifying them. Even where we cannot bring any moral charge, the moral impression is often very painful; as where a husband (Andrea del Sarto), is pouring his feelings into the ears of his wife, bribing her, heartless and faithless as he knows her to be, for a little sympathy by the promise of money and fine clothes; or, again, where the mesmerist is represented as having absolute mastery by the mystic power of his art over the woman he loves, compelling her presence, and constraining her will, by the simple fixing of his thoughts upon her. Or where the woman, in 'A Woman's Last Word,' a poem with more claim to beauty than most in the volume, lays herself, soul as well as body, in abject subservience at the feet of the man she loves—we suppose her husband—in these words, and others like them:—

' Be a god, and hold me,
With a charm:
Be a man, and fold me
With thine arm!
Teach me, only teach, Love!
As I ought
I will speak thy speech, Love—
Think thy thought—
Meet, if thou require it,
Both demands,
Laying flesh and spirit
In thy hands!'—*Browning*, vol. i. p. 33.

These are all unwholesome, unpleasant ideas, to say the least of it; and these curious, creeping, morbid fancies, this imagination too often let loose upon low pleasures, low sins, low revenges, take the place of the true poet's frank, generous, world-wide sympathies.

In themes absolutely blameless, the grotesque mode of treatment is perhaps most conspicuous of all. It is as though the writer's aim were simply to baffle the reader and tire out his patience. We must suppose, however, that he designs us to see humour and point in such rhymes and comparisons as we will adduce. There is a very long poem, descriptive of a fugue in music,

(‘Master Hugue of Saxe Gotha,’) of which we may say that, granting it ingenuity, and some cleverness—for Mr. Browning has the knack of Hudibrastic rhyming—we know no more tormenting task than its perusal. These are some of its twenty-nine stanzas; the rest are all as affected and discordant. We should premise that the numerals one, two, three, four, five, are the several strands, so to say, of the harmony—

‘One disceptates, he is candid—
 Two must discept,—has distinguished !
 Three helps the couple, if ever yet man did :
 Four protests, Five makes a dart at the thing wished—
 Back to One, goes the case banded !
 One says his say with a difference—
 More of expounding, explaining !
 All now is wrangle, abuse, and vociferance—
 Now there’s a truce, all’s subdued, self-restraining—
 Five, though, stands out all the stiffer hence.
 One is incisive, corrosive—
 Two retorts, nettled, curt, crepitant—
 Three makes rejoinder, expansive, explosive—
 Four overhears them all, strident and strepitant—
 Five . . . O Danaides, O Sieve !’—Vol. 4. pp. 198, 199.

And in the poem ‘the Grammarian’s Funeral’—the only person, by the way, who has an aim to which the *present* is sacrificed—the student’s aspirations are thus described :—

‘Did not he magnify the mind, shew clear
 Just what it all meant ?
 He would not discount life, as fools do here,
 Paid by instalment !
 He ventured neck or nothing—heaven’s success
 Found, or earth’s failure :
 “ Wilt thou trust death or not ? ” he answered “ Yes.
 “ Hence with life’s pale lure ! ”
 That low man seeks a little thing to do,
 Sees it and does it :
 This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
 Dies ere he knows it.
 That low man goes on adding one to one,
 His hundred’s soon hit :
 This high man, aiming at a million,
 Misses an unit.
 That, has the world here—should he need the next,
 Let the world mind him !
 This, throws himself on God, and unperplex
 Seeking shall find Him.
 So, with the throttling hands of Death at strife,
 Ground he at grammar ;
 Still, thro’ the rattle, parts of speech were rife.
 While he could stammer
 He settled *Hoti’s* business—let it be !—
 Properly based *Om*—
 Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*,
 Dead from the waist down.’—Vol. ii. pp. 215—217.

In such lines does he win us to honour 'a man decided not to love but know.' There is no better passage to be found in eight pages of the same convulsed and galvanized measure. All this discordance is deliberate on Mr. Browning's part. He cannot, it is true, write really harmonious verse, but finding this gift denied him he makes a merit of his deficiencies, depreciates what he does not possess, and announces that he does not write for boys, but men; as though there were manly force and virtue in harsh sounds, violent rhymes, halting accents, and meaning involved beyond hope of disentanglement. A friend thus addresses him:—

'But here's your fault; grown men want thought, you think;
Thought's what they mean by verse, and seek in verse:
Boys seek for images and melody,
Men must have reason—so you aim at men.'—Vol. ii. p. 224.

Again, giving a story of Luther's:—

'Grand rough old Martin Luther
Bloomed fables—flowers on furze,
The better the uncouth:
Do roses stick like burrs?'—Vol. ii. p. 190.

He is spleenetic on 'Popularity,' to which he devotes a poem, where he likens true poetry to the old Tyrian purple. The poet *par excellence* finds the shell, the popular man makes the extract and gets the reward. We cannot see that the simile holds: our great minstrels have left us abundant evidence that they could apply their discoveries better than any one else. However, Mr. Browning leaves us to infer that *he* finds the shell and others profit by it. Our readers may judge how much divine purple lies hid in the following stanzas:—

- Mere conchs 'not fit for warp or wool'
Till art comes,—comes to pound and squeeze
And clarify,—refines to proof
The liquor filtered by degrees,
While the world stands aloof.
And there's the extract, flaked and fine,
And priced, and saleable at last!
And Hobbs, Nobbs, Stokes and Nokes combine
To paint the future from the past,
Put blue into their line.
Hobbs hints blue,—straight he turtle eats.
Nobbs prints blue,—claret crowns his cup.
Nokes outdares Stokes in azure seats,—
Both gorge. Who fished the murex up?
What porridge had John Keats?'—Vol. ii. 196, 197.

Mr. Browning has clearly a morbid horror of common-place sweetness; he, therefore, is always refreshing his sty's and startling his readers by revolting or monstrous allusions. An

Arab physician writes his adventures to a friend, or, in other words, 'voids the stuffing of his travel-scrip.' It is thus he measures distances.

'But at the end, I reach Jerusalem,
Since this poor covert where I pass the night,
This Bethany, lies scarce the distance thence
A man with plague-sores at the third degree
Runs till he drops down dead. 'Thou laughest here!'

—Vol. i. p. 92.

As an instance of obscurity, we should like to give the poem entitled "Before," which would abundantly prove our charge; but to extract a whole poem only because it is unintelligible, would be imposing on the forbearance of our readers. We owe apologies to them for some of the extracts we shall adduce; but having said strong things, we must support them by evidence. If Mr. Browning were simply a writer of doggerel verses, or simply a man naturally predisposed to low and vulgar ideas, or simply a person of prurient imaginations, we should pass his works by altogether. But we believe these sins both of thought and execution are not so much *natural* as the results of deliberate choice. He was meant for better things. He has real powers; not perhaps such as he supposes himself to possess, but such as would have won him estimation with men of taste and judgment, had not the canker of scepticism blighted his whole view of things. Every moral, every religious question is tinged by it; even matters of mere taste show signs of the infection. Men and women are viewed under a totally different aspect by a man who *doubts*; who will not see this world as a probation. If this world were really all, the maxim, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die,' would be a wise one; but on its adoption would follow a total change, not only in our avowed religious and moral creed, but in our universal estimate of things. Our *respect* would be destroyed. From a human being to a flower, we should see all things differently. We believe it is this failure of respect for humanity, arising from a doubt as to our future destiny and an uncertainty as to any eternal consequences accruing to men from their actions, which produces much of the *bad taste* of this volume. The following lines are more than vulgar; they are an insult to humanity; they represent the feelings of the Jews, setting forth on compulsion, to hear the sermon preached for their conversion. Of course, Mr. Browning sides with them, but no bigot while he persecuted ever estimated a Jew's feelings and nature so low.—

"Fee, faw, fum! bubble and squeak!
Blestest Thursday's the fat of the week.

Rumble and tumble, sleek and rough,
Stinking and savoury, smug and gruff,
Take the church-road, for the bell's due chime
Gives us the summons—'tis sermon-time.

Boh, here's Barnabas! Job, that's you?
Up stumps Solomon—bustling too?
Shame, man! greedy beyond your years
To hance! the bishop's shaving-shears?
Fair play's a jewel! leave friends in the lurch?
Stand on a line ere you start for the church.

Higgledy piggledy, packed we lie,
Rats in a hamper, swine in a sty,
Wasps in a bottle, frogs in a sieve,
Worms in a carcase, fleas in a sleeve.
Hist! square shoulders, settle your thumbs
And buzz for the bishop—here he comes.

Bow, wow, wow—a bone for the dog!
I liken his Grace to an acorned hog.—Vol. ii. pp. 158—160.

with much more to the same effect.

We cannot extract from the 'Heretic's Tragedy,' to which we have before alluded, from the ghastly horror of the subject, and the mode of treatment, which is really atrocious. No man who can blush for mortal error could have written it. We presume he affects the subject as exhibiting the workings of a blind unreasoning faith, for which he elsewhere expresses contempt. In the workings of the affections we may trace the same evil influence. Whether Mr. Browning would deliberately recommend to his readers a disregard of the old-fashioned code of morals we do not know, but he represents such disregard as natural, and he does not blame it. In the dramatic sketch called 'In a Balcony,' the actors in which are two passionate lovers and a poor old queen, shamefully duped between them; we find the lady oppose, against a public avowal of their attachment, to which there was no rational objection, the following argument:—

'Had I not loved you from the very first,
Were I not yours, could we not steal out thus
So wickedly, so wildly, and so well,
You might be thus impatient. What's conceived
Of us without here, by the folks within?
Where are you now? immersed in cares of state—
Where am I now?—intent on festal robes—
We two, embracing under death's spread hand!
What was this thought for, what this scruple of yours
Which broke the council up, to bring about
One minute's meeting in the corridor?
And then the sudden sleights, long secresies,
The plots inscrutable, deep telegraphs,
Long-planned chance-meetings, hazards of a look,
"Does she know? does she not know? saved or lost?"

A year of this compression's ecstasy
 All goes for nothing? you would give this up
 For the old way, the open way, the world's,
 His way who beats, and his who sells his wife?
 What tempts you? their notorious happiness,
 That you're ashamed of ours? The best you'll get
 Will be, the Queen grants all that you require,
 Concedes the cousin, and gets rid of you
 And her at once, and gives us ample leave
 'To live as our five hundred happy friends.'—Vol. ii. pp. 60, 61.

It is hardly a less injury to women to suppose such reasoning natural than to think it right. Mr. Browning is a contemner of prejudice. No doubt he feels it his mission to dispel illusions; if his book has an apparent aim, it is this. It is pretty clear that love of country is in Mr. Browning's eyes an old-fashioned notion. His native land has no hold either on his taste or his principles; Italy is the land of his adoption. Italy, no doubt, is a very beautiful and interesting country, but we are, nevertheless, fastidious as to the motives of all who give it exclusive preference. All men, whose manhood is connected with their youth and childhood by natural and vigorous ties, whose education has been what it ought, who have learnt what nature in those plastic early years was designed to teach, admire and love their own country most and best. Wherever this is not the case, the mind has received some injury; early faith and trust have been trampled on, and some violent wrench has disjointed the man from the boy. Not seldom a so-called conversion is this wrench; but more frequently it is a breaking from old restraints rather than the adoption of new ones. From whatever cause Italy has Mr. Browning's heart, its climate, its women, its pictures, its music, its cities, its history, its careless easy life—all are reviewed as though there was no moral bearing in any of them, none, at least, with which the stranger amongst them has anything to do.

'Italy, my Italy!
 Queen Mary's saying serves for me—
 (When fortune's malice
 Lost her, Calais.)
 Open my heart and you will see
 Graved inside of it, "Italy."
 Such lovers old are I and she;
 So it always was, so it still shall be.'—Vol. ii. 49.

'Bishop Blougram's Apology,' in conversational blank verse, a very stiff piece of reading indeed, is yet useful and curious, as furnishing the key to a great deal that has apparently no connexion with its subject. We know not whether to call it an apology for hypocrisy, or an argument for scepticism. The author evidently desires to show that he can sympathise with

both states, and is much too enlightened a person to recoil with contempt from a man who professes himself, and imposes upon others, an implicit unreasoning faith, while he has no real belief whatever. So long as the thing is done effectually, so long as the world is imposed upon, and the hypocrite gets what he aims at, he can see something almost to respect in the position. Fortunately for us, our Church awakes no sympathy in Mr. Browning; Romanism is much more to his taste. Mindful therefore of his Italian predilections, he chooses a Roman Catholic Bishop as the actor in this anomalous position; one born in Italy and impregnated with foreign tastes, though bearing an English name, and naturalized amongst us. The higher he estimates a man's intellect, the less, evidently, can he believe in the sincerity of any dogmatic creed he may profess. We do not deny, that to many others it may be a standing difficulty how some men, with the intellects we know them to have, can believe the extravagancies they do apparently believe. Mr. Browning cuts the difficulty at once by assuming that they do not believe them. His respect evidently would suffer least diminution by supposing such an one a hypocrite; it is, indeed, the only assumption by which his interest can be sustained. In 'Bishop Blougram' he shows us how it may be done. This ecclesiastic is represented in a fit of after-dinner confidence explaining and defending his position to an avowed sceptic, a clever sort of fellow in his way, but too far beneath his companion in the world's estimation for any risk to be run by a betrayal of these singular admissions. The Bishop begins by assuming that his more honest friend *despises* him. He is enjoying himself over a good cool glass of wine after 'some hot long ceremonies of our Church,' which had occupied the morning; and after pluming himself on certain worldly advantages, in which he has the better of the avowed sceptic, concludes with the question,—

'Why won't you be a bishop too?'
 Why, first, you don't believe, you don't and can't,
 (Not stately, that is, and fixedly
 And absolutely and exclusively)
 In any revelation called divine.
 No dogmas nail your faith—and what remains
 But say so, like the honest man you are?
 First, therefore, overhaul theology!
 Nay, I too, not a fool, you please to think,
 Must find believing every whit as hard,
 And if I do not frankly say as much,
 The ugly consequence is clear enough.
 Now, wait, my friend: well, I do not believe—
 If you'll accept no faith that is not fixed,
 Absolute and exclusive, as you say.
 (You're wrong—I mean to prove it in due time)

Meanwhile, I know where difficulties lie
 I could not, cannot solve, nor ever shall,
 So give up hope accordingly to solve—
 (To you, and over the wine). Our dogmas then
 With both of us, tho' in unlike degree,
 Missing full credence—overboard with them!
 I mean to meet you on your own premise—
 Good, there go mine in company with yours!

And now what are we? unbelievers both,
 Calm and complete, determinately fixed
 To-day, to-morrow, and for ever, pray?
 You'll guarantee me that? Not so, I think.
 In no-wise! all we've gained is, that belief,
 As unbelief before, shakes us by fits,
 Confounds us like its predecessor. Where's
 The gain? how can we guard our unbelief,
 Make it bear fruit to us?—the problem here.
 Just when we are safest, there's a sunset-touch,
 A fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death,
 A chorus-ending from Euripides,—
 And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears
 As old and new at once as Nature's self,
 To rap and knock and enter in our soul,
 Take hands and dance there, a fantastic ring,
 Round the ancient idol, on his base again,—
 The grand Perhaps!—Vol. i. pp 213—215.

He next candidly states his grounds for his choice of line.

'I know the special kind of life I like,
 What suits the most my idiosyncrasy,
 Brings out the best of me and bears me fruit
 In power, peace, pleasantness, and length of days.
 I find that positive belief does this
 For me, and unbelief, no whit of this.'—Vol. i. pp. 217, 218.

* * * * *
 'Well now—there's one great form of Christian faith
 I happened to be born in—which to teach
 Was given me as I grew up, on all hands,
 As best and readiest means of living by;
 The same on examination being proved
 The most pronounced moreover, fixed, precise
 And absolute form of faith in the whole world—
 Accordingly, most potent of all forms
 • For working on the world. Observe, my friend,
 Such as you know me, I am free to say,
 In these hard latter days which hamper one,
 Myself, by no immoderate exercise
 Of intellect and learning, and the tact
 To let external forces work for me,
 Bid the street's stones be bread and they are bread,
 Bid Peter's creed, or, rather, Hildebrand's,
 Exalt me o'er my fellows in the world
 And make my life an ease and joy and pride,
 • It does so,—which for me is a great point gained,
 Who have a soul and body that exact
 A comfortable care in many ways.

There's power in me and will to dominate
Which I must exercise, they hurt me else :
In many ways I need mankind's respect,
Obedience, and the love that's born of fear :
While at the same time, there's a taste I have,
A toy of soul, a titillating thing,
Refuses to digest these dainties crude.'—Vol. i. pp. 221, 222.

Here he supposes his antagonist to object that, though he succeeds in carrying the million imbeciles with him, yet some dozen men of sense eye him apart, and their suffrages he loses. These will say, either he believes in the last winking Virgin, in which case he is a fool, or he disbelieves and is a knave.

—'approve in neither case,
Withhold their voices though I look their way :
Like Verdi when, at his worst opera's end
(The thing they gave at Florence,—what's its name ?)
While the mad houseful's plaudits near out-bang
His orchestra of salt-box, tongs and bones,
He looks through all the roaring and the wreaths
Where sits Rossini patient in his stall.'—Vol. i. p. 225.

But this he disputes altogether, and proves ingeniously that there is distinction in his questionable position. He likens himself to a boy perched on a stack of chimneys; sixty boys a minute may pass along the street, and you take no note of them; but this one, all eyes are fixed on him. 'Our interest's on the dangerous edge of things.'

'Your picked Twelve; you'll find,
Profess themselves indignant, scandalized
At thus being held unable to explain
How a superior man who disbelieves
May not believe as well: that's Schelling's way!
It's through my coming in the tail of time,
Nicking the minute with a happy tact.
Had I been born three hundred years ago
They'd say, "What's strange? Blougram of course believes;"
And, seventy years since, "disbelieves of course."
But now, "He may believe; and yet, and yet
How can he?"—All eyes turn with interest.
Whereas, step off the line on either side—
You, for example, clever to a fault,
The rough and ready man that write apace,
Read somewhat seldomer, think perhaps even less—
You disbelieve! Who wonders and who cares?
Lord So-and-So—his coat bedropt with wax,
All Peter's chains about his waist, his back
Brave with the needlework of Noodledom,
Believes! Again, who wonders and who cares?
But I, the man of sense and learning too,
The able to think yet act, the this, the that,
I, to believe at this late time of day!
Enough; you see, I need not fear contempt.'—

The man's argument is the simply worldly one, he will have this world and let the next take its chance. And we take leave to say, that this is the moral of Mr. Browning's two volumes: nor can we see that his own mind ever takes a step beyond this Bishop's, in the whole train of his reasoning. He supposes the unworldly sceptic opposing to this life of his the nobler existences of power and genius. Napoleon he reviews and dismisses, showing how chimerical the conqueror's gains. The poet's; it would be all very well to be Shakspeare, but not having it in him to write Hamlet and Othello, he prefers remaining his poor self; or Luther's.

'Why to be Luther—that's a life to lead,
Incomparably better than my own.
He comes, reclaims God's earth for God, he says,
Sets up God's rule again by simple means,
Re-opens a shut book, and all is done.
He flared out in the flaring of mankind;
Such Luther's luck was—how shall such be mine?'—Vol. i p. 235.

and *why*? because Luther

'secured
A real heaven in his heart throughout his life,
Supposing death a little altered things!'—Vol. i. p. 236.

One more extract we give from this poem, esteeming it more in character with the author than his puppet the Cardinal Bishop. It might indeed stand for the motto of his whole book.

'Pure faith indeed—you know not what you ask!
Naked belief in God the Omnipotent,
Omniscient, Omnipresent, sears too much
The sense of conscious creatures to be borne.
It were the seeing him, no flesh shall dare.
Some think, Creation's meant to show him forth:
I say, it's meant to hide him all it can:
And that's what all the blessed Evil's for.'—Vol. i 239.

This 'blessed Evil,' as he calls it, forms pretty nearly the subject-matter of these volumes. A very spasmodic poem called 'Saul,' enlarged from Mr. Browning's previous works, puts the same in a semi-theological mystical form. David is the prophet of Saul's ultimate glorification, Saul being probably chosen as a kind of type of *power*—power, which is the *summum bonum* of such thinkers as Mr. Browning. But the measure is so insufferable, and the thoughts so obscure, and the task of reading a poem of forty pages, from these combined causes, so irksome, that we pass it over with just a specimen of the verse.

'I say then,—my song
While I sang thus, assuring the monarch, and ever more strong
Made a proffer of good to console him—he slowly resumed
His old motions and habitudes kingly.'—Vol. ii. p. 133.

The little dedicatory poem at the end 'to E. B. B.' the poet's poetess-wife, is at once the most amiable and most intelligible effusion of the whole two volumes. The metre is a sort of amplification of Mr. Longfellow's; five pure unrhymed trochees instead of four; but it runs flowingly and costs the reader no effort. It betrays, together with a just sense of good fortune in being connected with so congenial mind, a full appreciation of the author's own position amongst poets. He has clearly no doubt whatever about his mission, and considers anything like a pretty fancy, any departure from his ordinary style, as a condescension from his high path which needs accounting for, which he does by the following high examples of a very natural and amiable impulse of affection.

'Rafael made a century of sonnets,
Made and wrote them in a certain volume
Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil
Else he only used to draw Madonnas:
These, the world might view—but One, the volume.
Who that one, you ask? Your heart instructs you.
Did she live and love it all her life-time?
Did she drop, his lady of the sonnets,
Die, and let it drop beside her pillow
Where it lay in place of Rafael's glory,
Rafael's cheek so duteous and so loving—
Cheek, the world was wont to hail a painter's,
Rafael's cheek, her love had turned a poet's?

You and I would rather read that volume,
(Taken to his beating bosom by it)
Lean and list the bosom-beats of Rafael,
Would we not? than wonder at Madonnas—
Her, San Sisto names, and Her, Foligno,
Her, that visits Florence in a vision,
Her, that's left with lilies in the Louvre—
Seen by us and all the world in circle.
You and I will never read that volume.
Guido Reni, like his own eye's apple
Guarded long the treasure-book and loved it.
Guido Reni dying, all Bologna
Cried, and the world with it, "Ours—the treasure!"
Suddenly, as rare things will, it vanished.

Dante once prepared to paint an angel:
Whom to please? You whisper "Beatrice."
While he mused and traced it and retraced it,

* * * * *
Dante, who loved well because he hated,
Hated wickedness that hinders loving,
Dante standing, studying his angel,—
In there broke the folk of his Inferno.
Says he—"Certain people of importance"
(Such he gave his daily, dreadful line to)
Entered and would seize, forsooth, the poet.
Says the poet—"Then I stopped my painting."

You and I would rather see that angel,
Painted by the tenderness of Dante,
Would we not?—than read a fresh Inferno.

You and I will never see that picture.
While he mused on love and Beatrice,
While he softened o'er his outlined angel,
In they broke, those "people of importance :"
We and Bice bear the loss for ever.

What of Rafaci's sonnets, Dante's picture?

This : no artist lives and loves that longs not
Once, and only once, and for One only,
(Ah, the prize!) to find his love a language
Fit and fair and simple and sufficient—
Using nature that's an art to others,
Not, this one time, art that's turned his nature.
Ay, of all the artists living, loving,
None but would forego his proper dowry,—
Does he paint? he fain would write a poem,—
Does he write? he fain would paint a picture,
Put to proof art alien to the artist's,
Once, and only once, and for One only,
So to be the man and leave the artist,
Save the man's joy, miss the artist's sorrow.'—Pp. 229—233.

Here follows a long parallel between Moses' ungrateful task in the desert and the poet's in the world, when they strike the rock of human ignorance; and some very gratuitous assumptions concerning Moses himself, which we need not enter into. But passing this, the poet has to find an analogy between his present offering of affection and those he first adduced as his examples.

'I shall never, in the years remaining,
Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you statues,
Make you music that should all-express me;
So it seems: I stand on my attainment.
This of verse alone, one life allows me;
Verse and nothing else have I to give you.
Other heights in other lives, God willing—
All the gifts from all the heights, your own, Love!
Yet a semblance of resource avails us—
Shade so finely touched, love's sense must seize it.
Take these lines, look lovingly and nearly,
Lines I write the first time and the last time.
He who works in fresco, steals a hair-brush,
Cuts the liberal hand, subservient proudly,
Cramps his spirit, crowds its all in little,
Makes a strange art of an art familiar,
Fills his lady's missal-marge with flowerets.
He who blows thro' bronze, may breathe thro' silver,
Fitsly serenade a slumbrous princess.
He who writes, may write for once, as I do.'—Pp. 236, 237.

And so we part from Mr. Browning's 'Fifty Men and Women,' which he could hardly have dedicated in the quarter he has done without something in the likeness of a propitiatory offering.

Next on our list stands 'The Mystic,' which perhaps more than any book we know defies criticism; indeed, anything like a lengthened notice we believe to be a moral impossibility. The writer charged with the task of conveying to others an idea of this singular work finds himself baffled; he cannot rest on it for a single moment, it offers no point of contact. As in all mysterious subjects, he is driven back in search of comparisons, but he finds nothing to which it can be compared. Thus, instead of boldly facing 'the Mystic,' we find ourselves reviewing what has gone before. Are there any points of resemblance or marked opposition to the poets previously discussed? They have all their eccentricities, and 'the Mystic' is strange. It comes out in the same year with them; the impulse to produce something new has evidently been at work; but here all analogy ends. We could discuss and analyse them, but 'the Mystic' has no parts. We may speculate whether Mr. Tennyson's splenetic denunciations are fit subjects for poetry, but 'the Mystic' has no subjects. We seem for a moment to find something in common with 'Hawthorne's' new vocabulary, but 'the Mystic's' new words have no assignable purpose. We have questioned the moral of Mr. Browning's narrative and situations, but 'the Mystic' has no moral, and no story, and no place; we have quarrelled with the caprices of his verse, but any variety would be welcome in 'the Mystic'; we have had to grope for his meaning, but 'the Mystic' defies search, and has no meaning. The reviewer finds his occupation gone, the critic has nothing for his occupation to work upon; 'the Mystic' is in fact *the* millstone into which one man can see as far and no further than another.

Some of our readers have probably read Mr. Bailey's 'great work, Festus;' if not the poem itself, a notice of it in these pages, with grand display of high literary names, who were not ashamed to usher that flippant farrago of profaneness into the world with an absolute extravagance of commendation. 'Festus' is remarkable for an utter insensibility to the nature of all great ideas. Heaven and eternity, the Godhead itself, make no impression on the conceited and inflated mind of the poet. He discusses them all as easily, and with the same choice of words, as he would the news of the day. We have no doubt 'the Mystic' is a natural sequence of 'Festus.' The author really did not then know what he was talking of; he gave high sounding names to his ideas and conceptions, but the ideas had all the while no true connexion with the names. 'Space,' and 'heaven,' and 'hell,' and 'angels,' and 'demons,' never really lifted Mr. Bailey an inch above the lecture-hall, or the drawing-room, or the market-place, or his fellow-townsmen; he never

actually conceived of anything beyond his experience and what his eyes had seen. It was a delusion to suppose the imagination exercised in those masquerade flights. But he found his experiment successful, his daring was wonderfully commended, his counterfeit coin was received as current. He has reason from the former reception of his muse, to expect great results from the simple act of getting out of his depth. This has been the one mental action of 'the Mystic.' A bold resolute fling at the outset from the shores of common sense and reason, and no inch of ground to stand upon, nothing but plunging and floundering, no distance gained, no progress made ever after. 'The Mystic' goes through many births and transmigrations,—this is all that we can tell our readers. There never appears any advance or purpose in his changes of existence, which seem to be uniformly spent in company with the sun and moon, and all the signs of the zodiac. The following passage represents the state of things all through; there really is no room for choice.

'He at his birth the starry stamps received,
For every limb held commune with its god,
And planetary gifts plenipotent;
The moon dispensed him riches, and the sun
Mind-wealth, that so before his dazed cyne
The splendid spectrum of immortal fame
Perpetual danced; soul-compulsory power,
The god of psychopompous function, round
Circling the sun with fourfold force; love's star
The joys that come with beauteous shapes and eyes
Dewy and blue; courage the god-star red;
Supremacy and justice they who held
Successive, if usurped sway, o'er the skies.'—P. 8.

At another time the 'Mystic' is

'Dear to the bearded serpent, spirit supreme,
Whose omnipresent eye approves the world—
Eye of the world of life, and nature's soul,
Who lapped him in his cold blue coils, and flew
Where live the stars: there, mid nocturnal day
Where Death's grim orb illumines the restless ghosts,
And with his scourge on their own hearts inscribes
The tortures of the evils they have done,
He, weighed 'gainst Truth, down-dipped the skiey scale.'—P. 12.

At another,

'Initiate, mystic, perfected, epopt,
Illuminate, adept, transcendent, he
Ivy-like, lived, and died, and again lived,
Resuscitant.'—P. 53.

Again,

'He, arrow-like, launched forth—heaven is a bow
The chord whercof is earth—and charmed his way
Led by prismatic clue through spheres and skies,

Fire, ice, and scalding venom-floods of hell,
To prove all sacred truth within himself.'—P. 54.

Now we read of golden flocks lamb-headed, (we are not told whether they are lamb-bodied as well;) then of a 'skiff of grisly marble,' of 'nebulous thoughts grouping in fundamental unities,' of ghosts of maddening beauty, of things being præeternal; a monstrous word, which we lay stress upon as affording a key to the true value of all Mr. Bailey's so-called flights of imagination. The 'Mystic' at one time dwells

'Upon the royal rock four-faced, he dwelled,
The tripod mountain, with its jewelled feet
Long while.'—P. 20.

While upon another occasion,

'His soul,
One and compatiënt with the life of time,
Rose kosmical with all God's great designs;
And so on earth their luminous life enjoyed,
The unapparent and essential fates.'—P. 56.

But why particularize nonsense, as though it had an organization, as though one part were more especial nonsense than another. In fact, the fragments gain a sort of purpose by being detached from the main mass. We cannot help the idea, that the context would throw some light upon them. Nothing but the whole poem can give an adequate idea of the fatuity of the whole poem, of that resolute rejection of meaning, of anything that can be understood. • Even if a simple idea is stumbled upon, we see at once that the author instinctively objects to it, feels it altogether out of place and character, that it strikes upon his eye like a word of our mother-tongue in a page of unknown characters—he at once passes the pen through it, and coins a word in its place. Thus, a twisted leaf is a 'writhen frond,' and drink is 'bever.' Indeed, the coinage of new words throughout, carried on in such wholesale fashion, has the one sole object of making the whole more pompously unintelligible. Yet there are, it must be granted, innocent and offensive forms of nonsense; some that excite suspicion, some that we trust implicitly, that ebb and flow upon the verse without awaking a single misgiving. Our readers may think us hypercritical, but we fancy we can detect mischief in solution, in the following stage of mystic existence.

'Though pure in aspiration, pure as is
The pearl-rose halo round a star, so, proof
Of the divine within us and the strain
Of the celestial heavenward, yet he sinned,
In virtue of his nature, and sought earth;
For sin is nature; and through all life's gate:
Like to the perishing flowery arches reared

Before some fane, he willed to pass, for he
 The ultimate sanctity and æternal joy
 Foreknew that they led up to ; and, perchance,
 By his own consciousness of final bliss,
 He might the hearts of millions fortify.'—P. 22.

There is another poem in the same volume, so like in aspect and sound (the reader's only guides), that if the opening page and title are passed over, it will be confounded with 'the Mystic.' Such passages as the following spring from precisely the same condition of mind,—

'Till one soul,
 Tuneful and luminous as a singing star,
 Stepped into light, and in the immarbled ear
 Of the convergent infinite, sang of God
 Larklike his lone lay.'—P. 104.

There is no advance towards sense in luminous bodies stepping into light, &c. However, though not less absurd, 'the Spiritual Legend' is less unintelligible. The puzzle is, how a man could have undertaken the enormous labour of its composition for such a result. It professes to be a history of the creation of the world by angels, taken from a Gnostic legend ; but it is really seventy pages of geography in blank verse—not modern, useful geography, but pages full of hard words without any connexion, which it must have been an incredible toil only to transcribe, to say nothing of the reading up it must have demanded. For example : the angels make the mountains. Then follow three pages such as—

'Andes and Himalaya's heavenly heights ;
 Dhawalaghuri's pinnacle supreme,
 And Chuquibamba's cone of roseate snow ;
 The hill Altaic named the almighty god,
 By Tehudic tribelets of the age of mounds.'—P. 69.

Next, 'the angels trenched the rivers ;' and we have three pages of 'the holy Boug,' 'Chandra-bagha, holy to the moon,' 'Nuorra, Gyndes, Rhaadwr, Shoshonce,' &c. &c. Next the islands, steppes, plains ; herbs, plants, and trees ; capes, caves, minerals ; fishes, birds, animals, and last, man.

'The sea-born seed, too, earth-born, mountain-born,
 Titans and Cyclops, Gog and Magog, sons
 So called of gods, Corineus, Corcoran,
 And those, Hrimthursar hight, who norwards held
 Frore Jotunheim, contemning gods and men ;
 The Anakim and Æmim of old writ.'—P. 106.

The angels dig the sites of cities, Louqsor, Medina, Thabou, 'Tehelminar,' &c. They establish races of gods with awful long names ; and Symbolism, and Kabalistic lore.

'Aheich, Matzpatz, Emeth, On, Elhai,
 Aishi, and Baali, Netzah, Agla, Tzour.'—P. 121.

Now, it is perfectly impossible that any man or woman born can have sixty pages of such words as these¹ on the tip of his tongue, or at his finger's ends. We know that they must be painfully hunted up from all kinds of sources; they cannot, we should say, ring in a man's ears when he *has* found them. Two or three long sounding words taken into the memory do this, though not of every-day application; such would Milton's memory supply him with when his line needed some high mystic sounds to swell the verse; but pages of mere mouthing, like this catalogue of unpronounceable names and words, prove that the writer has not only no imagination now, but that he never can have had any, or he could never have sunk into such slavery; the faculty divine could never so utterly desert the spot it once haunted. But this we will leave Mr. Bailey's old admirers to settle amongst themselves, only trusting that a blush of ingenuous shame has suffused the cheek of some of them, as their conscience tells them that their extravagant flattery has contributed something to this finale. An old Fairy Tale, versified in a very ordinary fashion, completes what we must call a very worthless volume—worthless, that is, in any other light than as a literary curiosity.

It is really painful to have to turn from this audacious publication, this conscious and deliberate perpetration, this bold defiance of sense and reason, which invites attack, and which would prefer any degree of vituperation to neglect, to a little book of a very innocent, harmless character,—more than harmless, written with intentions positively good,—and not be able to refresh ourselves with some hearty commendation. But good intentions do not make good poetry, and no one does good by writing mere common-place. Mr. Michell's *Poetry of Creation* is composed in a devout spirit, with a most praiseworthy aim to reconcile scripture with modern science, after a careful study of Chalmers, and Whewell, and Brewster, and astronomers and geologists in general, and with much general feeling for the beauty of nature, and the goodness of the Creator. But it is not poetry; it never approaches to being poetry; it is only familiar ideas put into creditable verse. We wish that some parts had been worse, so that others had been better, that we might have singled out points for praise and blame. But it is not so; page after page, till we reach nearly two hundred, are characterised by a strict uniformity of merit. We may find fault with the metre, and say that the eight-syllable Iambic is not suited to lofty themes, but we cannot conscien-

¹ This verse catalogue of cacophonous names, by the way, is plagiarized from a dreary and forgotten volume of blank verse, Mr. Hawkins' "*Wars of Jehovah*," published ten or twelve years ago

tiously say that the poem would have materially gained by the addition of two syllables to every line; there would perhaps have been one mistake the less, but after all, if we talk of change, it would have been better to change the theme than the metre, for what could Mr. Michell do with heroics. Nor have we cause here to complain of an affected singularity, an attempt by unfair means at originality. No temporary influence has been at work; the book would not have been better written last year or next. The truth is, the subject is wholly above Mr. Michell's powers. A man cannot write on the Creation to any purpose, either with a mere long string of hard words like Mr. Bailey, or a stock of common-place descriptions, which has been Mr. Mitchell's sole material for the task. The mysteries and glories of creation have nothing at all to do with a geographical survey, or a treatise on natural history; but unless a man has imagination to rise to an apprehension of the one, he must sink to the other. Imagination glorifies what it sees or has seen; but the writer without this faculty, being more dazzled by what others describe to him than by what his own eyes tell him, always supposes that unknown lands have wonders which nature does not put on in his own, and when he would make a grand impression, reproduces what he has read of distant countries, instead of painting a home landscape; so Mr. Michell wanders from Mount Athos and Mount Ararat to Arabia and America—the volcanoes, the rivers, the plains, the birds and beasts there—but never with a touch of truth or nature to show them in a new light as *he* sees them in distinction from books and travellers. Like Mr. Bailey, he betrays a reading-up for his subject. The discoveries of science haunt the reader; and the wonders of the microscope, revealing animalcule and such small deer, occupy an undue space, and show a very indifferent power of choice or grouping; but nothing is merely indicated, all is described in full. The author thus measures distances of the stars, and flights of angels:—

- ‘And yet between the nearest spheres,
Seeming close knit, the gulf that spread,
The tube-shot ball, that ceaseless sped,
Would cross not in ten thousand years,
While a swift angel, whose bold flight
Should match the speed of thought-winged light,
His task from orb to orb to wend,
One second on its zone to spend—
Task that commenced when Adam rose—
Might till this hour through space have run,
Nor brought his journey to a close,
But found it only just begun!’—P. 14.

And thus he describes ‘those great nations,’ the insects in a drop of water— .

'A scene of wonder ; myriads live,
 Disporting in the solar rays,
 And to that globule splendour give.
 In armies they career and gleam,
 Some with rich plumes, and helmets that beam ;
 Some with the purple glittering scale,
 Leaf upon leaf, like shirt of mail
 And here, as on vast crystal plains,
 They march or skirmish, feast or bound,
 Nor ask, nor need more wide domains,
 Travelling their spacious world around.
 In this small drop, gay millions see !
 And each a perfect form shall be,
 With nice-adapted organs made,
 Feeling bestowed, and sense conveyed,
 With heart and vein, and ear and eye,
 And all life's quickening energy.'—Pp 126, 127

The subject is pursued at length, concluding with more propriety of intention than diction, to praise the Maker of all things :

How doubly powerful, grand he seems,
 Too awful for our loftiest dreams !'—P. 127

At one time '*trees dignified* made rich the scene,' at another the Rhine is complimented as '*a river Taste will ever prize.*' These are slips, however, from the ordinary prize-poem decorum of the verse, which flows on with a smoothness and a facility in the adaptation of poetical phrases and imagery, which may well mislead the author into the idea that he actually invents what he writes. We would adduce the birthplace of the stream (P. 93) amongst the prettiest passages we have met with, but it is too long for insertion, where there is really not a new thought, only a fuller realization of the scene described, and also of the force and meaning of the language employed.

The name of Mr. Ernest Jones will sound oddly in some ears amongst a bevy of poets. When we see the delicate blue and gold volume which bears his name, we are tempted to inquire, Is it *the* Ernest Jones, the Chartist mob-orator whose name at monster meetings we see attached to long speeches, which quiet people never dream of reading? But so it is—he has found time from his peculiar mission of agitation to compose a volume of verse, not without popular qualities, and which may win him credit with such of his party as do not condemn poetry as unreal trifling. Though we should not hazard a conjecture before-hand as to what sort of poetry a Chartist orator would write, we perceive, after its perusal, that this is precisely what might have been looked for. There is a good deal of rather envious appreciation of the rank and social elevation it is his business to pull down ; there is flow, and spirit *sometimes*, plenty of rant, and now and then pretty and pleasing ideas, which *all* who win their

way into any kind of popular estimation must have their share of. And with this a singular looseness of thought, and want of consecutiveness. Witness a general failure in holding together the parts of a metaphor, or seeing quite clearly to the end of a thought, so that what begins with almost fierce energy, as though stamped indelibly on the poet's brain, loses its identity in course of expression; we find ourselves suddenly at fault, and finally the illustration turns up something quite different from what was designed at starting. This is simply a picture of most oratorical flowers of speech, and matters not the least in an oration to excited thousands, who probably prefer this style to a dogged closeness of reasoning and comparison. They like a genial dash of eloquence, and never stop to check off accurately the exact progress of a metaphor. When ideas are set down, however, and we have to read them for ourselves, the case is different, and the value of accuracy and precision rise, so to say, in the market.

Now we doubt not that Mr Jones has frequently denounced the steam engine to his hearers with great effect, in much such terms as the following, regarding it, as he does, as *the* weapon of the aristocracy of wealth, the upholder of the present system of employers and employed which he would break down. His book is full of anathemas against it. We believe steam to be as much a creature of God as the river that supplies its water, but other and wiser men than Mr. Ernest Jones, according to the world's esteem, think with him. His *listening* admirers would not be perplexed, as we are, to make out the absolute exact meaning of the terrible image or images employed. We ask, what is '*it*?' what is '*he*?' Is the '*steel-corse*' the '*giant*,' or is it the '*rack*?' Why, if the corse is the giant, is it at one time supposed to be dead, and at another breathing? Why, if the '*rack*' is after all the '*corse*,' should it be performing so many acts of life, tearing, '*squeezing through its fangs*,' and the like; and what is that about foaming with humanity's pangs?

'For a giant had risen, all grisly and grim,
With his huge limbs loud-clattering and vast!
And he breathed his steam-breath through long channels of death,
'Till the soul itself died on the blast.
And fibre and flesh he bound down on a rack,
Flame-girt on a factory-floor;
And the ghastly steel-corse plied its horrible force,
Still tearing the hearts of the poor.
Like a wine-press for manum to form a gold draught,
It squeezed their best blood through its fangs;
And he quaffed at a breath the quick vintage of death,
While it foamed with humanity's pangs.'—Pp. 119, 120.

In like manner we must demur to the opening of '*The Poet's Invitation*.'

'When the sea is still as glass,
And the whispering breezes pass
On messages from zone to zone.'—P. 128.

How can the sea be 'still as glass,' with breezes passing over it? But to pass from metaphors to subjects. There is one long history at the end of the book, 'Percy Vere's Story,'—the name designed as a play upon the word *persevere*,—where the narrator's pompous introduction of himself to the readers, full of such words as 'factories, chains, priestcraft, fetters, future, past,' &c. &c., ends in an ill-told love story, with no connexion whatever with the exordium, and where we find such lines as these—

'None question asked, none spoke a word,
All read at once what had occurred.'

This uncertainty of meaning, this break between beginning and end, characterises most of the volume, with rants interspersed about '*the free, the free, the free.*' The poem, however, that gives its name to the book, 'The Battle Day, or the Lost Army,' is very superior to the rest; it is dissociated from all the author's ordinary themes of declamation, has more purpose, and keeps to that purpose more closely and steadily. A definite aim is expressed with some feeling and reality. The moral of the story is, the fatal consequences of doubt and irresolution. Lindsey, its subject, has great powers, but fails in all the objects of life from this infirmity. First he alienates his wife, and when, on the loss of domestic happiness, he becomes a soldier, and shows the highest talents for command, he loses all a second time, by want of generous trust. Success has hitherto attended all his schemes. The crisis of his own and a nation's fate is now at hand. It is the night before the battle-day:—

'But deem not that his eye was bright
With glorious calm of wonted light;
Or steady throbs each rising vein.
There was too much to lose and gain!
The goal of all his stormy life
Is centered in the morrow's strife.
The guerdon he had toiled for long,
The hope, that made the weary strong,
The moment, that should years outweigh,
Beyond whose loss 'twere vain to stay,
When time, on pointing to the dead,
Forbade afresh his path to tread;
Past man's control—past thought's command—
The life—the death—'twas all at hand,
And he was sitting on the brink
With nought to do but think—and think!
Few—few upon his musing break,
An augur from their chief to take.

a sitting, and produce something terse and to the point; but the same mental effort kept up for days together, always issues in too many words by half. It is excitement, not inspiration. 'La Nation Boutiquière,' which embodies an acknowledgment and boast of the title given us by the first Napoleon; and 'Inkerman,' as told by a Serjeant who had been engaged in that battle; both bear traces of hurry rather than genuine impetus, and are decidedly *long* to the reader. We have read, however, with pleasure the concluding poem; for its genuine feeling rather than for any particular poetical merit. The opening lines, indeed, are uncouth in their abruptness; but the right impression is given, and the reader is made to feel for the nameless hero:—

‘THE ROAD TO THE TRENCHES.

“Leave me, comrades—here I
drop—

“No, sir, take them on—

“All are wanted—none should
stop—

“Duty must be done

“Those whose guard you take
will find me

“As they pass below ”

So the soldier spoke, and staggering,
Fell amid the snow

And ever on the dreary heights
Down came the snow.

“Men, it must be as he asks ,

“Duty must be done .

“Far too few for half our tasks,

“We can spare not one

“Wrap him in this . I need it less .

“Fear not—they shall know.

“Mark the place—yon stunted
larch

“Forward!” On they go,
And silent, on their silent march,
Down sank the snow

O'er his features, as he lies,

Calms the wretch of pain .

Close, faint eyes; pass, cruel
skies,

Freezing mountain plain.

With far soft sounds the stillness
teems ;

Church-bells,—voices low,

Passing into English dreams

There amid the snow

And darkening, thickening o'er
the heights,

Down fell the snow

Looking, looking for the mark,

Down the others came,

Struggling through the snow sits
stark,

Calling out his name .

“Here or there? the drifts are
deep.

“Have we passed him?” No—

Look, a little growing heap,

Snow above the snow,

Where heavy on his heavy sleep

Down fell the snow

Strong hands raised him, voices
strong

Spoke within his ears .

Ah, his dreams had softer tongue,

Neither now he hears

One more gone for England's sake,

Where so many go,

Lying down without complaint,

Dying in the snow ,

Starving, striving, for her sake,

Dying in the snow.

Simply done his soldier's part,

Through long months of woe,

All endured with soldier heart

Battle, famine, snow .

Noble nameless English heart,

Snow-cold in the snow.'

—*Poems by Henry Lushington*, p 62.

The volume contains beside, some poems entitled 'Points of War,' by (we presume, a brother) Franklin Lushington, these

are adapted to martial airs, and are written with considerable freedom and some spirit, but with so little aim at rigid truth and nature, that 'The Muster of the Guards' (whose departure in February, 1854, newspaper readers will remember to have seen recorded in very graphic prose) commences with the following gratuitous and startling anachronism—

‘ Lying here awake, I hear the *watchman’s* warning,
“ *Past four o’clock,*” on this February morning ’

A cry which may have often mingled with the departure of regiments in the Peninsular war, but which certainly can have struck on no London ears in 1854.

‘Peace in War, In Memoriam L. R.,’ (Macmillan, Cambridge,) another fruit of the war, is a little series of poems, with a wholly different aim, and in altogether another spirit, from the foregoing. They embody a little history of private sorrow and suffering, of which all wars must furnish examples innumerable. The subject is a loving, tender, heroic wife, who sinks under the trial of her husband’s exposure to all the horrors and dangers of last winter’s campaign, but who allows no murmur of her own to reach him or disturb him in his post of duty. The author’s own spirit of religious resignation fits him well for the task he has chosen. There is throughout a tenderness of feeling and cultivated purity of taste which makes every line pleasing, though we can point out no passage as evidence of marked poetical power; and though the style often bears traces of unconscious imitation. The concluding lines of tranquil hope, realizing that peace which no war can take away, fall pleasantly both on heart and ear:—

‘ When Christmas bells shall ring
Across the lifeless snow,
We, too, will gladly sing
The joy above the woe,
No storm of earth shall keep afar
The peace that cannot turn to war.

And when through budding trees,
But the Easter chimes shall bound,
Toss’d on the quickening breeze,
In waves of throbbing sound,
We will not scorn the bliss of spring,
For all our autumn murmuring;

But cherish as we may
The living fire that burns,
In growth and in decay,
In light and shade by turns;
And greet through veils of sunlit tears
The perfect sum of deathless years.’

—*Peace in War*, p. 31.

Our remarks on the subjects before us have come to an end, and general reflections follow upon our completed task. When will poetry be again popular? will the world ever again be imbued with it as it has been?—not the literary world, which knows that it does not *do* to neglect poetry, nor the critical world, whose business it is to discuss it; but the world of high and low, rich and poor, young and old. When will they again find pleasure in it? We see little chance of it. It is not all that there are no poets now addressing the feelings and instincts common to all mankind, though that is true; it is that the general habits of thought and action are against it—that, in fact, the world does not want poets, and would hardly know how to treat one of the sort that people clamour for in articles and crude verses, if he appeared amongst them, which he certainly will not do just at present. Poets must have an audience, and will always write for such an audience as they have. Now this audience, in any literal sense, there is not; the universal habit of hasty perusal, the rapidity of glance with which whole sentences are embraced by the eye at once, and which is essential, if persons are to do anything else but read serials and newspapers, is a habit wholly opposed to a love for, or any attainment in, poetry. The simplest poetry needs some deliberation and concentration of thought to take it in. All poetry is addressed to the ear as well as the understanding. Now the eye supersedes the ear, and does its work in one-third the time. But poetry has no place in an age where time is so very precious that we cannot dwell upon what we read. The modes by which poetry has been issued to the world have been various; first it was chanted, then recited, then spoken with pomp of action, then read; now it is perused, never *heard*. Who ever hears poetry read or repeated now? the man who attempts to quote it is a bore. Of course there are persons of such ready taste and penetration as to be arrested, when the eye is at a hand-gallop, by an exquisite turn of thought or expression; but this is not common, and we are convinced that the great majority of those quite capable of enjoying and appreciating poetry, when presented to them with all the honours of attention, and a clear and happy delivery, could detect nothing in many of our finest poems, if perused as they are in the habit of perusing prose. The consequence is, that the world of readers does not care for poetry now; they secretly think it an old-fashioned tedious mode of composition, which we have outgrown—something that we can do without now—or an illusion altogether. The truth being that the popular taste has gone back in this respect, and that the illiterate first hearers of ‘Chevy-chase’ were better judges of that ballad’s merits as a poem, and a fitter audience, than any promiscuous reading and

writing assemblage would be now : their ears and their attention were in better training.

All this sounds a very shallow explanation for the ‘ great want of the age—a popular poet.’ But if we find that the world is not fit for him—would, in fact, be interrupted and embarrassed, and put out of its way by him—we may at least wait with more patience for his appearance, and apply ourselves to a correction of those habits of idle business and unprofitable occupation, and fussy, unthinking energy, into which so much of the seeming work and activity of a bustling age may be resolved.

ART. II. *Introduction to the Book of Genesis, with a Commentary on the Opening Portion.* From the German of Dr. Peter Von Bohlen, late Professor of Oriental Languages and Literature in the University of Königsberg. Edited by James Heywood, M.P., F.R.S. 2 vols. 8vo. London, John Chapman. 1855.

THE fortunes of infidelity have been very various. At some periods in the world's history, and in some countries, it has ventured to throw off all disguise, and exhibit itself in its native shape to the gaze of all mankind. But these are in general exceptions to its normal condition, which demands a certain deference to the religious opinions of the age, and, as a natural consequence of this necessity, it has assumed a variety of strange aspects, and appeared under a very considerable number of disguises. Sometimes it is discovered, without much difficulty, under a very thin veil of Unitarianism, sometimes scarcely concealed by the garb of the philosopher; it professes a great regard for the enlightenment of mankind, and its emancipation from narrow prejudices. But it often takes the form of a commentary on Scripture, and by rationalizing explanations reduces Revelation to a mere *caput mortuum*; it takes away all that the Christian loves and venerates, and deprives even the little which it leaves of all its value. Many of the Deistical writers of England, as Collins and Tindal, professed a sort of regard for Christianity, but subverted its authority by their writings; and among the rationalists of Germany the greater number pretend to do no more than clear away from Revelation the narrow-minded views, with which an adherence to the literal interpretation has obscured the brightness of the great moral truths delivered in the Bible. It is true, that some speak out; and the views entertained on this subject appear to have had their regular progress from the mere hint and suspicion to an open declaration, so that Rationalism itself in Germany has undergone a great variety of phases. But it is not with any view of exhibiting a phantasmagoria of 'horrid shapes and sights unholy' that we allude to the different modes in which Christianity has been assailed at different times, but simply to recal the fact to the recollection of our readers, that they may learn to estimate the lucubrations which now proceed in considerable numbers from the manufactory of Mr. Chapman at their right value, and assign them, not a conspicuous position in the Temple of Philosophy, but only a common-place niche in the narrow school of simple infidelity. The authors, indeed,

try every form of approach to gain access to the public mind from the duodecimo tale to the ponderous octavo history, and still more heavy Commentary or Essay. The volumes before us, on which we are about to offer a few comments, appear to come forth with unusual claims to our attention. They are the offspring of the learned labours of a celebrated scholar of Germany, introduced to the English public by the translation of two English gentlemen, and ushered into the world under the editorship of another, Mr. Heywood. We are indebted to the latter gentleman for a Preface, which contains a biographical sketch of the author, and for a number of notes scattered through the volumes, and distinguished from the text and the notes of the author himself by square brackets. As the author himself is no longer amenable to any human tribunal, we are unwilling to speak with any unnecessary harshness concerning his works, or to make any unkind remarks on that portraiture of his life which his editor has thought proper to prefix to the translation of his lucubrations on Genesis. But the cause of truth demands that his arguments should be disposed of without ceremony, and if a circumstance or two in his life calls for animadversion, the fault must rest not with us, but with those who choose to drag him before the English public. Professor von Bohlen, it appears from the memoir before us, was born at Wüppel, in the lordship of Jever and the duchy of Oldenburg, on the 13th March, 1796, of poor parents. After the death of his father the expense of his education at the village school was defrayed by voluntary contributions, collected chiefly by Drost, the worthy clergyman of the parish. He desired to become a schoolmaster, but his poverty having prevented the realization of this wish, he was sent, in 1810, with other orphan boys to the Military Dépôt of the district. His stature being below the regulation-height, he could not enter the army, and he became domestic servant to Baron Guiton, the General of the French cavalry in that part of Germany. His master was a kind-hearted man, who taught him French and amused himself in listening to young Von Bohlen's 'readings in dramatic authors.' He was afterwards in the employment of Admiral L'Hermite, but, on the restoration of peace in 1814, he preferred service in his own country, and obtained an engagement in a mercantile house in Hamburg, one of the partners of which was an Englishman. Here Bohlen learned English, and at the age of twenty he took lessons in Latin, and was shortly afterwards admitted as a free scholar into the Hamburg Grammar School, where he pursued a regular course of study for three years, under the care of the master, named Gurlitt, whom he described in after years as having been not only his preceptor, but his 'friend and

fatherly benefactor.' The English Consul at Hamburg presented Bohlen with a copy of Sir W. Jones's Works, and some of the principal merchants of that city invited him to their homes, and intrusted him with the education of their children. Bohlen now 'devoted much of his time,' according to his biographers, 'to theology,'(?) 'studying Hebrew and Arabic, 'to which, with his natural taste for Oriental languages, he 'soon added Persian.' He became 'Assistant Librarian of the City Library;' an office which he held six months; and his Hamburg friends assisted in 'defraying the expenses of his 'University education under Gesenius and other Oriental and 'theological professors at Halle.' Through the representations of Dr. Gurlitt and Gesenius a small stipend was allotted in 1822 to Bohlen from the treasury by Baron von Altestein, the Prussian Minister of Education, and continued to him during his subsequent career at Halle, Bonn, Berlin, and Königsberg. It was also intimated to him that Königsberg presented the only suitable sphere of activity for him, as the other Universities were well provided with teachers in the Oriental department.

At Bonn he studied Arabic under Freytag, and Sanscrit with Schlegel; and in the latter language his progress was so marked, that he was engaged by Sir Alexander Johnstone and the celebrated Orientalist, Colebrooke, to teach Sanscrit to their sons. From Bonn he proceeded to Berlin for the benefit of the instruction of Bopp and other eminent scholars. In the year 1825 Von Bohlen was removed to Königsberg, first as a private teacher under Government, with a salary of 60*l.* per annum; and then, in 1826, as an extraordinary professor. In 1828 he became an ordinary professor of Oriental languages and literature, with an addition of 15*l.* a year to his salary.

It appears that the cold and variable climate of Königsberg did not suit his health, or that of his wife, and he obtained leave of absence for a journey. How long this leave of absence lasted we are not informed, nor whither he travelled; his desire was to visit India, but this desire was never gratified. In 1836 we are informed that Von Bohlen's prosperity was at its height; he had forty-seven pupils in his class on archaeology, nineteen scholars for his exposition of Job, and some students in Oriental languages. He had, besides, as a private pupil, the Earl of Shelburne, son of the Marquis of Lansdowne, and now Member for Calne. In 1837 a serious illness at Hamburg impaired his constitution, and, on leaving that city, he visited England, and spent some time at Bowood, which he described to his friend Voigt as a terrestrial Eden. A visit to the Isle of Wight was of some service to his health, but he was never able to resume

his professional labours, and the winter was passed at Hyères in Provence. Leave of absence from Königsberg was granted till Easter 1839, and was subsequently extended for another year; and the last months of his life were passed at Halle, where he died on the 5th February, 1840. His biographer informs us that sacred songs were sung by students of Halle at his funeral, but the exact nature of these sacred songs is not indicated; and Professor Franke delivered an address to the mourners, describing the life and struggles of their departed friend. In his last requests to his friends, he expressed a desire to be buried simply; and stated that, if his friend Professor Wilda wished it, there might be a stone over his grave, but he particularly requested that there might be no cross upon his coffin. His opinions on religion render the latter direction a matter of no astonishment.

We have omitted one episode in this history of a poor scholar's struggles in Germany, but it relates to rather an important event in his life—his marriage. The editor of these volumes is well known to entertain a desire to tamper, according to the best of his ability or non-ability, with the existing laws relating to marriage in this country, and thus to loosen the ties of Holy Matrimony; and the author whose work he has chosen to edit appears, as far as we can gather from the meagre account given in this sketch, to have acted in a manner quite consonant to the notions of Mr. Heywood. The statement is as follows:—

‘Babette, the daughter of Von Bohlen’s landlord, Von Martial, at Bonn, had married an unfeeling husband, who deserted her, her sorrows and noble conduct excited the pity and admiration of the enthusiastic Oriental scholar. A divorce was subsequently obtained, and in 1827 Babette became the wife of Von Bohlen.’—P. xvii.

We are very old fashioned in our notions on such subjects, as we derive our opinions from Scripture; but if it is meant that under these circumstances Von Bohlen lived with the wife of another man, we can give the transaction no other name than that of adultery. Mr. Heywood may possibly think otherwise; but all the sentimentality in the world about Babette and her unfeeling husband can make no difference in the affair.

We have thus minutely traced the career of Professor Von Bohlen for two reasons—first, because the history of a poor scholar winning his way to eminence in any walk of literature is always full of interest; and secondly, because we think it calculated to assist our judgment in estimating the value of his opinions on many very important subjects. That he was gifted with very considerable powers of acquisition, especially in the department of languages, cannot be doubted, and his career is highly creditable to his diligence, his perseverance, and his talent as a linguistic student. But we cannot help feeling that

the extremely limited education which he received up to the twentieth year of his age, when he appears to have taken his first lessons in Latin, was likely to exert a very unfavourable influence on his mind in regard to many subjects of historical inquiry. If there is any subject to which it is desirable that the inquirer should bring a well trained mind, familiar from youth with the chief depositories of human knowledge and thought, and with the best models of reasoning, it is that whole class of inquiries which are directed to the elucidation of the early history of the world. The most careful inductive habits, the most severe caution in avoiding rash conclusions, find here room for constant exercise, and a large accumulated store of historical information, laid up in the mind and deeply pondered over, is almost an indispensable qualification. We are quite ready to admit the cleverness, and the remarkable powers of acquisition possessed by Von Bohlen, but does not the simple history of his life necessarily lead to the inference that some of the qualifications requisite for the satisfactory discussion of such a question, must have been wanting in his case? With his sagacity one would expect a mixture of rashness; in his historical inductions, we should expect to find those hasty views which acquisitions made late in life often bring with them. Above all we should expect the influences which were continually working upon him from the commencement of his literary career, to have an overwhelming effect upon his mind, and it would have been astonishing indeed to see the scholar thus taken up and pushed forward by men like Gesenius and his associates, rise superior to the prejudices of this new and arrogant school of philosophy. We are not therefore surprised to find him following in the wake of Vater, De Wette, Gesenius, Gramberg, Hartmann, and the rest of the Biblical critics of that class of opinions, though occasionally we seem to gain a faint glimpse of some better notions in his mind, which a happier education and mature reflection might have ripened into valuable fruits. We do not wish to make any illiberal reflections, but we think that these conclusions are almost inevitable, and that they are of some importance towards guiding us in forming a judgment on this author's views. Linguistic acquirements are not so common in England as in Germany; but the English Church not long ago possessed two men whose range of knowledge in this respect was scarcely surpassed by that of any European scholars, with the exception perhaps of Mezzofanti: we mean Dr. Mill and Dr. Lee. The career of Dr. Lee had not been very dissimilar to that of Von Bohlen as far as his education was concerned, except that his struggles were far more severe, and that

the fostering hand was not held out to him, until his extraordinary powers of acquisition and his victory over obstacles, which would have seemed to a less ardent spirit utterly insuperable, had won for him a name of high celebrity. We would not willingly say a single word in disparagement of his vast acquirements, and of his undoubted talents—we had a very sincere regard for him, but we cannot help feeling that the value of these acquirements and talents would have been greatly enhanced had he been blessed with the means of obtaining in early life an education to train him for the honourable position he attained in later years. With regard to Dr. Mill, his knowledge of Eastern languages was probably very much more extensive and accurate than that of Von Bohlen. As an instance of his great knowledge in one language we may remark, that while other men were contented to translate from Sanscrit, he translated English works into Sanscrit, that he might assist in the evangelization of India. Indeed, with the exception of Professor Wilson, his successful opponent for the Boden Professorship, we believe that a few years ago, there was no person in Europe whose knowledge of that language could be compared with his. Our readers well know also, that besides his remarkable knowledge of Oriental languages, he had powers of mind which gave a sterling character to all his writings. One might not agree with all he advanced, but it was impossible to read a few pages of his writing without perceiving that they proceeded from one whose powers of reasoning were of no common order, and whose mind had been trained so as to grasp great questions in their full extent. The power of mind, and the reasoning powers displayed in the treasures he has bequeathed to the Church, are fully as conspicuous as the gigantic learning and research for which some of them are remarkable. Now in this case there was exactly that which in Von Bohlen was wanting—a thorough training in early youth. Dr. Mill obtained distinction at the University of Cambridge, being high on the Mathematical Tripos, and a Fellow of Trinity College; and among his contemporaries at College he was held in high estimation both for learning and original powers. His residence in Calcutta, as Principal of Bishop's College, enabled him to add a profound acquaintance with Oriental literature and history to his large store of classical and general knowledge; and the practical knowledge he thus acquired of Eastern life was also of infinite value to his mind. We confess, that to the judgment of a mind thus formed, we should have listened with that deference, which mere linguistic attainments, acquired like those of Von Bohlen, would never command. But his opinions were utterly and diametrically

opposed to the views of German Rationalism, and were quite in unison with what a juvenile theologian¹ (as we should suppose) in the Quarterly Review, somewhat sneeringly designates, as mere 'Patristic and Anglican theology!' We must apologize for this digression—if to compare one of the giants of our own day with the author on whom we are occupied be really a digression—but as nothing illustrates any statement so well as an example, we have thought it only fair, while we object to Von Bohlen's qualifications, to point out some well-known instance where the deficiencies under which he laboured are supplied.

We shall not occupy ourselves further with the personal history of the author of this work and his claims to our attention. His history is interesting, and, if rightly read, very instructive, and we have therefore dwelt upon it at some length. A very few words will suffice for disposing of the qualifications of his editor, J. Heywood, Esq., M.P. Having achieved a three years' course at Cambridge, without, we believe, achieving anything else at that seat of learning, in due time Mr. Heywood was elected a Member of Parliament. It doubtless appeared to the reflecting mind of the heir of the house of Heywood, that an University which had allowed so distinguished an individual to leave its walls unhonoured, and undecorated with the laurels he doubtless deserved, must be in a sadly corrupt condition. The idea haunted him day and night, and day and night he worried the House of Commons, till at last he thought it needful to worry no longer, because a Commission was issued to overhaul both the Universities. We believe that Mr. Heywood's position in the House of Commons is very analogous to that which he held in the University, except that when a man possesses a considerable faculty of boring a large assembly, it is clear that he will become remarkable for something. He has joined the Marriage-Law movement, in order that if he is inefficient for good, he may at least have the satisfaction of

¹ We do not profess to know by whom the rhapsodic panegyric of Archdeacon Hare, in the Quarterly Review, No. 193, was composed. The following passage leads us to suppose that it proceeds from a juvenile theologian.—'The Hebrew Professor' (Dr Pusey) 'has since drifted away so far from the position which he then maintained, that he has long since ceased to be identified with the country [Germany] to which he owes so much; and though his lectures still, it is believed, breathe the atmosphere of his original studies at Bonn and Halle, his published writings, for the most part, point only to the more ordinary sphere of *Patristic and Anglican* theology. Not so the Archdeacon of Lewes. Whatever he wrote or thought was coloured through and through with German research and German speculation. Schleiermacher and Nitzsch, Daub and Lucke, were as familiar in his mouth as *Tillotson* or *Secker*, *Mant* or *D'Oyley*!' If a sneer is intended, we have only to regret that our influential contemporary, the organ as it once was of the safe old-fashioned Church of Englandism, has drifted from the dry mooring places of Tillotson and Secker to swamps and quicksands of a very different character.

joining abler men than himself in passing bad measures. His little escapade in the literary line also appears something of the same kind; not possessing either the talent or the learning to make an assault on the Bible himself, Mr. Heywood is still not content to give up the hope of connecting his name with some assault of the sort, and rather than remain quiet, he finds a miserable German performance, which he does not translate himself, but publishes with a few additions of his own, being content, as to the body of the work, merely to edit the translation of some more diligent friend. He has not been happy in his selection of an author. Von Bohlen was indeed a man of considerable acquirement, and his work exhibits some mind; but what can we think of the mere editor of a mere translation of his already obsolete assaults on Revelation? We look upon him as performing very much the part of Mallet in the publication of Lord Bolingbroke's posthumous works. But mean as the employment is, if Mr. Heywood likes it, he is welcome to his taste. He should remember, however, that Von Bohlen has been answered in Germany,¹ and we believe, if he will inquire of any German of competent knowledge, he will learn that Von Bohlen's work is now almost forgotten in the land of its birth. A few weeks ago a German, of high literary reputation, was on a visit at Oxford, and there expressed his unfeigned surprise that the English should have thought it worth while to translate a work now so lightly esteemed in Germany. But such is Mr. Heywood's taste, and the English public are indebted to him for disseminating a work in England which may perhaps make shipwreck of the faith of some, who are unable to cope with its fallacies, and who do not know the slender regard which is entertained for it in the land from which it proceeds.

We now proceed to give some account of the work which is ushered into the world under such distinguished patronage. It consists of two parts, each occupying a volume. The first volume contains the Prolegomena of Von Bohlen to Genesis; the second contains a Commentary on the first eleven chapters of that book. Our chief business lies with the first. It has unfortunately been our fate 'to spend long days that better might be spent' in reading and examining many of the theological writings of German authors on the subject of the Old Testament. We are quite willing to admit the amount of research which is found in these writers, and to acknowledge the assistance which the results of that research often afford towards the establishment of an enlightened criticism and interpretation of the original text of Scripture. But our praise

¹ By Hengstenberg and by Dreehsler.

can only be given with very large deductions, and our gratitude for the assistance rendered is mingled with serious regret for the needless trouble which the extreme inaccuracy of these works inflicts on all who examine their statements. They can at best be considered only as contributions to our stores, and contributions, too, which require continual sifting and filtering before they can be considered fit for use. The faculty of judgment is sadly wanting in the authors, so that while their collections are very large, their conclusions are often most uncritical and unsound. But there is another feature in these works, which causes far more trouble and perplexity than the unsoundness of judgment exhibited by the authors; we mean their inaccuracy in matters of fact. We shall have occasion in the course of this article to give proofs of the truth of this assertion. We speak from bitter experience, and from personal examination of the writings of many of the most eminent critics and philologers of Germany, when we state, as a general rule, that it is impossible to trust any assertions which we find in them as to the use of particular phrases in certain parts of Scripture, until one has tested every assertion by the help of a Concordance. We will mention an amusing instance of this class of inaccuracy, which is to be found in Moses Stuart's 'Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews.' Dr. Stuart takes notice, in the first volume of that work, of the numerous attempts of German critics to prove that S. Paul was not the author of this Epistle. Among the arguments which he combats is one drawn from the *ἅπαξ λεγόμενα* found in this Epistle. This argument appears to have been very prominently put forward by Seyffarth, who gives a list of these *ἅπαξ λεγόμενα* amounting to 118 in number. Now a simple reference to Schmidt's 'Concordance' (the edition by Bruder), will show that many of these words are not only not *ἅπαξ λεγόμενα* in the common acceptation of that phrase, but they occur in other portions of the New Testament. Such, for instance, are the words *μέτοχος πατριάρχης*, &c. It would have been sufficient to point this out to show the unsoundness of the argument. But the American Professor thought it necessary to go much further, and show the futility of this argument by a *reductio ad absurdum*! He accordingly produced a much longer list of *ἅπαξ λεγόμενα* from the first Epistle to the Corinthians, which is an acknowledged work of S. Paul. The curious part of this history is, that the American list is still more ridiculous than the German, which will easily be conceived when we mention that out of seven words in the first line of the list *ἀγνωσία* and *ἀγοράζω* form two! Our business lies with the Old Testament at present, but this illustration of

extreme recklessness with which such lists are concocted is so valuable as a warning, that we feel sure our readers will be indebted to us for bringing it under their notice. But to return to Von Bohlen.

It will easily be understood that the object of the present volumes is to represent the Pentateuch as the composition of an age considerably posterior to Moses, and to dispute not only its genuineness, but also the faithfulness of the narrative which it has transmitted to us. These are, it will be seen, two distinct questions. The narrative might be true, even though it did not proceed from the pen of Moses; and therefore, with neological writers, it is not sufficient to dispute the authorship of the work, but its facts must also be discredited. The Pentateuch in general, and Genesis in particular, have been the favourite points for the assaults of the writers of this school of criticism. And in this they show their tact, because as long as they can persuade the defenders of the Bible to argue with them on these books alone, they are on a vantage-ground, which is won from them when the history and the criticism of other books of the Bible, and other portions of the argument for the authenticity of the Bible, are taken into the account. They argue the question as if the Pentateuch were an isolated book, to be considered by itself, except when by some legerdemain they can bring some proof of its late composition by comparing its language with that of the other books of the Bible. Every argument which can be tortured into a witness against the antiquity of the Pentateuch, or any part of it, is gathered up with such eagerness, that you are tolerably sure that in reading two neological works you will have the same fact urged to prove contradictory conclusions; and you are by no means sure that the same thing may not happen in two different parts of the same essay. So eager are the neologists for support, that they call in the aid of those who have already abjured the views they once maintained.' Thus, Von Bohlen, whose '*Genesis*' was published in 1835, cites the sketch of the history of the Jews by Leo, published in 1829, as the first attempt to give a philosophical history of that people, without the slightest intimation that Professor Leo had already published a formal recantation of the opinions maintained in that work. The work of Professor Leo was animadverted upon, and certain statements with regard to the book of Joshua were combated in the Hulsean Lectures for 1833; and a short time afterwards, when one of the Cambridge professors was in Germany, and introduced to Professor

¹ Mr. Heywood has not entirely escaped these tendencies. He quotes such authorities as Prof. Owen and Sir C. Lyell, as vouchers for some of his views, but, we apprehend, they would rather object to the company into which he drags them.

Leo, he stated this, and said that he supposed the author of those Lectures was not aware that he had changed his sentiments, &c. Nay, so hardly are they pressed for a little support to their views, that they actually quote Tom Paine as a respectable authority! (Von Bohlen. Translation, vol. i. p. 25.)

We must also, before we begin to remark on Von Bohlen's own remarks on the Pentateuch, state a fact of which the neological writers themselves are hardly aware. We mean, that while they consider themselves entirely free from prejudice, they are really the slaves of some of the most preposterous prejudices which ever signalized a body of literary men. They begin with a very narrow circle of maxims, which are handed down from generation to generation, and they can no more emancipate themselves from their thralldom than the unfortunate victims of the old man of the sea. Indeed, if it were merely a matter of taste, one would far prefer to be a believer in the substantial truth of Revelation, than one might have a chance of interpreting the most ancient book in the world with some degree of freedom and originality, instead of being obliged to draw one's maxims from so limited a range of view, and being obliged to content oneself with such very inferior company, such very crude arguments, and such meagre information, as fall to the lot of the ordinary run of neologists. However, it is not a matter in which taste has to be consulted; it is a strictly dry question of historical truth, and we are concerned to see in the opponents of revelation so little regard for truth and honesty in their arguments. But the very limited range of their ideas is shown by the maxims which seem to guide them. A simple assertion that all priests are ambitious, and an application of this maxim to the history of the Jews, is quite sufficient to outweigh all the evidence of Scripture, and by a slight process of necromantic art, we find that the Pentateuch was entirely a forgery of later days to assist the priests in getting the better of the kings, and in subjecting the consciences of the people. We really meet with the reiteration of this sentiment in the common run of neological writers so very frequently that it becomes ridiculous. As soon as we meet with 'the intrigues of the priests,' 'the Hebrew theocracy,' &c., we should be very glad, if it were consistent with our duty, to omit the next few pages. The sentence is kept in stereotypes.

But there is another feature in the neological writings which is almost as remarkable as the narrow range of ideas which pervades them—the extreme arrogance of the assertions with which they abound. As a specimen of this characteristic of the style of these critics, we shall just quote the following modest remark from Von Bohlen:—

'Although, therefore, we can hazard no further conjecture as to the internal arrangement of the four first books of the Pentateuch, than that Jeremiah *may* have been possibly concerned in revising them for the public eye, our principal position, that *these four books, as well as Deuteronomy, were never made public before the reign of Josiah*, remains an incontrovertible result of criticism, which has already acquired fresh force and consistency, both from external and internal evidence, that neither plausible arguments nor sophisms can have any power to shake it.'—*Translation*, vol. i. p. 277.

This is commonly the extravagant language, mixed with most irreverent and offensive sneers against the authors of the Divine Volume, in which critics of this school delight to express themselves. We cannot, unhappily, recognise in these volumes traces of a spirit and grasp of mind superior to the vulgar herd of neological writers, and in irreverence he is in advance of many of them. We shall now attempt to give some account of the contents of the first volume.

Von Bohlen begins by asserting, that 'Among all the civilized nations of antiquity, the dawn of genuine history (whether more or less authentic) is preceded by a series of myths and legends, whose patriotic object it uniformly is to trace the origin and to exalt the early glories of the people.'

Now it is quite true that, as literature has arisen among nations, the earliest authors who have descended to us have only been able to record the history of ages long past by some dark traditional reminiscences, and that a philosophic spirit of inquiry is the production of a later age. Thus in Greece, the earliest historian whose works we possess in any degree of completeness is Herodotus. His annals of ages very remote from his own, rest chiefly on mythical tales and legends, but the major part of his history is devoted to times by no means removed by a great distance from his own. The line in Grecian history, properly so called, is tolerably clear and distinct between myth and statements of historical authority. An earlier fragment of blended myth and history is preserved in epic poetry, but it is impossible there to separate the history from the myth. Greece is indeed the country in which the materials are more abundant than in other lands; their earliest books being of a far greater antiquity than in other nations. We do not here mean to include the ancient Sanscrit writings, but we speak of historical documents, and as far as the history of the world is concerned, we have no profane authorities to which we can appeal, which can compare with those of Greece. And the statement of Von Bohlen is quite applicable to the early history of Greece, *e.g.* to the story of the Heracleids, and to all the mass of legends with which the later literature of Greece is saturated. But the earliest *authentic* history of Greece only rises up to the point at which the Biblical authorities are beginning to disappear. The

proper history of the Bible terminates not very long after the reign of Cyrus, the Persian king, the restoration of the temple being almost the only important portion of the national history of the Jews (except the Book of Esther) posterior to his reign, which is included in the Canonical Scriptures. It would seem to us that this is, *in limine*, an objection to the system which places these two sources of information on a level. The earliest Greek history, of which we have any substantial remains, was written after the battle of Salamis, which took place in the year B.C. 480, a season at which the history and the literature of Judæa was on the wane, and one-half of the Captivity had nearly passed away. But probably we shall here be met with the observation: 'This is exactly what we assert; all Grecian history anterior to the time of Cyrus is mythical and legendary, and the Hebrew annals must stand upon the same footing.' So indeed they would, if we knew that they were composed after the year B.C. 450. But, unfortunately for the neological argument, the simple fact is, that not only they were not composed after that period, but the larger portion of them must necessarily have been written at periods very long anterior to that time! And certainly, if internal evidence be worth anything, the man who would believe that the whole of the books of the Bible *could* have been written within a short space of time, will swallow, as the neologists do, a very large camel, while he is carefully straining out a gnat. Indeed the downright tomfoolery one meets with in neological writers on other subjects is very amusing. They will believe anything, however improbable, provided it be not found in Sacred Scripture. To give a notable instance of this propensity among them, Hartmann (a sort of Coryphæus of the tribe, and a great authority with Von Bohlen) who will not believe that the Hebrew language could remain as little altered as it appears to have been from the time of Moses to the Captivity, fully believes in the authenticity of the Poems of Ossian, and finds no stumbling-block in the notion that they were orally transmitted for fourteen centuries. • And the controversy about the Amber Witch must be fresh in the memory of our readers, in which one of the adherents of Strauss maintained that internal evidence proved that tale to be genuine, till the author avowed himself and undeceived the world. One can scarcely place in any other category than that of Hartmann's defence of Ossian, the strange belief which Niebuhr avows, that 'genuine oral tradition has kept the story of 'Tarpeia for five-and-twenty hundred years in the mouth of the 'common people'¹ of the Capitoline hill of Rome. So credulous is incredulity.

¹ Niebuhr, Hist. of Rome, vol. i. p. 230. Hare and Thirlwall's translation.

Again, in discussing the truth of Sacred History, the neological writers arrange a scheme which suits the book they happen to be considering, without looking in the face the consequences of that scheme, when viewed in combination with other portions of Scripture. Thus, a writer may place Genesis, while he argues on Genesis alone, in any century he pleases, but after all, there are certain fixed epochs in Jewish history which cannot be altered, and neological writers seldom trouble themselves to show that there is even a possibility that the other books of the Bible, which imply the existence of some of the earlier books, could have been written within so limited a period as their scheme would leave for them. We shall mention one or two facts in regard to this matter, which we deem of some importance towards a right judgment of these theories. It must be remembered that we are here combating these arguments only on grounds of human probability, and only by a class of reasoning which our opponents must admit. Gesenius¹ allows, as a matter of fact, that the prophecies of Jeremiah are a genuine production of the time to which they profess to belong. The same philologer assigns also the prophecies of Isaiah (at least the earlier chapters) and those of Hosea, Amos, and Micah, to the period of their recognised authors. Now at the beginning of the Captivity a new period of the Hebrew language began, when it took a Chaldaizing phase; and from that time the ancient language of the Jews began to die out as a living and spoken language, (§§ 9, 10). This then is an epoch from which we may begin to date our arguments. The two periods into which Gesenius divides the Biblical Hebrew are separated at the Captivity. His words are as follows:—

‘As the language appears to us at present in the Writings of the Old Testament, only two periods of it distinctly characterised by a marked difference can be distinguished: of which the first comprehends the Writings before the Captivity; the second the Writings during the Captivity and after it. The former has been not unaptly called its Golden Age, the second, its Silver.’²—*Gesenius: Geschichte, &c. Erst. Abschn. § 9.*²

From this extract it is clear that the Hebrew language, in the opinion of Gesenius, who is a great authority with Von

¹ Geschichte der Hebräischen Sprache und Schrift Erster Abschnitt The reader, to understand the view of Gesenius, must read the whole of this first division of his work, so that we deem it useless to refer to each section separately in all cases.

² We subjoin the original for the satisfaction of those who read German.—“1. Wie die Sprache uns gegenwärtig in den Schriften des A. T. erscheint, lassen sich nur zwei durch ihren Character merklich geschiedene Zeitalter derselben unterscheiden, wovon das eine die Schriften vor dem Exil, das zweite die Schriften während und nach demselben umfasst. Nicht unpassend hat man jenes das goldene, dieses das silberne Zeitalter derselben genannt.”—P 21.

Bohlen, has two distinct periods—the one before the Captivity, and the other during the Captivity and afterwards; and all the books of the Pentateuch (except Deuteronomy, in regard to which Gesenius has a different view) belong, according to the same authority, to the earlier period of the language. We shall say a few words on the arguments of Gesenius against Deuteronomy hereafter. But we now ask, if there be any truth in the views of Gesenius, how can we account for the phenomena offered by the existence of a book like the Pentateuch, which according to Von Bohlen was not known till about twenty years before the Captivity began? (v. c. 624, Von Bohlen, vol. i. p. 256). It is true that the expression here used by Von Bohlen is, '*the appearance of the Levitical code,*' but the course of the argument clearly determines the meaning of the phrase to be the Pentateuch in general. Either Gesenius is entirely mistaken in supposing the language to be so distinct, or Von Bohlen is mistaken in assigning the Pentateuch to a time so close to the Captivity. But then again, another question arises, Does 'the Pentateuch itself in any way agree with such a supposition? The everlasting story of the neologists, that Josiah was a priest-ridden monarch, of course accounts for the regulations which give power to the priests, that is to say, if we admit that Josiah was ready to give up all his power into the hands of priests, who were also ready to forge any documents whatever, some portions of the Pentateuch will agree tolerably well with such a supposition. And this is the utmost which can be conceded to such a barefaced assumption. The next question which arises in the mind of a philosophical inquirer, in such a matter, would be, Are there tendencies in the Pentateuch, are there portions of it, which are utterly at variance with the notion of its being the forgery of that period? And the whole character of the Book rises up in indignant refutation of so unworthy an origin. Its unconscious simplicity of style in its narrative, its admission of the faults of the patriarchs, the utter absence of unconscious slips by which such a designed forgery would be betrayed, are very strong *primâ facie* evidence against such a monstrous supposition. Such slips, indeed, are said by Von Bohlen and his companions in infidelity (for it is useless to disguise the fact that these are *infidel* works) to be found in the volume, but we deny the truth of their assertions. It is, of course, impossible in a general review of this book, to argue these points separately, but we shall give some specimens of the unfairness which is exhibited in this matter. They even go so far as to make the mention of Mount Moriah as the scene of the intended sacrifice of Isaac, a deliberate designation of the spot on which the temple of Solomon was built as the Holy

Place for the house of God. One is only inclined to say to those who can see thus much in the simplicity of this passage; What next? Again, with regard to the premonition against kingly form of government, which, according to Von Bohlen and Co., must have been written during the existence of the regal form of government, what possible motive can we suppose that Josiah could have for sanctioning such a passage? And if the Pentateuch had been written at this period, should we have been able to detect no allusion to the partition of the kingdom? It will be remembered also, that this warning against desiring a king is presupposed in the first book of Samuel. But this, of course, is easily dealt with. Just as Mr. Shepherd determines every passage in an ancient author which mentions Cyprian to be an interpolation or a forgery, so Von Bohlen and other infidels consider that the passage in Samuel is a manifest interpolation. We would, however, earnestly request any impartial person to read the Pentateuch and the historical books together, and then declare whether he can possibly believe either that the Pentateuch was a forgery of any epoch during the time in which the kingdoms of Judah and Israel were flourishing together, or of the interval between the captivity of Israel and that of Judah.

The theory of Von Bohlen is simply this, that the people gradually emerged from barbarism and became a civilized nation; that their institutions were of gradual growth, and that the Pentateuch was a sort of epic poem, which was written to adorn and beautify the story of their humble origin, and to maintain the arrogant power of the priesthood. Another object was to cast a stigma on other nations, to separate 'two accursed tribes [descendants of Cain and Canaan] from the mass of the surrounding people, and placing them on the east and west.' We are anxious to know who the descendants of Cain might be? We mean, what descendants of his, after the flood, and about the year B.C. 624 could disturb the equanimity of a patriotic Jew and inspire him with the desire of writing a libel on their origin in the history of Cain? Truly, if this be philosophical history, if these are the discoveries of Mr. Chapman's chosen writers, the world must enter into its dotage before it listens to them. Our readers will remember that we are at present reasoning upon the probability, or rather discussing the possibility, of assigning the date of the year B.C. 624 for the publication, *i. e.* the composition of the Pentateuch. While, therefore, we are on this branch of the subject we will take an extract from the twenty-fifth chapter of this notable work. We must beg our readers to pardon our sullying these pages with trash at once so arrogant, so senseless, and so blas-

phemous, but it will serve as a specimen of the work we are examining.

‘Nothing can be more certain than that the Hebrew author borrowed from some foreign source the introductory myths of a physical or philosophical character, (which form, as we have already shown, the true mythology of every primæval history,) in order, as it would seem, to supply a solid foundation for the commencement of his national epic. He adopts these myths with all their peculiarities of style and colouring, but introduces, nevertheless, his own peculiar views of the creation and origin of man (Gen. i. & ii.), and betrays from the first the patriotic object which directs him, by separating (Gen. iv. & ix.) two accursed tribes (descendants of Cain and Canaan), from the mass of the surrounding people and placing them on the east and west, that they may not further interfere with the growing influence of the Hebrew family. After widening the range of his narrative, and passing in review before the reader all the nations of the earth with whom he was acquainted, according to their language and position, he again reduces the narration (by the selection of the Semitic race) within the narrowest limits, and hence is enabled, from this central point, to follow with a steady hand the early fortunes of his people. The calling of Abraham is related, the land of Canaan is promised as an eternal inheritance, and the blessings of Jehovah are made to descend on all the succeeding patriarchs, the kindred tribes show themselves unworthy of their possessions, and receive a recompense elsewhere, or they voluntarily resign their claims and consent to leave the country, everything is here foretold by prophecy, in order to confirm the result, and the narrator can safely represent his ancestors as removing for a season to Egypt, can dwell with pleasure on the services which were rendered by Joseph to the Egyptian state, without a fear lest this desertion of Palestine should annul the promise of Jehovah, for the Deity himself “goes down” with his chosen people, and deigns to lead them back to their own paternal possessions. This leading idea, which pervades the whole of the plan, and which has been further developed by the master-hand of Ewald, had been thus correctly stated by Friedrich. “From the history of Abraham downwards, the book of Genesis appears to present a kind of historical apology for the just rights of the Hebrews to assume the possession of Palestine. These claims were founded on the possessions which had belonged to the individuals called the three patriarchs in that country. The Hebrews very possibly may have found it necessary on more than one occasion to defend their conquests by word and pen as well as by the sword.” In the execution of this plan, genealogy forms the epic thread on which events are strung together, and by which they are continued downwards. Poverty of invention is however strikingly visible in most cases, and especially where the hostile feeling of the writer towards national enemies or neighbouring tribes suggested to his fancy the adoption of the most invidious means of displaying his enmity. Canaan must murder his brother in order that he may draw down the curse of the Almighty; Canaan must uncover the nakedness of his drunken father, that he may become accursed; the Moabites and Ammonites are represented as the offspring of incest; the Arabs are described as the bastard children of the patriarchs; and Esau is made the butt of their unfeeling mockery—inventions, all of which would do little honour to the character of their author, if they were not to be regarded from a national point of view, and were not to a great extent redeemed by higher and nobler features. The remainder of the narratives will be mostly found to turn on famines, on the barrenness of women, the blessings bestowed by blind fathers on their children, the substitution of

wives for sisters, and similar expedients, which are repeatedly employed.'—Vol. i. p. 317—319.

It would certainly be somewhat curious to ascertain the particular motives which induced this fiery patriot to vindicate the claim of his countrymen to the land in which they were living at the epoch fixed upon by Von Bohlen, or at any period during the existence of the kingdoms of Judah and Israel, by arguments drawn from the pages of Genesis, or, as he chooses to call it, this national epic. Their right to that country could only be disputed by the earlier inhabitants of the land, who had long been dispossessed of the soil, and were almost exterminated. But Von Bohlen seems to hint that the national epic was intended to bar the claims of the Ishmaelites and Edomites. It is really scarcely possible to treat arguments such as these as worthy of serious consideration. They tally neither with the history of the people, with common sense, nor with the general state of mankind.

We cannot, indeed, imagine a much more untenable assertion than that which assigns the Pentateuch to so late a date. The motive for such a forgery it is difficult to divine. The very imputations cast upon the neighbouring nations rebounded on the Jews. If Moab was sprung from so hateful an origin, the very circumstance that David, and through David, all the kings of Judah, were implicated in the taint thus transmitted, would have stayed the pen of a forger. The unprejudiced reader of the Sacred Volume can scarcely fail to see a progress—not in the language of the writers, but in the condition of the people—throughout the different books of the Old Testament. Gesenius assigns Proverbs, in its main portions, to the earlier period of the Hebrew language, and we simply ask whether it is possible to suppose, (excluding all notions of inspiration in the conduct of our argument,) that Genesis and Proverbs could be the product of the same age? The whole range of ideas is enlarged in the latter, while the former contains the annals of men of simple lives and pastoral habits. Can we believe that the Pentateuch, the Books of Joshua and Judges, the Books of Samuel and Kings, all of which exhibit such distinct phases of society, could be the product of any short period of time? Yet this is the camel which neology requires us to swallow.

But it would weary our readers to follow out all the absurdities which result from almost every scheme which is advocated by each neological writer. We have not yet drawn attention to the innumerable contradictions which are found in the different writers of the new school of criticism. There is scarcely an opinion offered by any one of the party which is not flatly contradicted by another; and yet, while they assail the Bible from

the most contradictory principles, they expect the world to believe that the books of the Bible are forgeries, and their authors shameful impostors. Because A is B, therefore Genesis is a late work, is the assertion of one; because A is not B, Genesis could not be written early, is the argument of another. We shall illustrate this statement by a few examples of what we mean. De Wette and Gramberg are quite sure that Judges is a far older book than Joshua. Bertholdt, on the contrary, maintains that Joshua is older than Judges. A third writer tells us they were probably written about the same time. And Ewald, who is very confidently appealed to by Von Bohlen, is wholly at variance with him as to the date of the Pentateuch. He asserts, without hesitation (or did assert about twenty years ago), that 'the first four books of the Pentateuch must have been in existence, in their present state, by the tenth century 'before Christ.' What becomes then of Von Bohlen's assertion that the Pentateuch was not known till B.C. 624? Again, Gesenius discovers a marked difference between the language before and after the Captivity, which began B.C. 606. Notwithstanding this marked difference, many of the neologists consider that Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy, were written during or after the Captivity. These instances will, perhaps, be sufficient to indicate to our readers the nature of the contradictions, relative to the age of the different books of the Old Testament, found in the new school of criticism. They are taken from the appendix to the Hulsean Lectures for 1833, where more will be found collected together.

We think it really needless to pursue this train of argument any further. But we may, however, add a few words on the arguments drawn from the use of particular words. As the induction can be made only from the writers in the Bible, it is clear that the instances ought to be of the most striking character and free from all manner of doubt. If there were contemporary writers in each period, and a rich uninspired literature in the same language, there might be some tolerable grounds for forming an opinion; but in so narrow a range as the Old Testament, it requires considerable boldness to attempt to form any very marked distinctions, and establish by inductive reasoning the age of any particular book. From this, however, neither Gesenius nor Von Bohlen appears to shrink; with what success one or two examples of this species of reasoning from Von Bohlen will show.

In p. 46 Von Bohlen makes the following remark:—'In many cases we meet for the first time in the Pentateuch with modes of expression belonging to a later period; thus, in Joel, for instance, and the older writers, *tsum* is used for "to fast;"

' whereas the Pentateuch, and other books after the Captivity, conform with the more ascetic spirit of the time, and employ the phrase '*inah nephesh* (to afflict the soul), in order to point out its merit.'

A foot-note is subjoined to this observation, which is as follows:—' Lev. xvi. 29, 31; xxiii. 27, 32. Numb. xxix. 7; xxx. 14. Deut. viii. 3.—See Credner, on Joel, p. 149.'¹

Now if this were true, or rather, if the observation had any force, we ought to find that '*inah nephesh* (we quote Von Bohlen, but are not answerable for this pronunciation ourselves) was used commonly by later writers, and *tsum* by the earlier. The fact we believe to be, that '*inah nephesh* only occurs four times in any other part of the Bible,—*i. e.* in Ps. xxxv. 13, and three times in Isaiah lviii., whereas *tsum* is used about forty-one times; of which eighteen are found in Zechariah, Jeremiah, Daniel, Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, and Chronicles. In these books the phrase '*inah nephesh* is not once found, although they are among the very latest of the sacred writings. These books comprise indeed the chief writings of the period posterior to the Captivity; and therefore the assertion that the Pentateuch, and other books after the Captivity, commonly use this phrase '*inah nephesh*, stands in very suspicious proximity to a deliberate falsehood, unless we acquit the author of wilful deception on the plea of reckless assertion.²

We find in a note to p. 45 a list of words adduced to prove that 'from Genesis alone a considerable number of words and forms may be adduced, which either follow the inflexions of the later dialects, or are only to be found in the books written after the Captivity.' We rather suspect, from two or three little indications we have observed, that Von Bohlen was by no means a profound Hebrew scholar;³ and if the knowledge of Hebrew should ever become a capital offence in our country, we feel quite sure that we need be under no anxiety about the valuable lives of his two translators, and their parliamentary Editor. We observe among the verbs in this list '*nabelah*, to confound,' with the reference, Gen. xi. 7. The translators (and

¹ We think we are correct in this statement; but, as we are obliged to rely on Buxtorf's Concordance, it is possible that one or two instances may have escaped us, from the circumstance that this very useful volume is badly printed, and the arrangement, not being according to the books of the Bible, but according to the parts of the verb, the search is laborious. In Calasio's or Furst's Concordance the same operation would only take one-tenth of the time.

² We are fully aware that Gesenius assigns the latter portion of Isaiah from chap. xl.—lxvi. to the period of the Captivity; but this is entirely an arbitrary assertion; and the fact that the later writers do not commonly use '*inah nephesh* stands untouched.

³ See, for instance, his absurd derivation of Noah from the Greek word '*naus*, a ship! vol. ii. p. 106, &c

perhaps Von Bohlen himself) appear to be perfectly innocent of any particular knowledge of the word about which they are writing. They do not seem to be aware that there is no such verb as *nabelah*, which is nothing more than the first person plural of the so-called future tense of the verb *balal*, to confound. The verb itself in its radical form occurs in verse 9 of the same chapter. We certainly should find it difficult to carry on any controversy about the inflexions of later dialects with gentlemen who seem to be ignorant of the Hebrew accidence. With regard to the word *balal*, it is true that it is the parent of many forms found in later dialects, as *balbel*, and other kindred forms; but how this can prove the lateness of Genesis, it would puzzle a wiser man than Mr. Heywood to declare. The derived forms, or rather the participial forms, are the recognised words for the *mixing* of various ingredients in offerings, and occur repeatedly in Leviticus and Numbers; but the verb and its derivatives are seldom found beyond the Pentateuch: but the five instances of their occurrence are found in those books which most neo-logists allow to be the most ancient, viz. Judges, Job, Isaiah (chap. xxx.), Hosea, and the Psalms.

Again, the word '*tsachak*, to laugh,' is one of the instances. Why this should be noted as a late word, we know not: it only occurs twice beyond the Pentateuch; and that in Judges and Ezekiel.

We think that our readers will not require a more detailed-examination of this list of words. We are not in the least surprised to find the carelessness with which it is compiled. The lists of Gesenius and Hartmann are made up in exactly the same manner. Out of a list of ten words which Hartmann asserts to prove the late composition of Deuteronomy, as being used only by the later writers, the simple use of a Concordance places six *hors de combat* at once.¹

We confess that this employment of guarding against the most nefarious injustice to the Sacred Volume is very ungenial. It is always unpleasant to find carelessness and dishonesty in matters of such vital importance; but as long as there are dishonest writers, it is requisite that they should be tracked. We think that we have now indicated sufficiently the proper mode of dealing with some portion of the arguments adduced in these volumes. Before we take leave of them, we shall only point out one more glaring absurdity. In pp. 246 and 247 von Bohlen quotes passages from Samuel, Joel, Isaiah, &c. which resemble certain verses in some parts of the Pentateuch. It does not seem very unnatural that the prophets should occa-

¹ See an analysis of these words in the Hulsean Lectures for 1833.

sionally give a glance towards the great prophet, through whom God had given his Law to the Israelites, and occasionally use his language. But no! this simple explanation is not sufficient for neological incredulity; and Von Bohlen actually has the unparalleled impudence to parade these passages as proofs that the Pentateuch was composed after the epoch of these prophets and imitated them! Can the perversity of man's mind go much further than this?

It is indeed not needful to pursue the analysis of these lists any further. Neology has done its worst in this line of argument against Revelation, and proved nothing but its own imbecility or dishonesty. Before, however, we conclude our remarks, we must state that Von Bohlen refuses to attribute any weight to the argument for the antiquity of the Pentateuch, drawn from the three archaic forms peculiar¹ to that part of the Holy Scripture. The cogency of this argument has generally been admitted, and even Gesenius admits its importance; nay, he goes so far as to affirm, because these three archaic forms are met with in Deuteronomy (to which he assigns a later origin) that a revising hand must have brought it into conformity with the four more ancient books! (Gesenius, *Gesch. der Heb. Sprache*, &c. p. 32.) We are quite aware that Gesenius, who compares these forms to the Latin '*terrai*,' &c. will not allow such an antiquity to the four books of the Pentateuch as would bring them to the age of Moses; but we only quote his opinion to prove that Von Bohlen out-herods Herod, when he attributes these archaisms to the affectation of the author!

We must now close our observations on this worthless book. We take no notice of the arguments by which the contents of the Book of Genesis are controverted,—by which the author and editor endeavour to show the impossibility of the Flood, and of the antediluvian history. All this is evidently beside the question. If there be internal and convincing evidence that the work is a late imposture, then the whole Christian Church must veil its head, and bow before the wisdom of these new lights of the world. But if the book be a revelation from God, the subject-matter demands our faith, and admits of no questioning. This is the great question between the neologists, or rather the infidels, and the Christians,—Whether God has really made a revelation of Himself in the Bible or not?—and the neologists assume a negative answer to the question, and argue from that assumption as one of their premises. A clearer case of a *petitio principii* can scarcely be adduced. But when we observe the rashness and the ignorance with which the charges against the

¹ They are scarcely found elsewhere.

Sacred Scriptures are commonly brought in this volume, and the vulgar spitefulness¹ by which in some instances they are accompanied, one can only wonder that any gentlemen of tolerable education in this country should translate such trash; and still more, that they would find a member of the British Senate ready to indorse it. After having shown the utter futility of these attempts to prove a late origin for Genesis, we do not consider it requisite to condescend to argue the truth of the message, which we believe that book to contain from God. We have pointed out the absurdities committed by the author, and the inconclusiveness of his reasoning on this main point, taking up the question, as if there were nothing but bare historical evidence in our favour—arguing the question on his grounds, and answering, in short, ‘a fool according to his folly.’ But we have, in arguing the matter on these grounds, done a manifest injustice to the cause of Revelation. We have argued as if the books of the Bible had nothing to distinguish them from the common mass of profane literature. But let it be observed that the Bible has nothing whatever in common with the myths of profane authors; the books are far more ancient, and the matter entirely different. There are phenomena to be accounted for, which infidelity never can account for, and which it is either obliged impudently to deny, or to explain with a mixture of ignorance and imbecility which would provoke a smile, if it did not excite more serious thoughts. How came a barbarous people, inferior in arts to the nations of the world, to surpass all mankind in the purity and rationality of their faith, and the earnestness of their religious impressions? How comes it that even now, every elevated sentiment concerning the Supreme God, the Creator of heaven and earth, which is found in the world, is to be traced to the Hebrew Scriptures, or to the Christian Volume, which is their natural completion? How comes it that this Hebrew people, placed in contiguity to the greatest nations of antiquity, to Tyre, to Sidon, to Babylon, to Assyria, and to Egypt, has recorded in its Scriptures, written undoubtedly at the epoch of the prosperity of those kingdoms, the definite prophecies of their later destinies? How comes it that these prophecies should have been fulfilled to the letter? How comes it that, in writings separated from each other by so long an interval of time, threads of concurrent prophecy should be found converging to one point, and that these prophecies should all have been fulfilled in our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ? How comes it that this people should have dwelt alone among the nations, for so many centuries, fulfilling the very

¹ See, for instance, his remarks on the word *kēdeshah*, vol. i. p. 46.

destiny predicted of them in the Pentateuch itself? Their whole history is in diametrical contradiction to the history of every other nation with which we are acquainted; and yet every argument of these modern critics proceeds on the assumption that their nation is one out of a crowd of other nations, similarly situated with the Jews. It is, unhappily, necessary occasionally to argue for the historical truth of the Scriptures and for their genuineness and authenticity, lest it should be supposed that works like Von Bohlen's are not answered, because of the cogency of their arguments. But as Christians, persuaded of the truth of our religion, we have arguments which carry conviction home to our bosoms with a force which a thousand such volumes as these could not affect. The Christian Church, receiving these ancient documents as the word of God, has stamped upon them the approbation of our Saviour, of Him whose word shall remain, when heaven and earth shall pass away; and we have no fear that even the gates of hell can finally prevail against the Church of Christ, and the Scriptures, on which its faith is founded. These attempts of modern criticism may shake the faith of some weak brethren, and impose for a time on the ignorant and unwary, but their futility will soon be discovered, and men will be ashamed to appeal to them. They will pass away, but the Scriptures will remain, at once the source of comfort, of hope, and of instruction to man!

With these observations we should be inclined to leave this work to the consideration of our readers; but we think it a duty to state that the charges of incompetence and ignorance, which we have brought against Von Bohlen, are by no means unsupported by accusations of a similar character from his own countrymen. Professor Hengstenberg, in his 'Egypt and the Books of Moses,' has made the gravest charges of ignorance and incompetence against this author; and the English reader may estimate the value of Von Bohlen's remarks on Egyptian history by reading this work in the American translation by Mr. Robbins, which was published, with some additional notes by Dr. Taylor, as the third volume of the New Series of the Biblical Cabinet at Edinburgh, in 1845. (Clark, Edinburgh.) We quote a specimen or two.

Von Bohlen having argued that, as the buildings of Egypt were of hewn stone, the notion of bricks was derived from Babylon, &c., Professor Hengstenberg comments on the passage in these words:—

'We can scarcely trust our eyes when we read such things. Is it possible that one who undertakes to comment upon the Pentateuch, and even ventures to accuse its author of ignorance in relation to Egyptian affairs, can show himself grossly uninformed in these same things, and make asser-

tions whose incorrectness is conclusively proved by the first good compendium !'

He then proceeds to prove that we 'are literally overwhelmed with proofs of the abundant use of bricks' in Egypt in very early times. (Hengstenberg, p. 2 of the Translation.)

We quote one more instance, but only as a specimen.

Hengstenberg quotes the following remark from Von Bohlen, together with several similar observations: "The author [of the Pentateuch] represents Joseph, Gen. xliii. 16, in most manifest opposition to the sacredness of beasts to prepare flesh for food.'

Hengstenberg then remarks:—

'Our astonishment at the condition of our great critic's knowledge of Egypt is here again not a little increased, and the credulity with which so many use such an author's work on India as good authority, becomes, after the successive developments of his ignorance, unaccountable to us.'—*Translation*, p. 8.

For Professor Hengstenberg's views, on some points, we do not profess to be answerable; but he is a man of very high acquirements, and his authority may serve to show that the estimate of the value of Von Bohlen's works which we have given is by no means confined to English ground, but will find considerable sympathy in Germany.'

Our notice of this author is now ended. We could say much more, but we have devoted to him a larger share of this volume than he deserves; and we only wish we could have heard that he had recanted his follies and his blasphemies, before he was called to 'go hence, and be no more seen.' We trust that his Editor may, in some future period of his life, see reason to repent of having dragged from its obscurity such a worthless assault on Revelation; that he may, before he passes away from earth, become a wiser and a better man. But as he has shown such irreverence for the Holy Scriptures, and such ignorance respecting all the critical questions connected with them, we sincerely hope that the eyes of the nation may be opened to his obliquities with regard to Holy Writ; and that a motion, which he has had the audacity to put upon the Journals of the House of Commons for the purpose of tampering with the Authorized Translation of the Scriptures, will be met with one universal cry of indignation. The hands of the ignorant and the profane must, at least, be removed from the Ark of God.

¹ Much valuable matter in answer to Von Bohlen will also be found in Prof. Hengstenberg's 'Die Authentie des Pentateuches erwiesen,' &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Berlin, 1836.

ART. III.—1. *Life of Thomas Young, M.D., F.R.S., &c., and one of the Eight Foreign Associates of the National Institute of France.* By GEORGE PEACOCK, D.D., F.R.S., &c., *Dean of Ely.* London: Murray. 1855.

2.—*Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton.* By Sir DAVID BREWSTER, K.H., A.M., D.C.L., F.R.S., &c. &c. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co. 1855.

THE lives of men of science present few points of attraction to an unscientific public. It is otherwise with political or literary characters, with whom the great majority of readers have some points in common, and in whose mode of life their trials and successes, their pursuits and views, their virtues and their failings, their foibles and their greatness, they can feel an interest and sympathy. All readers of books have some love of literature, and a still larger class of people are, or at least profess themselves to be, interested in political matters. Hence the memoirs of statesmen, and those who have attained celebrity in any department of literature and art, are written for a larger and more miscellaneous class of readers than can be calculated on for the biography of even the most eminent men in science. In fact, the interest felt in the biography of scientific men is proportional to that which is felt for the subject or subjects on which they were employed. Some of the most successful attempts at this species of composition have been made by Lord Brougham in his *Sketches*; yet, though equal ability was employed in both works, and though the writer was probably quite as much interested in science as in statesmanship, the '*Sketches of Statesmen*' has been a far more popular work than his '*Lives of Philosophers*.' Biography, indeed, at the first hearing, conveys the idea of a popular mode of instruction; and hence arises the difficulty of the task which he imposes upon himself, who undertakes to present to the world an account of the life and writings of the man of science. And thus, to use a mathematical illustration, the successful composition of such a work is a problem which can only be solved approximately. The writer has to accommodate himself to two classes of readers quite heterogeneous; and when he addresses himself especially to the one, he is almost necessarily excluding the other. The ordinary reader will, as a matter of course, skip all the scientific part, and the learned are in danger of being bored by explanations of things which to them are perfectly familiar. It is, we

repeat, a difficult task, for an author to steer clear of these opposite tendencies, and so to adjust the materials on which he has to work, as to unite the greatest possible number of readers with the smallest probable amount of omission in the course of reading—to secure some readers whose attention will not flag from the beginning to the end—and to provide for the entertainment of those who at best must be content to forego some portions of the work.

That the task of combining, into one biography, matter which should at once secure the interest of scientific readers, and afford information and amusement to the ordinary reader, was not impossible, is abundantly proved, not merely by the ‘*Lives of Philosophers of the Time of George III.*,’ but by the *Notices Biographiques* of M. Arago, recently published in France. To this author is due the credit of having changed the character of the *éloges*, which for nearly two centuries it has been the custom to pronounce over recently deceased members of the French Institute. Instead of adopting the merely laudatory tone which mostly characterises these memoirs, and which is the besetting sin of biographers in general, he has endeavoured to render his volumes subservient to the purposes of science, by interspersing much valuable matter both philosophical and historical. It is true that in doing so he imagined himself writing for an increased and increasing number of persons either devoted to, or at least interested in, the subject of natural philosophy; and to such, accordingly, these parts of his volumes must be considered to be especially addressed; and yet it is easy to foresee that these Memoirs, notwithstanding their *hard parts*, will be extremely popular.

Of the two works which we have placed at the head of this article, one has been eminently successful in avoiding the difficulty to which we have been alluding; whilst the other has, from various causes, which we shall notice in the sequel, proved as remarkable a failure. This is the more to be regretted, because the subject of Sir David Brewster’s memoir, is one of whom all Englishmen, whether scientific or not, naturally feel proud, and undoubtedly eminent as Dr. Young was, and entitled to our admiration for his grand discovery of the undulatory theory, we suppose we shall be within the mark if we say that, where one reader will be found to take any interest in the memoirs of his life and discoveries, a hundred will be found anxious to learn something of the mode in which Newton prosecuted his inquiries. We do not mean that the Dean of Ely has entirely succeeded in his attempt to explain to popular readers the undulatory theory of light; we believe it to be next to impossible to render the subject clear to those who have

neither seen the experiments by which it is illustrated, nor are able to follow the mathematical investigations which connect its various phenomena. But to write a Life of Dr. Young, without attempting to give some account of his principal discovery in science, would have been a simple absurdity. If, therefore, unscientific readers have to omit the whole or the greater part of the sixth and the twelfth chapters, to which the optical discoveries have been judiciously consigned, they must lay the blame not on the writer, who has done the best that could be done under the circumstances, but on their own want of acquaintance with physical science, or, if they please, on the intrinsic difficulties of the subject. With the exception of these two chapters, there is little or nothing in this volume but what will be intelligible and interesting to one who has the ordinary education of a gentleman.

The Life of Dr. Young owes much of its interest to the fact, that he attained far greater eminence in science than his education and desultory habits of reading would have led us to suppose, *à priori*, probable. Few persons living would feel a stronger appreciation of this than the accomplished mathematician who has undertaken the task of editing his works and life; yet, though allusion has been more than once made to this subject, it has not been brought out as prominently as we could have wished. It is desirable in these days, when there seems great danger of the old system of our public schools and universities being superseded by the superficial acquaintance engendered by professorial teaching, to enter one's protest, wherever it may be done, against anything that may encourage this view. And it is not without grave alarm that we have seen an establishment of a school of natural science at Oxford, in which mechanics is admitted as a subject, and candidates are allowed to pass and take honours who are entirely ignorant of mathematics, and consequently of the first principles of the science itself. That the University should recognise, if indeed it does recognise, such text-books as those sent out by the Professor of Experimental Philosophy, is indeed disgraceful.

The want of a regular and systematic mathematical education, which would have been, in almost any supposable case, fatal to any great distinction in physical science, was compensated in Young's case by most unusual sagacity and power of intuition, united with very great industry in following up the subject which for the time being occupied his attention, and, we may add, a deep interest in the acquisition of knowledge for its own sake. The habit of completely mastering what he once took in hand, will account for his considerable attainments in various branches of learning. It shows itself in his scholarship, which,

however, his biographer is inclined to overrate, as well as in his hieroglyphical researches and optical investigations; and his very deficiencies, as, for instance, his want of appreciation of natural beauty and his indifference to high art, as well as his carelessness of historical and political subjects of the day, and want of sympathy with his fellow-men, all contributed to the same result. He had less to distract him in his pursuit of experimental science and abstract investigation than those who are more highly gifted than himself with these endowments of nature. But for this singular combination of positive qualities, with the absence of disturbing affections, we should have been inclined to pronounce the opinion that he was, but that he ought not to have been, a distinguished character.

Apart from his literary and scientific career, there are but few incidents of his life which possess much interest. He was born of Quaker parents, and brought up in the strictest principles of that sect. He picked up his various information from a great variety of independent sources; but the most valuable part of it appears to have been due to his own insatiable thirst for knowledge, which enabled him to turn to good account the resources of those with whom he was accidentally thrown, or under whose care he was placed. Probably few boys at the age of thirteen have ever read so much, or profited to so great an extent by their reading, as he had. Before he was nine years old he had mastered the whole of his book in arithmetic, which the master who was teaching him the subject was dull enough not to find out; and during long intervals of many months, in which he seems to have had no systematic instruction, he learned from a neighbour who was a land surveyor the use of his mathematical instruments, and from another neighbour borrowed a quadrant, which was the constant companion of his walks, and with which he endeavoured to measure the height of the principal eminences in the neighbourhood. To these pursuits, if we add some knowledge of botany, of the microscope, of the art of turning, together with a tolerable acquaintance with French, Italian, and Hebrew, all attained by his own unassisted efforts, and remember that all this was but an addition to the ordinary amount of Greek and Latin learned by boys at school, we may well wonder that the precocious boy grew up into the discoverer of the undulatory theory, and of the true method of reading the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

His education during the remaining years of his boyhood and youth was even more desultory. He read a good deal of classical literature, and attained a good and even accurate knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages. The Greek inscriptions, which are exhibited as a specimen of his style of composition,

were not worth printing. They are neither much better nor much worse than other exercises of that time, and certainly will bear no comparison with the productions of our public schools and universities at this day. The accentuation too, if it is his own, is not very scholarlike. The little epigram printed at p. 57 gives a more favourable impression of his scholarship, and breathes a good deal of the spirit of the Greek epigrammatists. We reprint it for the benefit of such of our readers as do not remember it in Dalzel's *Collectanea* :—

ΦΙΛΗΜΑ.

‘Χθές μέλι μοι προφέρεσκε Καλήδονος ἡ χαρίεσσα,
Τοῦ δὲ μελισσογενοῦς οὐδὲν ἔφην ἐθέλω.
’Αλλ’ ἀπὸ σου στόματος δὺς μοι μέλι, κατ’ ἐφίλησα,
Κῆν γλυκίον τὸ φίλημ’ εἰκοσάκις μέλιτος.—P. 57.

It is scarcely possible to conceive so desultory an education being so successful as his after-life proves it to have been : but there was one correction to it. Young finished one thing at a time. Capable as he was of attending to so many different subjects of thought, he must have imposed upon himself great restraint when he determined not to leave one subject for another till he had mastered it ; and but for this one rule, which he resolutely adhered to, he never would have attained eminence in any department of literature or science. The remarks made by the author upon this subject are too important to be omitted :—

‘ This self-education, however, eminent as was its success, was not without very serious disadvantages. He had no sufficient opportunity of freely reciprocating his thoughts with other minds than his own, at that period of life when such interchanges are most cordial and spontaneous ; when every impulse of feeling, every creation of the fancy, every dream of the imagination, every hope that we cherish, every apprehension that we entertain, is thrown open to our equals in age and in fortune ; when the experience of life, its trials and its disappointments, have not chilled the ardour of our affections, or clouded the brightness of those visions of happiness or distinction in which youth so much delights to indulge. If he had to regret no loss of time or opportunities in the pursuit of knowledge, to deplore no sacrifices to the seductive influences of boyish sports or idle companions, he had, on the other hand, no means of observing the difficulties which they experience in the progress of their studies, or of fixing upon those points in the communication of knowledge which, though clear and obvious to himself, were likely to be obscure or unintelligible to others : he was throughout life destitute of that intellectual fellow-feeling (if the phrase may be used), which is so essential to form a successful teacher or lecturer, or a luminous and interesting writer.

‘ His mathematical was, if possible, still more unassisted than his classical education, and we can only form an estimate of the correctness and soundness of his knowledge, by his philosophical writings in after-life, which, though always obscure and generally deficient in elegance and concinnity of form, yet touch upon many of the most abstruse applications of

mathematics to natural philosophy, and are often remarkable for the simple means by which the most difficult problems are solved. There is, in fact, no department of his very various researches and labours, in which the resources of his genius (for a less forcible term would be inappropriate) are more remarkable than in this. We fear, however, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to point out the causes of his success. A desultory mathematical education rarely leads to sound or accurate knowledge. One or more fundamental principles imperfectly understood, or altogether misconceived, are generally found to affect the stability of the whole structure which is raised upon it. The very basis of demonstration is unsound, and there is an end of all certain distinction between truth and error. If, therefore, in the remarkable instance before us it produced a different result, it is rather referable to the peculiar character of his mind than to the discipline to which it was subjected.'—Pp. 29—31.

He had scarcely commenced his medical education when his attention was directed to the subject of the structure of the eye; and an essay which he wrote on the power which the eye possesses of adapting itself to see clearly objects at different distances, procured him the honour of election at the age of twenty-one as a Fellow of the Royal Society. He afterwards went through the usual professional course at Edinburgh and Göttingen, after which he was admitted a Fellow Commoner of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he took his degrees in medicine, chiefly, it may be supposed, in order to qualify for admission to the privilege of a Fellow of the College of Physicians in London. In the year 1800, he established himself in Welbeck Street, with the view of practising as a physician, but though he remained in the same residence for twenty-five years, he never was in extensive practice; and thus adds one to the list of names which might be produced in evidence of the incompatibility of devotion to literary and scientific pursuits with success in the medical profession. It was fortunate for his literary fame that it was so, for it was during this period that all the discoveries for which his name will ever be distinguished were made. The first of these was the principle of the interference of light, and the establishment of the propagation of light by undulations. The next discovery, which will immortalise his name, was the deciphering of Egyptian hieroglyphics, a task which he did not enter upon till fourteen years later. The intervening time was occupied with preparing and delivering, and subsequently publishing, a course of lectures on natural philosophy and the mechanical arts, with writing a considerable number of articles in the 'Quarterly Review,' and some medical works.

The chapter on 'Hieroglyphical Researches' is much the most interesting in the work, partly on account of the subject itself, and partly because it exhibits in favourable colours Young's frankness of disposition, and freedom from that jea-

lousy of priority which characterises most great discoverers, and amongst them, as we shall presently have occasion to notice, Newton himself. We have no space for even a brief account of the ingenious mode in which he succeeded in recognising the connexion between the hieroglyphic and the enchorial characters, both of which he had to make out from the single inscription on the Rosetta stone, written in both characters, and followed by a Greek translation in a mutilated state. Suffice it to say, that being, quite contrary to his sanguine expectations, baffled in interpreting the enchorial text, excepting in connecting the distinct words with those of the Greek version, he devoted himself to a comparison of the enchorial and the hieroglyphic texts; and his biographer has successfully shown, that though his principle of regarding as phonetic the proper names, which could not be represented by characters addressed to the eye only, was not strictly correct, yet it was this brilliant conjecture that has led the way to all the subsequent discoveries of M. Champollion. The latter was disingenuous enough to claim the whole merit of this discovery, and only speaks of the acknowledged faults in Young's hypothesis, without giving him any credit for the hypothesis itself, which too nearly resembles M. Champollion's, to allow of their being conceived of as independent discoveries. We have referred to this controversy principally with the view of exhibiting Young's modesty and forbearance. Though he had been very shabbily treated by M. Champollion, he vindicates himself in the gentlest language, and makes no insinuations against his rival's good faith, which, however, can scarcely be maintained; and it is interesting to find these two great discoverers meeting a few years afterwards, apparently on the most cordial terms.

This is almost the only event in his life which gives us any information as to his moral character. His conscientiousness appears on two occasions; once when, in early life, the abhorrence of the principle of slavery in which he had been brought up inclined him to abstain from the use of slave-grown sugar; and again, in later life, his proposing to accept a smaller salary than had been allowed him as medical referee and inspector of calculations to an insurance company. His biographer speaks of him as not being altogether free from the affectation of the manners of a man of the world; and there are sufficient indications in expressions of his own, that he had no very deep sense of religious obligations. We are told that he threw off the outward garb and manners of a Quaker before he arrived at manhood; but it is nowhere implied that he formally joined any religious body, excepting, in the account of his last illness and death, when Mr. Gurney speaks of his 'having taken the

sacraments of the Church,' and says of his religious sentiments that they were by himself stated to be liberal, though orthodox. This is a disappointing omission. Probably his biographer had no materials from which to describe him more minutely, or he may have preferred being silent from motives of delicacy.

From Young, let us pass to the Life of Newton. We have already implied that this is a work of very inferior execution: it is indeed singularly wanting in that continuity of narrative which is essential to the interest of a biography, and will hardly regain for its writer the credit which he lost by his trumpery and ill-tempered volume against the Essay on the Plurality of Worlds. We had thought that it was pretty generally agreed upon, both amongst learned and unlearned readers, that the writer of the essay entitled 'More Worlds than One,' had been entirely overthrown by his accomplished adversary, that even his best friends had lamented the want of logic and of temper with which he had attempted to defend opinions which, in common with himself, they had cherished from their infancy. But Sir David Brewster belongs to the class represented by the schoolmaster in the 'Deserted Village,' whose skill consisted in the fact, that 'E'en though vanquished he could argue still.' We really must express our unfeigned astonishment at his venturing to refer to that controversy as he has done two or three times in the course of these volumes. We can entirely sympathise with our author in his glowing and enthusiastic description of the *Principia*, as a work of human genius, but he certainly does not imitate the caution for which that work is so conspicuous, when he definitely asserts that 'it will ever be regarded as the brightest page in the records of human reason; and we are strongly reminded of that short step which is said to unite the sublime and the ridiculous, when we find it spoken of as 'a work, may we not add, which would be read 'with delight in every planet of our system, in every system of 'the universe.' (Vol. i. p. 319.) In another place he attempts to represent Newton himself as an advocate of the same views which he has 'ventured to state and illustrate' in the last chapter, "On the Future of the Universe," of a little volume 'entitled "More Worlds than One, 1854."' The concluding paragraph of a quotation from a MS. of Sir Isaac's, which is in many respects remarkable, has been printed in italics, and we will transcribe it in order that our readers may judge for themselves how wide is the interval between Sir Isaac Newton's caution and Sir David Brewster's dogmatism:—

'For in God's house (which is the universe) are many mansions, and He governs them by agents which can pass through the heavens from one mansion to another. For if all places to which we have access are filled

with living creatures, why should all these immense spaces of the heavens above the clouds be incapable of inhabitants? — Vol. ii. p. 354.

The truth is, there are a great many things contained in these ponderous tomes which in reading the *Life of Newton* we do not want, whilst the description of the state of mechanical and astronomical science previous to his time, and the account of his chief discovery of the law of universal gravitation, are meagre in the extreme. We are continually asking ourselves while reading these volumes, what principle of selection guided their author in the information he volunteers, and what class of readers his scientific explanations are intended for? In one place we have an account of the reason why the tides are high at the time of opposition as well as conjunction, the theory of which is given in every popular book of astronomy; whilst in another we have dissertations on the most recent discoveries in physical optics, it being taken for granted that the reader is as perfectly acquainted with this abstruse science as an attentive perusal of all Sir David Brewster's works would perhaps have rendered him.

Indeed, the biography appears to have been intended to act as a vehicle for advertising the author's miscellaneous works. Thus the reader is every here and there reminded of what the author has written and discovered, and constant reference is made to what I or we (for Sir David Brewster sometimes adopts the singular, sometimes the plural form) have found out and printed in the treatise on *New Philosophical Instruments*, or that on *Optics*, and of views which have been put forth by the author in his '*Martyrs of Science*,' or contributions to the '*Edinburgh Review*,' '*Encyclopædia*,' and '*Transactions*.' In this respect, the two writers of the two *Lives* appear in marked contrast. Dr. Peacock scarcely ever appears in his *Memoir of Young*, whilst Sir David Brewster, not content with alluding to his former works, extracts whole passages from them.

The publication itself professes to be an enlargement of the small and popular *Life of Newton*, published by the same author in Mr. Murray's *Family Library*, in the year 1831, and the composition of the present volumes appears to have been in hand for nearly twenty years. The additional sources of information, to which the author had not had access previous to his former edition, are the manuscripts and correspondence which came into the possession of the Portsmouth family through Newton's grandniece, Miss Conduitt, afterwards Lady Lynton. John Conduitt, the nephew of Sir Isaac, had conceived, shortly after his death, the idea of writing his *Life*; and though, judging from the mass of manuscript which he left behind him, it does not appear that the world has lost much by his abandon-

ment of his design, yet the materials which he collected from Mrs. Conduitt and from the surviving friends of Newton are of great value; and from abstracts taken of these papers, during a week's visit at Hurstbourne Park, the first volume of the work has been furnished with some important matter. During the interval between the composition of the first and second volumes, all the papers which had been examined and arranged by Mr. Fellowes were put into the hands of the author; and thus the second volume has been enriched at the expense of the first, the new information respecting the history of the *Principia* being introduced where mention is made of the editions of the work which were published after 1687. We presume it is owing to the same want of earlier access to these MSS. that we have consigned to the Appendix the very interesting account of the time at which the different parts of the *Principia* were composed. From it we learn that it was begun in December, 1684, and finished before May, 1686, with the exception that the first and eleventh propositions were written in December, 1679, from the sixth to the fifteenth inclusive with the seventeenth, and the first four of the second book in June and July, 1684. The volume has also had the advantage of having been read during its passing through the press by Mr. Edleston, whose name is known to the public as editor of the Correspondence of Newton with Cotes and other mathematicians, the originals of which were in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. It is unfortunate that the first volume did not possess the same advantages, as it would probably not have appeared without a correction of some of the mistakes which we shall subsequently have to refer to.

The appearance of Baily's *Life of Flamsteed*, in 1835, had tended to give a different impression of Newton's character and temper from the prevailing opinion about him, and the same collection of manuscripts has enabled the author to vindicate his illustrious subject from what he denounces as 'a system of calumny and misrepresentation, unexampled in the history of science.' On this subject, as well as on many other subjects connected with the life and works of Newton, these volumes have thrown considerable light. We shall at the conclusion of this article recur to the subject of his religious opinions. But first we propose to give some intelligible account, which Sir David Brewster has not done, of the state of science prior to Newton's great discovery, as well as of the discovery itself, and in the latter part shall confine ourselves, as our space is limited, to the demonstration of that which is the turning-point of the whole theory — the truth enunciated in the third and fourth propositions of the third book of the *Principia*; viz. first that

the moon gravitates towards the earth, and by the force of gravity is continually drawn off from a rectilinear motion and retained in its orbit, and secondly, that this force is reciprocally as the square of the distance of its place from the earth's centre.

In estimating the difficulty of any new discovery in science after its truth has been satisfactorily proved, and when it has become established in the belief of the unlearned as well as the learned, we are very apt to be misled by forgetting the different position in which we are placed from that of those who lived before or at the time of the discovery. The difference is that of persons attempting to read what is written in cypher with or without the key; when we have been put in possession of the key, we wonder most unreasonably that we were so foolish as not to find it for ourselves. The student who can read Newton's first three sections sees it proved that in the case of elliptic orbits, the force, if it be directed to one of the foci, must necessarily vary inversely as the square of the distance; and understands the converse case of argument from the law having this variation to the conic section which must be described. He knows Kepler's wonderful discovery, that the squares of the periodic times are as the cubes of the distances of the planets from the sun, and the mathematical deduction from this that the centripetal force in circular orbits varies inversely as the square of the distance. He finds no difficulty in following the argument that granting this law of force, and supposing the particular conic sections described to be ellipses, the squares of the periodic times must vary as the cubes of the major axes of the orbits. He is lost in wonder at Kepler's empirical sagacity; and instead of seeing anything to admire in Newton's discovery, he is only surprised that Kepler did not find out so evident a deduction from his own observations. He is accustomed to regard the first two laws of motion, which are necessary to establish this inference, as axiomatic truths. We have no hesitation, in fact, in speaking of them as *à priori* truths. Yet self-evident as they are to any one who rightly understands the terms in which they are laid down, these laws in the earlier part of the seventeenth century were neither understood nor believed. And not only was this so, but there were prevailing misconceptions which would have acted as a prejudice against their reception. We may observe here, by the way, that the fact that they were not recognised earlier is no more conclusive against their *à priori* nature, than the non-recognition of certain parts of the moral law in certain classes of people is a proof against immutable distinctions in morality. Truths may be *à priori*, though they do not at once commend themselves as such to the mind of the hearer.

Thus it was once commonly believed that there was some natural tendency in velocity to diminish—and sense, which it seems is not always to be trusted implicitly, seemed to favour this notion; whereas now that the terms force and velocity have fallen into their proper place, and are strictly defined, we at once recognise this as involving a contradiction in terms, or as being equivalent to the assertion that there can be an effect without a cause.

Much might be said on this interesting subject, and we are aware that many whose opinions are entitled to great weight would consider that Newton's first two laws of motion are not in the number of *a priori* truths, but are established or rendered probable by experiment; however, they are at least universally regarded as axiomatic, and no one thinks of withholding his assent to them; and, whichever view be taken, none will deny that they put a key into our hands for the interpretation of the phenomena of the universe, which was wanting before they were so clearly enunciated as they now are.

The three philosophers who preceded Newton's grand discovery, and may be considered to have prepared the way for it, are Galileo, Kepler, and Huyghens. A grand step had been made by the publication of the Copernican system, which placed the sun at the centre of the system, and made the planets to revolve round him; Mercury and Venus in orbits interior to the earth's orbit. The fact that these latter planets must on this hypothesis exhibit phases like those of the moon, was as yet unobserved—the grand instrument of modern astronomical discovery, the telescope, not having yet been invented; neither did Copernicus live long enough to see the verification of his own prediction that Venus would be seen in a crescent shape. Tycho Brahe, who followed him, possessed considerable skill in observing phenomena, and enriched astronomical science with important discoveries; yet, strange to say, he returned to the old hypothesis, that the earth was stationary, and imagined even that the sun with its attendant planets performed a daily revolution round her. We cannot, therefore, regard him as contributing anything directly towards the establishment of the Newtonian theory of gravitation. But the three illustrious men we have named above, each supplied something which facilitated the conjecture or assisted in the establishment of its truth. Galileo's part was the invention of the telescope with the concave eye-glass, which is now commonly used as an opera-glass. This immediately led to the discovery of the four satellites of Jupiter and the phases of Venus; a discovery the direct bearing of which upon the Newtonian theory was, that it set the minds of investigators free from the distraction necessarily attendant

upon the nearly equally balanced claims of two conflicting theories. The absence of all sensible parallax in the fixed stars was, it must be admitted, a strong and almost unanswerable argument against the Copernican theory. Philosophers of that day had formed no adequate conception of the enormous distances by which it is now well known that the stars are separated from each other; and Tycho fairly argued that if these distances were anything short of infinity, the angle subtended by a line equal to the length of the axis of the earth's supposed orbit round the sun must be of some magnitude. The only answer that could be given was, that the magnitude might be too small to be appreciable to sense. The difficulty, of course, remained just as it was before Galileo's discoveries, with this exception, that as they gave an immense weight of additional probability to the truth of the Copernican system, men's minds were thus forced into inventing arguments for doing away with this objection; and the result was, that long before Newton's name began to be known in the scientific world, the theory which best accounts for the phenomena of nature may be regarded as recognised by all who had any pretensions to philosophy. Let it not be forgotten, however, that neither Copernicus nor Galileo had formed any idea whatever of the physical cause of these phenomena.

The invention of the telescope, and the consequent revelations as to the revolution of the planets and their satellites, were not the only contributions made by Galileo towards Newton's grand discovery. Strange as it may seem to a reader unacquainted with mechanical science, it is no less strange than true that the discovery of the law of acceleration of falling bodies had more influence on the progress of astronomy than his discoveries amongst the heavenly bodies,—and for this reason, that in his investigations on the subject of falling bodies, he was much nearer to the physical cause of their motion than when his attention was directed to the revolutions either of primaries or their satellites. The value of these discoveries has been much underrated by most English writers on the history of astronomy; and we wish that Sir David Brewster had given us a fuller account of them, instead of repeating the often-told story of his disgraceful recantation. It is but fair, however, to mention that this writer is almost alone amongst physical philosophers in denouncing the hypocritical recantation of Galileo, whilst he is inveighing against the tyranny of the Inquisition.

The true law of acceleration of a body acted on by a uniform force is so simple, that it is difficult to conceive how Galileo could have missed it. Yet we have his own testimony that he was for a long time under the impression, that the velocity of a

falling body varies as the space fallen through from the beginning of the motion—an idea that, it is scarcely necessary to say, is absurd because self-contradictory, and which he afterwards himself discovered to be so. It appears that he afterwards hit upon the true law of the descent of falling bodies by experiment alone; but it is very difficult to understand how, with the immense number of experiments which he made, he should have estimated the space fallen through from rest in the first second of time at about half what it really is.¹ In his dialogues on motion he gives an account of his experiments, which were made with an inclined plane twelve yards long, placed at different inclinations to the horizon; and the invariable result was, that as far as he could accurately estimate small divisions of time, the spaces described from the beginning of the motion were in equal times, as the odd numbers 1, 3, 5, &c., or, which amounts to the same thing, the whole space from the commencement of the motion varied as the square of the time. Again, we have to remind the reader of our different position in making such an experiment, with our accurate measures of time, from that of Galileo, who describes his own method thus:— ‘As to the estimation of the time, we hung up a great bucket full of water, which, by a very small hole pierced in the bottom, squirted out a fine thread of water, which we caught in a small glass during the whole time of the different descents: then weighing from time to time, in an exact pair of scales, the quantity of water caught in this way, the differences and proportions of their weights gave the differences and proportions of the times; and this with such exactness, that, as I said before, although the experiments were repeated again and again, they never differed in any degree worth noticing.’ —*Drinkwater Bethune's Life of Galileo*, p. 86.

Had Galileo possessed any conception of what is now called the first law of motion, he must have been able to disentangle the increment of velocity from the remainder; and then, by assigning the latter to the inertia of matter, or its inability to alter its own state, whether of rest or of uniform motion, have attributed the regularity of the former to its true cause, viz. the uniform nature of the force which acted upon it. But this was a point he had not yet reached, though, whilst acknowledging his inability to explain the cause of this regular

¹ This statement is made on the authority of Mr. Drinkwater Bethune's ‘Life of Galileo,’ p. 86, but it is scarcely credible; we suspect there is some error in Mersenne's estimate of the length of the *braccia*. It seems more likely that this term would represent a length of about three feet than two; even on this supposition, Galileo would have made the space fallen through to be only twelve feet in the first second.

increment of velocity in falling bodies, he enunciates a principle which is one of the earliest anticipations of the doctrine of gravitation. He says,—‘A heavy body has by nature an intrinsic principle of moving towards the common centre of heavy things, that is to say, to the centre of our terrestrial globe, with a motion continually accelerated in such manner, that in equal times there are always equal additions of velocity. This is to be understood as holding true only where all accidental and external impediments are removed, amongst which is one that we cannot obviate, namely, the resistance of the medium. This opposes itself less or more accordingly as it is to open more slowly or hastily to make way for the moveable, which being by its own nature, as I have said, continually accelerated, consequently encounters a continually increasing resistance in the medium, until at last the velocity reaches that degree, and the resistance that power, that they balance each other; all further acceleration is prevented, and the moveable continues ever after with an uniform and equable motion.’—*Ibid.*, p. 88.

There is one other doctrine of Galileo’s which may be noticed as preparing the way for Newton. Ignorant as he was of the real nature of accelerating force, yet he was acquainted with the theory of the composition of forces, as given in Newton’s Second Corollary to the Axioms or Laws of Motion. It was impossible that this principle could have remained long unknown, when once the revolution of the earth round the sun, and its diurnal rotation on its axis, were recognised as established truths. The objections which would be urged against this theory would at once elicit the true answer; and Galileo not only knew this law of the independence of forces, but illustrated it in a much happier manner than most modern books of mechanics, in which the illustrations are not so clear, and in some instances are absolutely false, *e.g.* that of dropping a stone from the window of a carriage in motion. The illustration given in the second dialogue is that of a painter, who, during a voyage from Venice to Alexandria, should draw a picture which he says would accurately represent the objects intended, though the point of his pencil has really travelled, though imperceptibly, over the same distance which the ship has gone. By the help of this principle, which is in fact the second law of motion, combined with a law which is in effect the same with the first law, Galileo proved the parabolic path of a projectile; and Newton has observed that it was by the help of these two laws and the deduced corollaries that Galileo discovered (he should have said demonstrated) ‘duplicate ratio of the time, and that the motion of projectiles

‘was in the curve of a parabola.’ This is not the place to discuss how far Galileo understood his own principles. If he understood them, he certainly expressed himself very clumsily, as is evidenced by so acute a philosopher as Descartes objecting to them. We have here referred to them partly with the view of exhibiting how near approach had been made before Newton’s time to his great discovery, and partly to remind our readers of the caution given above, to warn them against underrating the genius of men, who were employed on these subjects when in their infancy, for not admitting at once propositions which seem to them self-evident, or acquiescing in deductions which now appear unavoidable.

What prevented Galileo from making further advances in mechanical science, was his want of skill in pure mathematics, and his too great confidence in the accuracy of his experiments. It seems scarcely credible, yet is a well-attested fact, that he attempted to convince himself of the truth of the proposition that the area of the cycloid is equal to three times that of its generating circle, by cutting out three such circles of the same material and thickness as the cycloid, and weighing them against it; and his assertion of the exact isochronism of a common pendulum shows that he had not tried the experiment in vibrations through large arcs. If he had, even with his imperfect measures of time, he must have discovered a variation. Thus he would have detected a variation of one beat in fifty, if he had made an ordinary pendulum oscillate through an arc of 30° . Yet he expresses himself on this subject in the following words:—‘The precision of my time-measurer is so great that it will give the exact quantity of hours, minutes, seconds, and even thirds, if their recurrence could be counted; and its constancy is such that two, four, or six such instruments will go on together so exactly, that one will not differ from another so much as the beat of a pulse, not only in an hour, but even in a day or month.’

The next great pioneer who immediately prepared the way for Newton was Kepler, a man remarkably sagacious in invention, and singularly fortunate in discovery. He was exactly contemporary with Galileo, though their discoveries scarcely clashed at all. The one supplied the laws of motion, the other the empirical classification of its facts. Amidst a multitude of guesses which he perseveringly endeavoured, one after another, to accommodate to the motions of the solar system, he was successful in exhibiting the accordance of the three laws, which are now known by his name, with the phenomena of planetary motion.

These laws, which every tyro in mathematics can prove, as being the simplest deductions from the theory of the variation of

centripetal force according to the inverse square of the distance, are as follows:—1. That the planets move in ellipses round the sun, which is placed in one of the foci. 2. That the areas included between two radii vectores are as the times of describing the arcs. 3. That the squares of the periodic times are proportional to the cubes of the distances.

It must not be supposed that it was mere chance that led to these discoveries. His previous suppositions as to the relative distances and the paths of the planets were of the most fantastic nature, and were supported by no grounds of probability, and he was speedily obliged to abandon them when he found they could not be reconciled with facts. But in the discovery of these three laws, fortunate as we must admit him to have been, he cannot be denied the praise of a very penetrating sagacity and most unwearied perseverance. That such laws as these should be empirically established, seems at first sight to imply a sort of inspiration in the maker of the hypothesis; but this idea disappears upon a further acquaintance with the mode in which they were discovered. As to the third and least remarkable of them, he was determined to find out the relation, for he took it for granted that some relation existed, and after trying various other conjectures hit upon the true one. This was his last discovery, and was made in the summer of 1618, about a quarter of a century before the birth of Newton. His attempts to account for this law are more like the lucubrations of a madman than the sober reasoning of a philosopher. The establishment of the elliptic orbit of Mars was made twelve years earlier. After ascertaining clearly from Tycho Brahe's observations that the orbit was not circular, he tried an oval, and afterwards an ellipse, which proved to be the correct supposition. But in the discovery of the equable description of areas he was favoured by fortune, much in the same way as we said above Dr. Young was in his discovery of the phonetic character of some of the Egyptian hieroglyphics. It was the hasty and erroneous inference that, because the times of describing equal spaces are nearly as the distances from the sun, when the planet is at the apsides, this must be true at other parts of its orbit, which led him in his attempt to calculate the time of arriving at any point to the happy invention of representing it by means of the area swept out by the radius vector. We cannot explain this further here, nor is it necessary, for it has been admirably done in Mr. Drinkwater Bethune's '*Life of Kepler*,' published by the *Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge*; but we have thought it worth while to allude to the subject, as it throws light upon the intellectual character of a mind which, though engaged on the same subjects as Newton,

pursued so very different a method of investigation. It should be observed here, that if it had not been for the accurate observations of Tycho Brahe, Kepler would never have discovered his first two laws. Nevertheless, we have preferred omitting Tycho Brahe from our list of the pioneers of Newton, first, because his labours have no direct reference to physical astronomy, of which Newton must be considered the founder; and secondly, because his adoption of a counter theory may perhaps have contributed in some degree to retard the progress of this science. That his observations and discoveries contributed to the perfecting that theory is obvious to any reader of the *Principia*; but they did nothing towards suggesting it, excepting so far as they enabled Kepler to detect his laws. Sir David Brewster says, 'We have not learned that the intellectual monarchs of the age enjoyed any opportunity for mutual 'congratulation.' We confess our utter indifference to the privilege which he says 'it would have been to have contrasted 'the aristocratic dignity of Tycho with the reckless ease of 'Kepler and the manly and impetuous mien of the Italian 'sage.' But we think a discussion of the respective claims to our admiration of the intellectual qualities of Kepler, Galileo, and Newton, might have led to interesting and profitable speculations.

Before we quit the subject of Kepler's discoveries we may make mention of some of our author's mistaken and confused statements, which are most abundant at this portion of his work. We are quite at a loss to comprehend how any one not entirely ignorant of mathematics could have expressed himself as Sir David Brewster has done on the subject of gravitation. In speaking of the variation of this force he almost always describes it as if the word reciprocally or inversely were of no consequence whatever. Again, it is really too much to expect us to believe that Kepler 'compared the squares and the cubes of the distances with the same powers of the periodic times.'—Vol. i. p. 267. Kepler was no doubt indefatigable in his calculations, but would scarcely, we think, give himself the additional trouble of raising numbers to the square or the cube in order to compare them with each other. 'He even made the comparison between the squares of the periodic times and the cubes of the distances.'—*Ibid.* But for this unfortunate conclusion we might have charitably supposed that the comparison of the square of one with the cube of the other was what the author meant in his first statement, but the concluding part of the sentence unfortunately precludes the supposition. Again, we protest against such slipshod expressions as that 'the earth's eccentricity will diminish during the

period of twenty-four thousand years.' Such inaccuracies of statement and of spelling would not be tolerated in a school-boy's exercise. We must not occupy our space with referring to other instances of carelessness. Had the writer been a man of less eminence than Sir David Brewster, we should have pronounced him almost entirely ignorant of mathematics.

Huyghens' contributions remain to be noticed. Sir David Brewster has classed him with Bouillard, Borelli, Hooke, Wren, and Halley—unjustly, we think; because, though perhaps in some respects inferior as a philosopher to some of them, his invention of the application of the pendulum to the regulating the rate of the clock, was, as we shall see, of the last importance in estimating the exact value of the force of gravitation. Moreover, Huyghens calculated the central force in terms of the velocity in cases of circular motion. He very soon improved upon Galileo's construction of the telescope, by substituting a double convex for a double concave eye-glass, and his skill was rewarded by the speedy discovery of Saturn's ring and sixth satellite. The existence of another satellite moving round another planet, no doubt tended to familiarize men's minds with the idea of smaller bodies revolving round greater, and thus prepared the way for the idea of the mutual influence of these bodies on each other, or at least for the influence exerted by the greater over the smaller. But his chief value as a precursor of Newton consists in his improvement of Galileo's theory of the pendulum. It was necessary, as we shall see presently, for the testing of Newton's conjecture as to the force of gravity, that he should have an exact measurer of time; that is, that he should be in possession of a pendulum beating seconds exactly, as well as that he should know the exact length of the seconds' pendulum. We have seen above how Galileo employed a water-clock to determine the relative times of the descent down portions of an inclined plane. It is strange that he did not use his favourite pendulum, whose property of isochronism he had noticed at the age of twenty. Still more strange is it, that fifty years later he should have been in entire ignorance of the cause of its near approach to isochronism, as well as of the fact, which repeated observations might have assured him of, of its deviation from exact isochronism.

It was Huyghens' superior mathematical powers that enabled him to show that the circular pendulum was not isochronous, and thus prove the error which Galileo's practice of fifty years failed to discover in his conjecture of isochronism. It is a remarkable instance in which theory had not to bend to fact, but where observation was obliged to increase its accuracy to bear testimony to the triumphs of deductive science. It has been

said that Huyghens was born to improve upon the inventions of Galileo, and the history of the telescope and the pendulum certainly bears out the remark. Huyghens first proved that the circle was not the tautochron, though it was nearly twenty years before he discovered that the cycloid was the curve which possessed this property.

But the importance of Huyghens' pendulum discoveries was not so much in their application to the clock as a measure of time, as in his being enabled thereby to compute the actual value of the force of gravity at the surface of the earth. It requires very little knowledge of mechanics to understand the formula which connects the length of the pendulum with the time of its vibration and the force by which it is actuated; and the value of this discovery may be estimated by referring to the attempts which had been previously made to ascertain how far a body would descend by the action of gravity in the first second of its fall. Galileo's estimate was very wide of the mark. Mersenne, who followed him, after repeated trials produced the result of about thirteen feet in a second, a tolerably near approximation to the truth, after making allowance for the retardation of motion caused by the resistance of the air, but entirely useless as a means of estimating the real value of the force by which bodies are attracted to the centre of the earth. This value can be accurately ascertained by a rule which Huyghens demonstrated; and, accordingly, both his observation of the length of the seconds' pendulum, and the rule for deducing from it the space which a heavy body describes by falling in one second of time, have been referred to for the facts which establish the celebrated fourth proposition of the Third Book of the *Principia*.

It would be out of place here to refer to his elegant theory of the centre of oscillation, which has been the means of enabling us to calculate with extreme precision the exact length of the seconds' pendulum—for such accuracy was not at that time needed, as any one may easily convince himself by trying the experiment of making a heavy ball suspended by a fine string oscillate, and comparing its rate and length. Rude as this experiment may seem, if repeated often enough to secure the maker against errors of observation, it will bring out the length of the seconds' pendulum to a considerable degree of accuracy. Thus far Galileo might have reached; but though he was apparently aware of the true relation that subsists between the length and the time of vibration, it was reserved for the Dutch mathematician to investigate and demonstrate the law which accounts for this fact, and to apply it to the calculation of the value of the force of gravity.

The reader who is acquainted with mathematical science, will at once recognise the formula—

$$t = \pi \sqrt{\frac{l}{g}}$$

which connects the time of oscillation with the length of the pendulum and the force of gravity. The time of course can be chosen by the observer for himself and the length measured, and the only remaining unknown quantity in the equation computed. Any one who will take the trouble to make the experiment for himself, may easily satisfy himself that g is very nearly equal to thirty-two feet. It would be out of place here to give the proof of this simple formula, for which we may refer the reader to Mr. Goodwin's 'Elementary Course of Mathematics.'

We may then regard Kepler, Galileo, and Huyghens, as the immediate precursors of Newton. It has been the custom to depreciate Huyghens, whose name is probably far less familiar to our readers than those of either of the other two. The writer of the *Lives of Galileo and Kepler*, to which we have referred, has done justice to his memory in vindicating his claims to the invention of the pendulum clock; and the important contribution made by him to Newton's investigations, demanded that he should be placed amongst the first class of his pioneers, rather than that he should be classed, as Sir David Brewster has classed him, with men of inferior stamp, such as Bouillard, Borelli, Hooke, and Wren. Certainly Newton had no mean opinion of him, as appears from the reference made to him in the passage already quoted as well as in the Scholium to the Fourth Proposition of the First Book, as also in the Scholium which follows the Corollaries to the Three Laws of Motion, where he is classed with Wren and Wallis, and the three are quoted as 'the greatest geometers of our times.'

It would be tedious here, and fortunately it is unnecessary, to discuss the claims of other mathematicians and physical philosophers to having prepared the way for Newton. It has been the fate of his as of all other grand discoveries, that there have been anticipations of them more or less clearly expressed previous to their announcement to the world, and many such passages might be produced, if it were worth while, which point towards Universal Gravitation. Such expressions are frequently the result of pure accident, and convey an impression to a modern reader very different from the idea that was in the writer's mind; still more often are they vague surmises of the truth which their originator wants the knowledge or the skill to develop, and which are consequently put aside before they have attained any consistency or definiteness. Of this latter

class are the hints supplied by Bouillard, Borelli, Wren, and Halley.

The first of these, as early as the middle of the seventeenth century, had maintained that the force of attraction must vary reciprocally as the square of the distance. A few years later Borelli ascribes, with tolerable accuracy, the motion of the planets to an original impulse, united with a deflection, produced by some virtue residing in the central body, which he illustrates by the whirling of a sling. The speculations of Hooke are so curious that we extract them, and that the rather because his name is much less known than it deserves to be in the history of Science.

"I shall hereafter," he says, "explain a system of the world differing in many particulars from any yet known, but answering in all things to the common rules of mechanical motions. This depends upon three suppositions: *First*, That all celestial bodies whatsoever have an attraction or gravitating power towards their own centres, whereby they attract not only their own parts, and keep them from flying from them, as we may observe the Earth to do, but that they also do attract all the other celestial bodies that are within the sphere of their activity; and consequently that not only the Sun and Moon have an influence upon the body and motion of the Earth, and the Earth upon them, but that Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn also, by their attractive powers, have a considerable influence upon its motion, as in the same manner the corresponding attractive power of the Earth hath a considerable influence upon every one of their motions also. The *second* supposition is this, that all bodies whatsoever that are put into a direct and simple motion, will so continue to move forward in a straight line till they are, by some other effectual powers, deflected, and sent into a motion describing a circle, ellipsis, or some other more compounded curve line. The *third* supposition is, that these attractive powers are so much the more powerful in operating by how much the nearer the body wrought upon is to their own centres. Now, what these several degrees are, I have not yet experimentally verified, but it is a notion which, if fully prosecuted, as it ought to be, will mightily assist the astronomers to reduce all the celestial motions to a certain rule, which I doubt will never be done without it. He that understands the nature of the circular pendulum, and of circular motion, will easily understand the whole of this principle, and will know where to find directions in nature for the true stating thereof. This I only hint at present to such as have ability and opportunity of prosecuting this inquiry, and are not wanting of industry for observing and calculating, wishing heartily such may be found, having myself many other things in hand which I would first complete, and therefore cannot so well attend it. But this I durst promise the undertaker, that he will find all the great motions of the world to be influenced by this principle, and that the true understanding thereof will be the true perfection of astronomy."—*Brewster's Newton*, vol. i. pp. 286, 287.

¹ In quoting this passage, which Delambre admits to be very curious, we think he scarcely does justice to Hooke, when he says that what it contains is found expressly in Kepler. It is quite true that Kepler mentioned as probable the law of the squares of the distances, but he afterwards, as Delambre admits, rejected it for that of the simple distances. Hooke, on the contrary, announces it as a truth.—See *Astronomie du 18me Siècle*, pp. 9, 10.—Clairaut has justly remarked, that the example of Hooke and Kepler shows how great is the difference between a truth conjectured or asserted, and a truth demonstrated.

To this remarkable passage, which appeared in 1674, and which only wants the addition of the law of variation, by which the attractive powers and the distances are connected, to be a complete exposition of the doctrine of Universal Gravitation, Hooke added, in a letter to Newton, written five years later, that if the force of gravity decreased as the square of the distance, the curve described by a projectile would be an ellipse, whose focus was the centre of the earth.

Sir Christopher Wren and Halley had each of them endeavoured to make out the motions of the planets from the consideration of the law of force varying in this way, and Halley goes so far as to say that he had concluded this law of variation from 'Kepler's sesqui-alterate proportion of the periodic times.' Halley declares the ill-success of his attempts; but Hooke asserted in January, 1684, that he could bring a convincing demonstration of the planets' paths. This it is certain Hooke never did; his assertion that he could do it is, therefore, not worth much.

We can imagine an unscientific reader here asking the question, What then, if so much was done ready to his hand, was the great discovery of Newton? The answer to this is, that he supplied the connecting link which tied all these phenomena together, and proved that the heavenly bodies must move as they do, upon the supposition of the variation of force inversely as the square of the distance. The effort of genius was the conception of the identity of that force by which bodies fall to the ground with that by which the moon is retained in her orbit; or by which, if she were to lose her projectile motion, she would fall towards the centre of the earth. After establishing this fact, he has the merit of proving that his law both accounts for all the phenomena of the universe that were then known, and enables modern astronomers to calculate the elements of the orbits of all the heavenly bodies that have since been discovered. The establishment of this identity was the turning-point of the whole theory; and as it admits of being explained to readers but slightly acquainted with mathematical science, we will endeavour to state the method by which it was proved.

The story, with which we are all familiar, of the accidental falling of an apple from a tree suggesting the first idea of the true theory of gravitation to Newton's mind, belongs, according to our author, to the autumn of 1665. It is said, that whilst speculating on the power of gravity, it occurred to him that there was no sensible diminution of it at the greatest distance from the earth to which we can reach; and the question suggested itself, why may not the same power extend itself as far as the moon? and if

it does, why may it not be the actual force by which she is retained in her orbit? He was at the time residing at Woolsthorpe, to which place he had retired, his College having been dismissed on account of the plague which was then raging at Cambridge. He was therefore deprived of books of reference, as well as the conversation of other scientific men, who might, if consulted on the subject, have saved him from the error which he is said to have committed, by adopting an erroneous measure of the earth's semi-diameter. In order to complete the demonstration, it was necessary for him to know, to some degree of accuracy, the distance from the surface of the earth to its centre, the distance of the moon from the earth, the velocity with which she moves in her orbit, and the value of the force of gravity at the surface of the earth. Now, taking for granted the identity of the force of gravity with that by which the moon is deflected from her rectilinear path, and assuming also that it varied inversely as the square of the distance from the centre of the earth; and knowing the value of this force at one distance, it was easy, by solving a common rule-of-three sum, to ascertain what was its value at any other given distance, *e.g.* the place of the moon in her orbit. These *constants* were supplied from different sources. The distance of the moon was easily determined in terms of the earth's radius by means of her observed parallax, and had been approximated to as early as the time of Ptolemy, who made it fifty-nine times the radius, and had been ascertained more exactly by Huyghens and Copernicus at about sixty times that distance. The value of the force of gravity was pretty exactly ascertained by Huyghens' rule, that the space which a heavy body describes by falling in one second of time is to half the length of the pendulum which oscillates in a second, (which length was also ascertained by Huyghens for the latitude of Paris,) in the duplicate ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter. It had thus been shown that a body descends by the action of gravity in the first second of its fall through a little more than sixteen feet. The only *constant* remaining to be accurately ascertained was the length of the earth's semi-diameter, and Newton, by taking a wrong estimate of this, when he might have had a correct one, spoiled his calculations. The only method by which it was possible to arrive at the measure of the earth's diameter, was by actual measurement of a degree of its circumference. This had been done both by Snellius and Norwood. The measurement of the latter, though very roughly performed, was by a singular combination of accidents very nearly correct, and even Snell's would have exhibited too near an approach to accuracy for Newton summarily to have

dismissed the case as he did. Instead of using either of these measurements, 'he adopted the measure of sixty miles for a degree of latitude, which had been employed by the old geographers and seamen, and in which, as Mr. Rigaud conjectures, he may have placed the more confidence, as it agreed with the result of the observations which Edward Wright, a Cambridge mathematician, had published in 1610.' The independent calculation of the distance through which the moon would, if deprived of all motion, descend towards the earth, was easily made from her observed periodic time, which, in respect of the fixed stars, was estimated at $27^{\circ} 7' 43''$, and her velocity, which depended upon the space passed over in that time, which again depended on her distance from the earth. This mode of calculation gave rise to a result so much greater than the other, owing to the cause we have stated, that he abandoned the subject, and was led to the impression, that the power which retained the moon in her orbit might be partly that of gravity, and partly that of the vortices of Descartes. That Newton did not resume his labours on this subject till the year 1684, has always appeared to us a most inexplicable phenomenon, neither does Sir David Brewster throw any light upon the matter. In a note he quotes a remark of Mr. Rigaud's, that 'we do not know when Norwood's determination became known to Newton, but we are certain that he was well aware of Snellius's measures quite as soon as he was of Picard's,—probably much sooner, since the specific mention of them is made in Varenus's *Geography*, of which he edited a new edition at Cambridge, in 1672.' A new and more accurate measurement had been executed by Picard in 1670, which five years afterwards was made known to English men of science, by its appearing in the *Philosophical Transactions*; and yet fourteen years elapsed from this time before Newton resumed this subject, and discovered that the moon's deflection was exactly what it ought to be on his hypothesis, of her being attracted towards the earth by the same force which governs the motion of falling bodies near the surface, this force being supposed to vary inversely as the square of a distance. The story of his recurrence to the subject is an interesting one, and, like the other anecdotes of Newton with which we have been familiar from our infancy, seems to rest upon slender evidence. We will give it as it appears in Professor Powell's '*Historical View of the Physical and Mathematical Sciences*.' He says, 'The recent result,' *i. e.* of Picard's measurement, 'became the subject of discussion at a meeting of the Royal Society, in June, 1682. Newton being present, felt of course a degree of interest in the discussion, totally unsuspected by the by-

‘standers. Noting down Picard’s value of the earth’s radius, he hurried home; and having substituted this number in his former proportion, and proceeded a little way in the calculation, he was utterly unable to carry it on, from the overpowering excitement of its anticipated termination. He requested a friend to finish it for him, and the result was, a perfect accordance of the force which acts upon the moon, with the force of gravity at the earth’s surface, diminished in the exact ratio of the squares of the distances.’ (P. 324.)

This anecdote, which this writer has considerably embellished, rests only on tradition, and, as Sir D. Brewster observes, ‘is not supported by what is known of Newton’s character.’ However, whatever judgment we may pronounce upon it, the difficulty still remains that nearly twenty years elapsed between the first conception and the final recognition of this truth in Newton’s mind; that in the interval he had become acquainted with a fact which, if he had ever thought of it in that relation, must have reminded him of the mistake he had made, yet that he, during all that time, never repeated a calculation, which, when made, enabled him to solve the problem of the universe. Neither does it remove the difficulty in the slightest degree, to say that Newton’s attention was absorbed in his Optical Investigations. It is clear that he had leisure for other pursuits of a very different kind. In 1676 we find him discussing the kind of apple-trees that produced the best cider, and, what is more to the present purpose, during the three preceding years he had been investigating the cause of the moon’s libration, which he had ‘sometimes thought might depend upon her *conatus* from the sun and earth compared together,’ till he discovered its true cause, viz. the uniformity of her motion round her axis, combined with the inequality of motion in her elliptic orbit. It appears that, during part of this time, he was harassed by pecuniary difficulties, and that he had had serious thoughts of directing his mind to the study of the law. The expression which occurs in one of his letters to Collins, written in 1674, ‘that mathematical speculations were at least dry, if not somewhat barren,’ is worth recording, if only to show how little expectation he had at that time entertained of achieving the great work, the publication of which, thirteen years afterwards, has rendered his name immortal.

The readers of a ‘Life of Sir Isaac Newton,’ which extends through two large octavo volumes, and occupying above a thousand pages, would naturally expect a tolerably full description of this, his greatest work. Such an expectation would be grievously disappointed. The ‘endeavour to convey to the reader some idea of the revelations which he made,’ consists of exactly

ten pages; and even these few pages contain matter which would only tend to embarrass and confuse the reader, as, for instance, where it is stated that, in a circular orbit with the force in the circumference, the force must vary as the fifth power of the distance; and that if the orbit be the proportional spiral, the force will be reciprocally as the cube of the distance. There was no occasion whatever to allude, in so brief a description of the *Principia*, to other laws than that of the inverse square of the distance, which, after all, are purely imaginary; and we certainly would advise Sir David Brewster, if his book should ever reach a second edition, to alter his erroneous statement with regard to circular motion, by inserting the word *inverse/y*, and in the latter to designate the spiral which he calls *proportional* by the term *equiangular* or *logarithmic*. Again, it is really unpardonable that ordinary readers, for whom alone this part of the work can have been intended, should be misled by such mistakes as the following, ‘that the intensity of gravity ‘at any point of the earth’s surface is in the inverse ratio of the ‘distance of that point from the centre, and, *consequently*, that it ‘diminishes from the equator to the poles.’ (Vol. i. p. 324.) We have no space here to supply the omissions of this work in pointing out the method adopted by Newton in establishing the theory that every particle of matter in the universe gravitates to every other particle of matter with a force inversely proportional to the square of the distance; neither is it possible to follow him in his mode of exhibiting how this supposition accounts for the phenomena of the tides, the precession of the equinoxes, calculates the eclipses of the sun and planets, and indeed solves every other phenomenon to which it has been applied. But again, we have to regret the absence of any account of the calculus employed in his demonstrations. It would have been a very interesting inquiry to point out how far Newton used the analytic method, and how far the synthetic, to which he has for the most part confined his demonstrations as they now appear in the *Principia*. No one, we think, can have read any portion of this great work without having the question suggested to him, ‘How did Newton find out this?’ and the general conclusion arrived at is, that he must have used analytic processes, and afterwards converted them into geometrical demonstrations. The correspondence between Newton and Cotes, which has been published by Mr. Edleston, shows that the analytic method was used by them in discussing points which required explanation; but this affords no evidence as to the mode, in which they were originally discovered. We might, we think, reasonably have expected a discussion of this point to have occupied the concluding chapter of the first

volume instead of the foolish attempt to 'gather fresh laurels for the author of the *Principia*,' by following his discovery through its numerous developments in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

We have to express our regret for a similar omission in the history of the 'Discovery of the Fluxional or Differential Calculus.' It is, of course, difficult to trace the intellectual processes of any mind, when we have little more than results to judge from; and this difficulty is greatly increased in the case of discoveries like Newton's, which frequently were not made public for many years after they were made, and in many instances bear the appearance of supernatural inspirations. But we have often suspected that this theory was in the mind at least of its English inventor, though probably not in that of Leibnitz, much more nearly connected with dynamical than geometrical or algebraic investigations; and it would be an interesting task if we were supplied with sufficient data to go upon to trace the simultaneous development of the same idea in the minds of the two great mathematicians, as suggested from two different sources. In truth, this method must have been on the eve of discovery, after Galileo's attempt to separate the increment of the velocity from the velocity itself. The necessities of mechanical science, even though there had not been problems concerning areas, and lengths, and volumes, which required it for their solution, must have brought this branch of science into existence. The attempt to estimate and compare the continually varying velocity which is the necessary result of a constant force being applied to a moving body, and still more to measure a force itself variable as the force of gravity had been tolerably well ascertained to be, could not but have originated the Differential Calculus. Even in Leibnitz's mind the idea was not wholly unconnected with dynamics, as may be judged from his '*Theoria Motus Abstracti*,' dedicated to the Academy of Sciences in Paris in 1671, though it is not likely that he himself viewed his new calculus in connexion with the subject of motion; and we may perhaps trace the different workings out of the idea in the two minds, in the very language used in explaining the two systems, and perhaps in the notation adopted by their respective authors.

The history of the famous controversy between Leibnitz and Newton was not likely, even at the distance of a century and a half, to be written so as to satisfy all parties. And perhaps it is impossible exactly to adjust the claims of two independent discoverers of a truth of which not only themselves, but other contemporary mathematicians, may perhaps have had some occasional glimpses. The aphorism that 'coming events cast

their shadows before them' is nowhere so conspicuous as in the history of philosophical discovery in general, and perhaps in particular in that of physical science. Few of his readers will be found to follow the author through his elaborate discussion of the question of priority and independence of the discovery of the Fluxional or Differential Method. Most will content themselves with acquiescing without inquiry in the results at which he has arrived. We are bound, however, to say that the discussion has been conducted both carefully and temperately, and that the subject, whatever be its merits, has been exhausted. The intellectual claims of both must be admitted; but the moral character of each, as well as that of Leibnitz's friend, Bernoulli, is terribly damaged by the revelations made in the course of the investigation. Such histories, like all other histories, are of course instructive, and we are continually reminded by biographers and writers of Compendiums of the History of Physical and Mathematical Science, and sometimes with an air of triumph, that distinguished philosophers are not exempt from the frailties of temper and other failings common to their fellow-men. To ourselves we must own such controversies are bitterly disappointing; and whilst we refrain from further comment on the characters and conduct of individuals, we may at least learn the important lesson of endeavouring to find out how far our own love of truth is mixed up with personal motives of vanity or ambition.

The two conclusions arrived at are expressed as follows (vol. ii. p. 78):—'1. That Newton was the first inventor of the *Method of Fluxions*; that the method was incomplete in its notation; and that the fundamental principle of it was not published to the world till 1687, twenty years after he had invented it. 2. That Leibnitz communicated to Newton, in 1677, his *Differential Calculus*, with a complete system of notation, and that he published it in 1684, three years before the publication of 'Newton's Method.' The author observes that upon the principle enunciated by Newton, that '*second* inventors have little or no honour, and no rights,' the whole merit of the new calculus must be given to Newton; whereas on the principle which transfers all the merit of an invention or discovery to the person who first gives it to the world, the merit of the new calculus must be adjudged to Leibnitz. The author, whilst demurring to the first of these two principles, does not give in his entire adherence to the latter. We need not enter into the question here, but shall content ourselves with quoting the temperate remark of Dr. Young (*Life*, p. 286) with reference to Champollion's discovery of the derivation of the hieratic from the hieroglyphical characters:—'Whether he made this discovery before I had

‘printed my letters in the *Museum Criticum*, in 1816, I have no means of ascertaining. I have never asked him the question, nor is it of much importance either to the world at large or to ourselves. It may not be strictly just to say that a man has no right to claim any discovery as his own till he has printed and published it, but the rule is at least a very useful one.’

The same conclusions had been arrived at by M. Montmort, and are expressed in two letters addressed by him to Brook Taylor, the well-known author of ‘*Taylor’s Theorem*.’ One of these has been printed at length in the Appendix to vol. ii. p. 511, where there is also an extract from the other. The views expressed in both these letters are very interesting, conveying, as they do, the opinions of a mathematician quite competent to judge of the case—and, as far as appears, very far from prejudices, either personal or national. He expresses, in very exact language, the view that Newton was in possession of this key to science many years before the publication of the first edition of the *Principia*; and his opinion to this effect, as expressed in the first extract, is the more valuable, because in the second letter, which is now for the first time printed from the manuscript copy amongst Newton’s papers, he strenuously argues in favour of the sole claims of Leibnitz and Bernoulli to the invention and the perfecting of the Differential Calculus. We will only express our cordial concurrence in the author’s view, that Newton can quite afford, intellectually speaking, to lose the credit of the invention; and premising that the same carelessness that characterises the rest of the book is apparent in the bad stopping and spelling of this letter, which contains at least a dozen mistakes, will present the reader with the passages that are of most importance. He says,—

‘Pour moi je soutiens icy et je l’ai toujours soutenu hautement que M. Newton a été maître du Calcul différentiel et intégral avant tout autre géomètre, et que dès l’année 1677 il savoit tout ce que les travaux de M. Leibnitz et M. Bernoulli ont découvert depuis.’

Afterwards, in the second letter, after giving his opinion as to several other recent discoveries, and those who could lay claim to them, he continues,—

‘J’ai été fort surpris de trouver ce qui suit dans votre lettre. “As to the owning of any one as inventor or improver of the method, besides Sir Isaac Newton, I knew of none. I saw nothing anywhere that seemed to me an improvement upon what Sir Isaac had published. I was sensible that several had applied the method with good success, and understood pretty much of it; but I always took Sir Isaac Newton not only for the inventor, but also for the greatest master of it.” Je pense comme vous Mr. sur le mérite de M. Newton. Je parle toujours comme d’un homme au dessus des autres, et qu’on ne peut trop admirer. Mais je ne puis m’empêcher de combattre l’opinion où vous estes que le Public a reçu de M. Newton, et non de M. Leibnitz et Bernoulli les nouveaux calculs, et l’art

de les faire servir à toutes les recherches qu'on peut faire en Géométrie. C'est une erreur de fait. Il vaut mieux que moi qui n'ay là dessus aucune prévention, ni rien qui me porte à en avoir, qui fais profession d'estre votre ami, et qui le suis plus sans comparaison que des Géomètres Allemands que je n'ai jamais vu; il vaut mieux, dis je, que je vous fasse remarquer la fausseté qu'un adversaire à qui vous donneriez avantage sur vous et qui vous reprocherait avec apparence de vérité que votre zèle pour la gloire de votre nation vous rend partiel et vous fait oublier toutes les règles de l'équité. Je n'examinerai point ici les droits de M^{rs}. Newton et Leibnitz à la première invention du calcul différentiel et intégral. Je vous rapporterai quand vous voudriez le détail des réflexions qu'un long et sérieux examen m'a fourni, et j'espère que vous n'en serez pas mécontent. Je veux seulement vous faire remarquer qu'il est insoutenable de dire que M^{rs}. Leibnitz et Bernoulli ne sont pas les vrais et presque uniques promoteurs de ces calculs.'

After giving the facts on which his conclusion is founded, he finishes his letter as follows:—

' Il est vrai M^r. que les Principes Math. de M. Newton ont paru en 1686 [1687]; ce sçavant ouvrage peut donner lieu de croire que M. Newton sçavoit dès-lors de ces calculs tout ce qu'on sçait aujourd'hui, M. Bernoulli même. Je ne veux pas disconvenir, et c'est une question à part. Mais il est sûr au moins que ce livre n'apprend rien de ces calculs, si ce n'est le lemme, 2^e page 250, 1^{re} édit., mais vous sçavez qu'il ne contient que la 1^{re} et plus simple règle de prendre les différences, ce que M. Leibnitz avoit fait avec plus d'étendue en 1684. Je dois ajouter que dans le 2^e volume de M. Wallis imprimé en 1693 on trouve plus au long les règles de ces calculs, mais quoique ce morceau soit propre à nous donner une grande idée de ce qu'en sçavoit alors Mr. Newton, il n'en apprend pas plus que l'on en trouvoit dans les journaux de Leipsic. On trouve en 1697 une solution de Mr. Newton du problème de la plus viste descente mais comme il n'y a point d'analyse, et qu'on ne sçait point la route qu'il a suivie, cela ne touche point à ma proposition qui est que depuis 1684, 1^{re} date publique de la naissance du calcul différentiel et intégral, jusqu'en 1700 ou environ, où je suppose qu'il avoit acquis presque toute la perfection qu'il a aujourd'hui, personne n'a contribué à le perfectionner que M^{rs}. Leibnitz et Bernoulli, à moins qu'on n'y veuille joindre pour quelque part M. le M. l'Hospital à qui ils avoient de bonne heure révélé leurs secrets. Qui apparemment en seroient encore pour tous les Géomètres d'aujourd'hui s'ils avoient voulu les tenir cachés à l'imitation de M. Newton, qui à mon avis a du avoir la clef de ceux là ou des pareils dès le temps qu'il a donné son fameux ouvrage, *Ph. Nat. Ppia Math.* On ne peut rien de plus beau ni de meilleur en son genre que le traité de M. Newton *De Quadratura Curvarum*, mais il est venu bien tard. La date de l'impression de cet ouvrage est fâcheuse, non pour M. Newton, qui a acquis tant de gloire que l'homme le plus ambitieux n'en pourroit désirer davantage, mais pour quelques Anglois qui semblent porter envie à ceux qui ont découvert et publié les 1^{res} ces nouvelles méthodes qui ont portés si long la Géométrie.'

We come now to the least pleasing part of the task which we have set ourselves—the estimate of the moral character and religious opinions of the illustrious philosopher. Neither his quarrel with Flamsteed, nor his controversy with Leibnitz, fall in exactly with the view of Sir Isaac Newton which we somehow or other form from reading the popular accounts of his

life, or the often-repeated anecdotes of his actions. The publication of the correspondence with Flamsteed exhibited him in a somewhat different light from that in which from our childhood we had rejoiced to view him. The perfect equanimity and almost childish simplicity, which we gazed on with so much reverence, quite disappears in the accounts which we have here given us, of his desire for promotion in the world, and his interference in political matters. Some readers will, perhaps, be disappointed at learning that one whom they had thought of only as a recluse, who forgot the ordinary occupations of life when absorbed in philosophical speculations, but whose acquaintance with the works of God only served to deepen his love and reverence to their Creator,—that such a man should have been subject to infirmities of temper; that he should have entertained any ideas of rising in the world; that he should have lived much as other men of the world did, after he had gained a seat in Parliament, and was promoted to the Wardenship of the Mint; and that at the mature age of sixty he should have entertained thoughts of marriage, and made proposals to a widow. Much, however, of the extravagant opinion we are led to form of Sir Isaac Newton's greatness and goodness is due to erroneous inferences made from a partial examination of what was related of him. Enough had been recorded before the publication of these volumes to enable us to form a more accurate estimate of his character. But the three interesting letters printed in chapter xvi. furnish particulars of his life during his residence at Cambridge, which, we are sorry to say, represent his devotional habits and practice as no better than that of others of his day—and, truth compels us to add, probably not much worse.

The first letter is one written by Mr. Nicolas Wickins, son of a Fellow of Trinity, who was exactly contemporary with Newton, whose chamber-fellow he was for some years. The accidental circumstance of their both finding their chamber-fellows disagreeable and noisy companions, induced them to 'chum together,' as the letter quaintly expresses it—and thus commenced an intimacy which enabled Mr. Wickins to give a trustworthy account of his friend's mode of life. This letter, in a very graphic way, describes 'Sir Isaac's forgetfulness of his food when intent upon his studies,' and 'his rising in a 'pleasant manner with the satisfaction of having found out 'some proposition without any concern for a seeming want of 'his night's sleep, which he was sensible he had lost thereby.' The letter also gives an account of a charitable benefaction of Newton, by which the writer and his father had been the means of dispensing many dozens of Bibles to 'poor people. The other two letters are addressed to Newton by Mr. Hum-

phrey, who was living with him during the period when the *Principia* was composed and published. These letters contain no evidence to show how far Newton's thoughts were directed to sacred and solemn subjects; but, from the very absence of allusion to them, seem to imply very strongly that he was no exception to the general rule of the bad effect on the mind when the attention is wholly absorbed by one class of pursuits. But over and above this, we have the distinct assertion in the second letter that 'he very seldom went to chapel, that being the time he chiefly took his repose; and as for the afternoon, his earnest and indefatigable studies retained him so, that he scarcely knew the house¹ of prayer.' The only counterpoise to this statement is in the following sentence, that very frequently on Sundays he went to S. Mary's Church to hear the sermon, especially in the forenoon. To this account we have the addition in the following letter: 'As for his private prayers, I can say nothing of them. I am apt to believe his intense studies deprived him of the better part.' Yet with regard to the ordinary duties of life, and his intercourse with his fellow-men, it cannot be denied that Newton is entitled to the praise due to strict integrity and honesty. His apology to Locke for a mistake into which he was inadvertently drawn, exhibits great candour, and even meekness. This latter virtue, with that of general equanimity and an unruffled temper, is uniformly ascribed to him, and at no time of his life does he appear in any other light than as a man of perfectly upright and pure life, *i. e.* speaking as the world would speak. That his virtues, such as they were, had no foundation in any deep sense of religion, must be evident from what we have said above. The writer of the letters quoted above alludes to an illness which confined him for some days to his bed, which he bore, he says, with a great deal of patience and magnanimity, seemingly indifferent either to live or die. Of resignation and hope we hear nothing; nor is there on so solemn an occasion any allusion to religion at all. 'He, seeing me,' he continues, 'very much concerned at his illness, bid me not trouble myself. For if, said he, I die, I shall leave you an estate, which he then mentioned.' (Vol. ii. p. 95.)

He seems to have been endowed by nature with a kind and gentle heart, neither does he appear to have been wanting in offices of generosity to his relations or to the poor; nor, again, does there appear any instance of stinginess or illiberality worth mentioning—the poverty of one particular entertainment which is alluded to, being probably a mere accident.

¹ We have little doubt that in the original this word is 'hour,' but we have printed it as it stands in the author's text. In the French letter printed above, we have only altered evident mistakes of grammar.

With such views, we shall not be surprised to hear that Newton, though requested by several dignitaries of the Church, refused to take holy orders, partly on the ground that he did not hold with the Thirty-nine Articles, partly on the alleged reason that he should do religion more service as a layman. What service religion would do him, does not seem to have been the question. And here we desire to enter our most earnest protest against the mode of speaking which Sir David Brewster, in common with many other writers of the lives of men eminent in any particular branch of science, adopts in speaking of the bearing of their opinions on the truth of Christianity or revelation. If the truth of Christianity were to depend upon the number of scientific believers, we are afraid the evidence would be much more evenly balanced than some of these pretended champions of revelation would altogether like to acquiesce in. For ourselves, we are not in the habit of regarding it 'as a proud triumph of the Christian faith, that the greatest philosopher of which any age can boast was a sincere and humble believer in the leading doctrines of our religion, and lived conformably to its precepts;' and, accordingly, it is a matter perfectly indifferent to us, regarded in the light of evidence, how many of the 'wise of this world' have or have not been enrolled amongst the professors of Christianity, and lived a life conformable to its precepts. Certainly the Church could well afford to lose the support of those amongst her children who do not live up to her teaching. We therefore have no reluctance, on this ground at least, to admit that Sir Isaac Newton's belief scarcely rises to a level with Arianism. Our author is very indignant against the supposition that Newton took up religious investigations late in life, when he was either tired of or unfitted for philosophical speculation; and he has certainly proved that Newton's thoughts were turned this way before he was fifty years old, and that the religious turn, if so, it can in any sense be called, was quite unconnected with any supposed mental aberration. We must be careful to distinguish between Newton's religious opinions and those of his biographer. The writer in his preface speaks of Sir Isaac's religious opinions as being adverse to his own; nor was he, perhaps, called upon to do more than what he professes to do, viz. 'submit them to the judgment of the reader.' We are sorry that he almost contradicts himself in the following assertion, that 'what the gifted mind of Newton believed to be truth, I dare not pronounce to be error.' With regard, however, to Sir Isaac's views of toleration and comprehension, his aversion to creeds and dogmatic teaching, he evidently entirely sympathises with him—a toleration which, excluding only the opinions of Roman

Catholics, and those who in the author's view have tendencies towards Romanism, must obviously be extended to take in all shades of Arianism, and perhaps Socinianism itself.

In fact, Sir David Brewster sometimes speaks as if science and religion were almost convertible terms. There is no appearance of his having ever entertained the notion that religious views have any connexion with the state of the heart, the affections, and the will. It is as if it were a mere matter of understanding. Our readers will not be surprised, therefore, to find him designating Sir Isaac Newton as the High Priest of Science, or at his thinking that it is a sufficient answer to the objection that men of intellect are found in opposition to the faith, to allege the instances of men capable of judging of its merits who resist the evidence from the Copernican system (vol. ii. p. 358): 'If men of high powers, then, are still found, who are insensible to the evidence which has established the system of the universe, need we wonder that there are others who resist the effulgent evidence which sustains the strongholds of our faith?'

In spite of these men of straw, raised up and invented to object to the Copernican system, Newton is spoken of by our author (vol. ii. p. 359) as having 'united philosophy with religion, and so dissolving the league which genius had formed with scepticism, and adding to the cloud of witnesses the brightest name of ancient or of modern times.' In another place (p. 314) we find the author delighting in the thought that Newton never entered the Church, and therefore had 'no beacons to dread, and no false lights to mislead him. He was free to range through the volume of inspiration, and to gather from the Sibylline pages of its prophets and apostles, its historians and its poets, the insulated truths which they reveal, and to combine them into a broader faith, and embalm them in a higher toleration.'

It was the attempt of James II. to force upon the Universities members of the Roman Church which probably first drew Newton's attention to political and ecclesiastical questions. He was one of the deputation appointed by the senate to appear at Westminster before the High Commission, to show cause why they had refused to admit Father Alban Francis, a Benedictine monk, to the degree of Master of Arts, without taking the usual oaths of supremacy and allegiance. The Chancellor of Ely, who was one of the deputation, proposed that in this case the degree should be granted on condition that it should not be drawn into a precedent. Newton's habitual reserve, perhaps, prevented him from speaking openly on the subject; but he was unwilling to acquiesce in so dishonest an evasion, and

expressed to the University Bedell his opinion that this was equivalent to giving up the question. 'So it is,' was the reply; 'why didn't you go and speak to it?' However, he only ventured to propose that the suggestion should be submitted to counsel, which it accordingly was, and was withdrawn.

We are sorry that we cannot read many pages in any part of these volumes without being compelled to notice the impertinences of their author. The introduction of the name of Newton amongst the members of this deputation may perhaps plead his justification for indulging in some remarks upon the conduct of the King and of the University; but the irrelevant comparison of the case with what Sir David Brewster is pleased to call 'the attempts recently made in Oxford to tamper with the national faith,' and the reflection on the late governing body at Oxford, implied in the expression of the hope that the new Government which Parliament has provided will protect her youth against religious innovation, only betray his ignorance of the constitution of the University, as well as of the class of men who sat upon the Hebdomadal Board, or are likely to become members of the new Council.

Newton afterwards sat in the Convention Parliament of 1689; and though he appears to have taken no active part in political measures, yet his sympathies were entirely with the Revolution, and he seems to have felt no difficulty in transferring his allegiance from the one sovereign to the other, alleging, in his letter to the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, that 'when King William began to protect us, we began to owe him allegiance.'

It was not unnatural that his religious as well as his political sympathies should have been with the Latitudinarian divines who supplanted the Nonjurors in their bishoprics and other preferments. The Church of England was, humanly speaking, in great danger of surrendering some of the essential articles of the faith, when Tillotson and Burnet were amongst her leading and most influential governors, on the popular ground of a broader basis of toleration. The Archbishop was himself little better than a Socinian; and such was the want of learning amongst the clergy, and so widely spread the indifference to religious truth, that any proposal for enlarging the sphere of comprehension so as to include foreign Protestants, by acknowledging their orders, or admitting them to communion with the Church of England, would have met with general sympathy. We need not, therefore, be surprised at the following document, which, a few years later, was drawn up by Sir Isaac Newton as the draft for an Act of Parliament:—

'Whereas of late years, some opinions have been propagated by superstitious men among the Christians of the Church of England, to break all communion and friendship with the Protestant churches abroad, and to return into the communion of the Church of Rome; such as are the opinions, that the Church of Rome is a true church, without allowing her to be a false church in any respect, and that the Protestant churches abroad are false churches, and that they have no baptism, and by consequence are no Christians, and that the Church of England is in danger, meaning, by the succession of the House of Hanover. For preventing the mischiefs which may ensue upon such dangerous, uncharitable, and unchristian principles, be it enacted,—

'That the following declaration shall be made and subscribed in open court in the Quarter Sessions next after by all persons.

'We, whose names are underwritten, do solemnly, and without all equivocation or mental reservation, acknowledge and declare that we do sincerely believe that the Church of Rome is, in doctrine and worship, a false, uncharitable, and idolatrous church, with whom it is not lawful to communicate; and that the churches of the Lutherans and Calvinists abroad are true churches, with whom we may lawfully communicate, and that their baptism is valid and authentic; and that the Church of England is in no danger by the succession of the House of Hanover in the throne of the kingdom of Great Britain.'—*Brewster's Newton*, vol. ii. p. 351.

It is evident that Newton's ideas of toleration and comprehension went far beyond those of the Government, and he seems to have been careful how he expressed his opinions on religious subjects. The Toleration Act of 1688 excepted from its benefit all who wrote against the doctrine of the Trinity; and in the Act of 1698, for the Suppression of Blasphemy and Profaneness, persons who by printing, teaching, or advisedly speaking, denied any one of the Persons of the Holy Trinity to be God, were for the first offence disabled to have any office or employment, or any profit appertaining thereunto.

His biographer says that it does not appear that Newton was charged with being an Arian during his lifetime. He admits that a traditionary belief has long prevailed that Newton was an Arian, and says that he has no doubt that Newton was influenced by motives of this kind (fear, that is, of the consequences of avowing his belief) when he desired Locke to stop the translation and impression of his papers, and mentioned his design to suppress them. The papers alluded to are the 'Historical Account of Two Notable Corruptions of Scripture;' and the author again expresses his opinion (p. 337) that 'although 'it is obvious that in allowing his Dissertation to be published 'in Holland, Sir Isaac did not consider himself as supporting the 'Socinians or the Arians, yet it cannot be doubted that he was 'afraid of being known as the author of the work, and of holding 'the opinions which it advocates.' What is the meaning of the note at p. 339 we are at a loss to conceive, in which it is asserted that 'in suppressing these papers, Sir Isaac certainly 'did not "deliberately suppress his opinions," as Dr. Burgess has

‘stated.—There is abundance of evidence that he never abandoned the opinions maintained in these papers.’ The author apparently has it very much at heart to justify himself for having written, in 1830, his belief that Newton was a believer in the Trinity. We regret to say that the MSS. Sir David Brewster has since had access to, throw a good deal of light upon these opinions. The most remarkable amongst them are the ‘Paradoxical Questions concerning Athanasius,’ which are given, with an epitome of their answers, by the author in the text (pp. 342—6). These have been written out so legibly, and there are so many copies of them, that it can scarcely be doubted that they were thus repeatedly corrected for publication. ‘The fact, indeed,’ continues our author, ‘of Sir Isaac having, previous to his death, burned many of his letters and papers, and left these theological writings behind him, makes it more than probable that he had no desire to suppress his opinions.’ We think the natural conclusion at which the reader will arrive is, that Sir Isaac thought it wisest to suppress his opinions during his lifetime, but was indifferent how extensively they might be made known after his death.

With regard to the other MSS. on theological subjects, which have been placed in the Appendix, one consists of twenty theses, and is entitled ‘Irenicum, or Ecclesiastical Polity tending to Peace;’ the other of twenty-two queries regarding the word *ομολούσιος*. The former appears to have been copied out four times, and was probably, therefore, intended for publication. The latter, we may charitably suppose, would have undergone some corrections before it was finally transcribed for the press. We shall have occasion to notice this document presently, referring such readers as are curious about Newton’s opinions on religious and ecclesiastical questions, to the Appendix, No. 30, where they will find these queries printed at length. We doubt the expediency, and even the fairness, of bringing to the light the notes and scattered thoughts, which perhaps were never intended for publication, after an author’s death, when he is helplessly in the hands of an editor who perhaps is unable to comprehend his meaning, or even to read his handwriting; and, in the present instance, we have reason to suspect his editor of gross carelessness in transcribing his MSS., as well as of profound ignorance of the subject of ecclesiastical antiquity. The name of Ischyra is not so obscure a name as to offer any excuse for its occurrence twice in the same page with a wrong spelling. The slight mistake of Meletus for Meletius would scarcely have been worth notice, had it not occurred in the same sentence.

Whilst we are on the subject of verbal mistakes, it may be worth while to notice the quotation of *Ziphilina apud Dionam*,

and *Gregory Nystra*; in a letter of Newton to Locke, on the subject of miracles. The latter name is the substitute for that of *S. Gregory Nyssen*, and the former, we take for granted, should have been *Xiphilinus apud Dionem*. The letter contains at least one other mistake, which we may charitably ascribe to the corrector of the press.

We will conclude this article with a brief notice of Sir Isaac Newton's opinions on historical subjects of the times of S. Athanasius, premising that, as we have access only to the epitome of the answers to the sixteen questions given by their editor, we can only be responsible for the correctness of our account of them as they appear at pp. 342—6. We shall make no variations from the text, excepting that we shall transpose the alleged facts so as to exhibit them in historical order.

In the first place, then, it appears that Athanasius was ordained Bishop at twenty-five years of age by sedition and violence; the Bishops who ordained him, after resisting his importunities for many days together, and having been kept prisoners in a church by a mob of his party, at last consenting.

That Athanasius and his party were persecuted, not for religion, but sedition, by Constantius, who treated them with the greatest moderation, and that the Emperor is not surpassed by any other, of whom knowledge has come to the writer, in clemency, temperance, chastity, contempt of popular fame, affection to Christianity, justice, prudence, princely carriage, and good government.

That Athanasius was justly deposed by the Council of Tyre, for which seven different arguments are adduced. Whether these arguments are distinct from or identical with the assertions contained in the questions from the fourth to the twelfth inclusive, we know not. But, if so, the argument and the facts on which it rests stand as follows:—

That his deprivation was just, because, though he attempted by an ingenious artifice to explain away the charge of breaking the communion cup of Ischyrras (*sic*), he failed in doing so. Secondly, because the letter of Ischyrras to Athanasius is suspected to be a forgery, and that of Arsenius to the same is also concluded to be a forgery, got up before the convening of the Council. Thirdly, because he falsely accused Eusebius of adultery before the Council of Tyre, in hope of raising such a tumult as might enable him to escape being tried; and that the Athanasians afterwards invented this story, and pretended that the woman had been hired by the Eusebians to accuse Athanasius. Fourthly, that the dead body of Arsenius was, after being disinterred, produced before the Council of Tyre; that Athanasius was there found guilty of the murder, and accord-

ingly banished; and that the current story is a mere invention on the part of Athanasius about twenty-five years after—viz., that it was a dead man's hand that was produced before the Council, and that the charge was refuted by the production of Arsenius alive—and that the letter of Pinnes proving Arsenius to be alive was a forgery of the same date: in conformity with which view the writer endeavours to show the incorrectness of the story of the monk's confession, that Arsenius had been concealed at Hypseles (*sic*), and been sent out of the way to the lower parts of Egypt. The recantations of Valens and Ursatius, though supposed with good reason to be forgeries, are not charged directly upon Athanasius, but on his partisans.

In like manner, it appears that the charges against the Meletians are only fictions got up by Athanasius in retaliation for his having been brought to trial at the instance of Ischyrras, a Meletian Presbyter; and that the ignominious death of Arius was feigned, and put about above twenty years after his death. Athanasius pretended to have received it from Macarius, but, in reality, invented it himself, and circulated it, 'that the miracle 'of his death being known, it will no longer be doubted whether 'the Arian heresy be odious to God or not.'

Lastly, amongst these remarkable paradoxes we find the Council of Jerusalem and Tyre—which, for the occasion, are treated as a single council—was not an Arian council, but was a full council, and 'as authentic as any Greek council ever was 'or could be since the Apostles' days, they being in communion with the Church Catholic, and legally convened by the 'letters of Constantine the Great;' and that this council received Arius into communion, and excommunicated Athanasius. We have neither inclination nor space to give the refutation of all this nonsense, nor do we care to adjust the respective portions which belong to the author and the illustrious subject of his memoir. For the facts of the case, we must refer to the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' Enough has been said to convict both of the grossest ignorance, and, we fear we must add, one of them of wilful perversion of historical facts. We doubt not that many of our readers, in common with ourselves, will experience a grave disappointment that the genius which could with so unrivalled a sagacity penetrate the recesses of physical science, should have exhibited a spectacle almost unique of failure in the attempt to examine the facts of history and the testimony of antiquity.

The influence of mathematical and physical studies upon the religious belief, is both an interesting and important inquiry, and admits of being treated as a purely abstract question, as well as of being illustrated from an immense induction of parti-

cular instances. It is commonly thought that the tendency of men wholly devoted to pure mathematical science, is to infidelity; and we believe the view may be maintained by an appeal to facts. We not only willingly admit the fact, but wish to make it prominent, because, if it is true, it is very desirable in these days, when systems of education are so much discussed, that it should be as widely known as possible. What is there, we would ask, unreasonable in the supposition, that men whose minds are cramped and narrowed by exclusive attention to deductive processes, should become insensible to evidence of a totally different kind? Viewing the case as a mere matter of intellect, such persons actually become insensible to subjects which do not admit of being treated by the same rigid processes of argument. We do not wish here to enter upon the wide question, how far these pursuits, when carried too far, disincubate men for the more ordinary duties of life, or to what extent they interfere with the development of the imaginative faculty, or stunt the growth of the affections. Probably none would be found to advocate any such system, though, in point of fact, the Cambridge course of education was, till of late years, very much of this kind, or at least showed considerably too much favour to mathematics, as it was possible to obtain a degree at the final examination without any other knowledge whatever. We are, however, apprehensive of undue weight being assigned in a course of education to subjects connected with physical science. The tide has set very strongly in that direction. We trust we have no tendency to disparage the importance of mathematical and physical science combined, or to underrate its value as an integral part of education; but they will not do for the basis of an education. It may be said, and truly, that whatever evils may result from the respective processes of induction and deduction will be counterbalanced and eliminated by the judicious combination of the two. But there are other truths which it is of more importance to know than either the abstractions of mathematics or the facts of natural science, strictly so called; and there are qualities of mind which it is the business of education to develop, which the cultivation of these studies does not touch. The study of physical science no doubt has a natural tendency to correct the inclination which purely deductive science has, to deify its own first principles and axioms. It takes an opposite course, ascending to generalizations, which do but point towards others still higher and of still wider comprehension than themselves; yet unity of law and of design does not always, as it did to Newton's mind, suggest the idea of the One Almighty Being, of whose mind that Unity is a true reflection, much less does it of itself convey any knowledge of

His nature and attributes. We do not, of course, doubt that nature is replete with evidences of its great Creator. All we say is, that its phenomena and its laws are *φαινῶντα συνέτοιμα*. The deepest mysteries of the faith may possibly be read in the secrets of nature; but they will only be read by those who have the faculty of reading them.

The General Scholium with which the *Principia* concludes, proves Newton's belief in the Unity of the Godhead, and the Almighty power, Omnipresence, and Omniscience of God. It shows also that he thought his System of the Universe proved as much as this. Perchance he thought his principles did not allow him to go further, for of strictly moral attributes he is entirely silent. We do not blame him for this; we should not be surprised at finding readers who could follow his demonstrations up to this point, who should still demur to his conclusion.

There was another philosopher of the previous generation whose mind was far more evenly balanced than Newton's. We mean Blaise Pascal; and as our opinion on this subject exactly coincides with his, we prefer giving it in his own language:—

‘ Si le monde subsistoit pour instruire l'homme de l'existence de Dieu, sa divinité y reluiroit de toutes parts d'une manière incontestable; mais comme il ne subsiste que par Jésus-Christ et pour Jésus-Christ, et pour instruire les hommes, et de leur corruption et de la rédemption, tout y éclate de ces deux vérités. Ce qui y paroît ni marque, ni une exclusion totale, ni une présence manifeste de divinité, mais la présence d'un Dieu qui se cache : tout porte ce caractère.’

The Unity of God was by no means the whole of Newton's creed, but only so much of it as he thought could be proved from Nature; alleging, as he does, that to discourse of Him from the appearances of things does certainly belong to Natural Philosophy. It is certain that he received the Bible as containing the revealed will of God, and considered it as the ultimate standard of appeal; but his standard of doctrine was widely different from that of the Church.

In Horsley's edition of his works, we have notice of a paper of twelve short paragraphs, which, the editor thinks, were the beginning of a treatise on the divinity of our Saviour, noticing that in the fourth paragraph the Arian interpretation of the word *Logos*, in S. John's Gospel, is maintained, but the Socinian denied. It is difficult to reconcile this statement with the manuscript which is printed at pp. 349—50, and which also contains twelve articles, all of which would, we think, be adopted by many Socinians, though they contain an expression which they are not in the habit of using. However, their general bearing is rather towards Arianism than Socinianism. His ‘Short Scheme of the true Religion’ does not apparently contain any evidence either way; neither does another manuscript to which we have referred before,

which is entitled 'Irenicum, or Ecclesiastical Polity tending to Peace,' the chief characteristic of which is its Erastianism. The last document connected with this subject, is given in the Appendix, No. 30. It is in the form of twenty-two queries; these queries are not what their name imports—questions thrown out for solution of difficulties, but are merely a disguised form of expressing strong opinions, the reader being meant to supply the answer of 'certainly' or 'certainly not,' as the case may be. They are so ridiculous and childish that we shall content ourselves with giving the first and last as a specimen of their tone:—

'1 Whether Christ sent his Apostles to preach metaphysics to the unlearned common people, and to their wives, and children?'

'22. Whether Hosius, S. Athanasius, S. Hilary, S. Ambrose, S. Hierome, S. Austin, were not Papists?'

The question of Newton's Arianism or Socinianism is scarcely worth the attempt at a solution; and, indeed, there is little evidence either way. It seems most probable that he had no very definite creed as regards these points. It is clear that he had a strong prejudice against dogmatic statements, and likely therefore that, being without this safeguard, he would veer, according to circumstances, from one point to another. And here we part from Sir David Brewster, protesting against this being considered a question of words, and not hesitating, as he does, to pronounce that 'to be error which the gifted mind of Newton believed to be truth,' because we submit to that interpretation of Scripture which the Church Catholic has always held, as it was defined at the Nicene Council.

ART. IV.—*The History of England, from the Accession of James the Second.* By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Vols. III. and IV. London: Longman. 1855.

AMONG the circumstances attending the appearance of Mr. Macaulay's new volumes, there is one better worth noticing and remembering, than the number of cartloads of which the copies of the first edition consisted, or the number of miles over which its sheets, spread out, would stretch. The book was at once reviewed in the daily and weekly journals. Most of these reviews were written in a spirit of hearty sympathy with Mr. Macaulay's political principles. They were also written with no grudging admiration of Mr. Macaulay's powers. He had produced a great book; a book of singular and enduring interest. The spirit and eloquence of the first two volumes were more than kept up in the last two. It was indeed to be regretted that the scale on which he had resolved to construct his noble edifice forbad the hope of ever seeing it even half achieved. Yet who would be without a page of that rich and magnificent fragment, even for the sake of a wider and more comprehensive plan. But there was one opinion in which the ablest of the Whig critics of the favourite Whig historian were agreed.¹ The praise of a truthful and unexaggerated estimate of the chief characters of his story, they could not give him. The distance of the past, the spirit of the present, the natural disposition of a widely informed and practised mind to be impartial, the deliberate meditations of eight quiet years, had not been able to secure his elaborate judgments from the taint of prepossessions and antipathies. The lofty and accomplished historian had yielded to the vulgar temptations of over painting and under painting; he could not portray those whom he approved without sinking all their real faults, nor those whom he condemned without overloading them with crimes and abuse. Thus the great scene of English history, which was to have been filled with the men and women of our experience, the men and women of real life, the men and women of real letters and memoirs and actions, is filled with virtue as perfect, and with vice as untempered as a romance or a play. Thus a great task still remains for accomplishment. Whigs date the greatness of England from the deliverance of 1688; but they hesitate to accept Mr. Macaulay's William for the William of history, and

¹ See the *Athenæum*, and the just and forcible review in the *Times*.

wisely scruple, in such days as ours, at burdening their faith with an idol. Equitable and impartial men know that Marlborough's glory was barred by great turpitude; but the coarse rancour of his modern accuser displeases them, and they are not prepared, on such evidence as he lays before them, to paint-out the accustomed portrait, with its mingled greatness and deformity, in order to substitute the savage caricature which Mr. Macaulay has sketched instead of it.

Such is the remarkable coincidence of opinion in the preliminary judgment, passed at first view, on Mr. Macaulay's volumes by representatives, for the most part, of his own principles: principles that owe their strong hold on the English mind at this day, as much to the opportunities which he has had of expounding them, and to the art and eloquence with which he has recommended them, as to any other single cause. The *præjudicium* of favourable judges is against him. He has sacrificed everything and everybody to William's glory; and even his admirers resent the extravagant and unfair attempt, and, feeling that their cause does not need it, exclaim against the new confusion gratuitously introduced into history, by arbitrary violations of probability, and neglect of much evidence, in favour of a view vigorous and consistent indeed, but resting for its main support on Mr. Macaulay's powerful imagination, and strong personal feelings.

A second and more careful reading is not likely to reverse or even to qualify the impressions produced by the first. The feeling which the book leaves on our own mind is,—how a great and remarkable subject has been spoiled by a licentious abuse of those remarkable powers by which Mr. Macaulay seeks to bring back the image of the past; spoilt by want of a larger and more comprehensive, and in some cases more generous survey of the whole scene; spoilt by coarse touches, where the subject eminently required very careful and discriminating ones; spoilt by a vulgar straining after violent effects and strong contrasts; spoilt by an equally vulgar fear of dealing boldly and frankly with the good and the evil which seem out of keeping with what he represents. He has made the great, the fatal mistake, of pitching his tone too high for his subject. That subject is indeed one of high and eventful interest; but it is not heroic; nor can even Mr. Macaulay make either its incidents or its men heroic. For all that, it presents inexhaustible materials for a great history. But the historian must not *force* his materials. Draw William of Orange truly, his ambition, his perseverance, his long-headed foresight, his subtle, silent, crafty, resolute nature; draw him with the keenness, and, if you can, the fellow-feeling of Davila and Guicciardini—add a few more traits than they

would have cared to add, of human feeling; and you have a curious and striking, and probably a true picture of one of the most remarkable actors of his time; not a man to admire or to love, or to place very high in the scale of men, yet a great politician: but make him the man of lofty and generous ideas, of fine sensibilities elicited by the ties and realities of home, though continually suppressed under a stoical exterior, the devoted, much-enduring, and ever suffering hero—and we can only say that you will be hard put to it to find anything, in the monuments which remain of him, to correspond to your picture. The struggles of English parties and factions are a strange and instructive scene; the traces of them are remaining to this day: in them were laid, in deep unconsciousness of the future, the awkward and ungainly foundations of some of the greatest institutions of modern England; in them were established, in very unpromising forms, and for reasons often of a very equivocal nature, some of the chief principles of modern English polity and law; in them were given some of the most important warnings to posterity, which English history supplies. In their results, they have proved as important as those of the Reformation or the Rebellion.* But when you come to bring to light and track home the men and their doings, you must be content to measure them, for the most part, by the measure which they took of themselves. They were a shrewd, cool, clear-headed, plausible, self-interested race, to whom high principles and high obligations were almost confessedly a matter of words. They played a keen game very often; but it was not with the terrible enthusiasm of their fathers and grandfathers. To do them justice, to put in a clear light the peculiar character of their doublings and twistings, their bargains and their perfidies, their low-mindedness and impudence, a historian does not want the dark colours of Tacitus, or the solemnity of Clarendon; he wants rather the keenness, the humour, the sense of the absurd, the hard dry irony of their own satirists and pamphleteers. Those smooth faces, and huge perukes, and affectations of Roman armour and Roman togas, which we see in their portraits, tell of an age of masks: it is affectation to impute to them the virtues, it is unfair to judge them by the standard of better times: and where all are so far distant from what we ourselves account the ordinary measures of honesty, and good faith, and public spirit, it is absurd to magnify the distance which separated the more from the less scrupulous among them; and while we are perfectly alive to the atmosphere of trick and intrigue in which they all lived and schemed, to single out for the indignation which attends extraordinary villany some particular instances of it, in men or parties, whom we do not like.

And this is the great vice which counterbalances the rare, and in some points unrivalled, excellences of Mr. Macaulay's history ; and it is one for which they cannot make amends, as regards the purpose for which history is written. This want of moral perspective gives an artificial and factitious air to all the composition ; and nothing can compensate for the appearance of want of reality and truthfulness in history. It is indeed a long time since there have been brought together on such a subject such manifold and various and consummate gifts, as in this book. The broad and accurate view of the statesman, the closer analysis and balancing of the philosopher, the terse and nervous argument of the debater—bold and stirring declamation—an eye which nothing escapes, a grasp which collects and adjusts and holds together every trait, and a touch, of the nicest and most delicate, in painting manners—a power of telling a story in plain and racy English which Defoe might have envied—an art in the arranging and marshalling of intricate materials not inferior to Gibbon's—the keen, genial, yet only half disclosed sensibility of a great humourist, to all that rises before him of grotesque or touching, ridiculous, noble, or pathetic, in their least obvious forms—ability to group together the gravest and the lightest parts of a subject without incongruity, and a flexible versatility which turns from one to the other without breaking the continuity of a line of thought or feeling—remarkable skill in seizing and representing the local character and colour of scenes where great events happened—great learning, great accuracy, great memory—all these are here, each in a degree which would singly make a considerable name for another man ;—exhibited under the harmonizing and controlling influence of a judgment perfectly master of itself and its purpose, and brought to ripe perfection by the leisure and meditation of many quiet years ; and their results are woven together in a style of singular animation, clearness, and force. Such a history, diffuse as it is, unfinished as it must be, will not soon be seen again in England. But when the regret rises to our minds of having to forego the hope of seeing the great undertaking accomplished, the thought comes with it, how signally that part which has been done, has fallen short ! Few can be proof against the charms of its brilliant, exciting, persuasive narrative. The view that it presents of men and events is clear, vivid, consistent, instructive. But when you have done, you do not feel that it has left you with an impression to which you can surrender yourself ; or that the historian has really taken in, and given their due weight to all the facts, which all ought to be taken into account and allowed for, whatever opposite ones there may be, in gathering up the result. You feel that the historian has not told you all. You feel that

he has not been willing or able to disengage his mind from evidence which bore him in one direction, in order to allow it to be fairly acted on by evidence which would have borne him in another. And when you have said that, of a historian writing in the name of learning, candour, and justice, writing of the quarrels and mistakes of parties, now old and dead—writing when we are learning to acknowledge on all sides, that great truths and great causes do not hang on the perfection of those who have represented them—writing with the declared purpose of giving to Englishmen a specimen of their own history, worthy of their times, their light, their fearless love of truth,—if you have said it truly, you have pronounced a condemnation, which no splendour of writing, no fulness of information, no partial fairness can countervail.

The English Revolution of 1688 has been viewed with feelings borrowed from later history. It succeeded; and success carries its own title to admiration and applause. But, besides that, it really was the beginning, though a somewhat unpromising one, of good government in this country; and those unpromising beginnings have, in the course of a century and a half, borne fruits, which have been in reality quite out of proportion with the character of the stock from which they sprung. But they were naturally, and with something of pious reverence, ascribed to the wisdom and patriotism of the Revolution and its statesmen. The last result of a series of convulsions, the Bill of Rights, has proved a settlement which has not needed alteration; and public men feeling the incalculable benefits depending on a settlement, and in fact due to that one, have long vied with each other in extolling the policy out of which it arose; and it has shone with glory reflected upon it, from a long period of constitutional liberty and progress. But in these panegyrics it was the work more than the motives, the legal text of documents rather than the character of their framers, which was in view; those motives and characters were favourably construed, as would be natural with judges in good humour with the work, but with much the same looseness as we eulogise the feudal Barons who gave us Magna Charta. But to the historian there was, from a very early date, something very suspicious about the political morality of even the most venerable among these fathers of the constitution. Their wisdom, their gravity, their moderation, as evinced in their cautious and weighty acts of State, have stood the test of time and trial; not so the springs and reasons which moved these deep and wise statesmen to their great work. There it appeared more and more, that in most of the men of the Revolution there was nothing to be proud of. Their heads were much harder than those of their rivals, but

their hearts were as callous and cold. Their triumph was the victory, the natural, and in its results, the salutary victory, of wider views and truer judgments, of cooler tempers and stronger sense, over extravagant claims and dogged blindness, over flighty cleverness and unthinking enthusiasm. But though there was so much difference in intellectual force, there was but little in moral and political principle. Those powerful and commanding spirits, against whom the court of James played such a hopeless game, held generally no higher standard of virtue or honour than the poor intriguers who struggled impotently against their heavy hand. As the secrets of that day have been unfolded, as the lapse of time has unsealed confidential letters, and opened private diaries, and decyphered dark messages, the character of one after another of these great men has sunk lower and lower. We know them now. Cold-blooded selfishness, falsehood, double-dealing and perfidy equally cold-blooded and deliberate, the meanest vanity and revenge, the basest and most venal avarice, ruled the souls of many of those who in that trying day spoke so well, and acted with such dignity, and resolved so wisely and so warily. We may think as highly as we please of the Revolution; we can hardly any longer think very highly of its great men.

No one has done more to confirm this judgment than Mr. Macaulay. No one has painted that time in more powerful colours; and they are as dark as they are powerful. A reader must be very insensible who can rise from the perusal of his pages without feeling humiliated at the picture there given of the English people of that day, and the leaders of their parties. The chiefs of the Revolution hardly fare better than any one else. Mr. Macaulay discriminates, indeed, between them; not always, as it appears to us, with fairness. He is singularly gentle in his treatment of some, who seem to deserve no such privilege; he is unmeasured in his abuse and scorn of others, who do not seem to have risen or sunk very much beyond their fellows in their contempt of principle. Yet whatever individual differences may be marked, the general look of that crowd of great men is singularly repulsive. In Mr Macaulay's narrative, one only stands out from among them fully and strongly; with no taint of their lowness of soul, if they are bad; with no fellowship in their weakness or narrow-mindedness, if they are honest. That one is William of Orange.

William appears, in these pages, from first to last, to use Mr. Macaulay's favourite word, as the Deliverer—the Deliverer of the English people, not only at the moment of the Revolution, but ever afterwards, at the various turning points of his reign; their Deliverer first from bitter bondage and foreign

vassalage, afterwards from the imminent chastisement of their own faults and follies, their mad intestine quarrels, their hasty outbreaks of revenge or disappointment; their Deliverer from those plagues which are the scourge of faction, of unreasoning prejudice and caprice. He alone saw and valued their true interests, and secured those interests in spite of themselves. He accepted and bore their ill-will and ingratitude, that he might save them. It was a heroic work. It added to his sorrows, his dangers and his cares, and it brought no compensation. For he toiled and fought for people whom he did not love; whom it was impossible that he could ever respect and trust. For he was lofty-minded and large-hearted; and the best of them were cross-grained and hide-bound islanders, full of conceit and ignorance—the average of them were a selfish, unscrupulous, and revengeful herd—the worst of them were some of the most accomplished and abandoned traitors of that age of treason. Yet he bore with them; he used them; he passed over the villany on which he, almost with his own eyes, saw them busy; he bore in suffering, he bore in silence, he could not help bearing with contempt. Though a warrior, he revolted from the violence and judicial bloodshed, for which they were so ready. Though caring and understanding little about our institutions, his natural good sense and temper made him work them far better than those who did. With all those kingly virtues, he was also something less, and something more, than a king. He was a man of stern and saturnine temper, but who under that unattractive mask hid the noblest of souls; a soul which would not win even a kingdom by dishonour or double-dealing, a soul to which the splendour of the magnificent crown which he had won, and which he had made more splendid, was not in itself worth the delights of the austere and simple home of his childhood; a soul, full of the deepest friendship, and the tenderest affection, made all the more touching, from the jealous reserve with which it was locked up. Such was William as a man: such was he as king of England. But over and above all this, he was the chief actor in a scene of which England was but a subordinate part. He was the head and soul of a confederacy of European kings. He filled without a rival the first place, where the Emperor of Germany and the King of Spain were second. He alone stood in the path of the French monarchy to European conquest, and obliged French ambition to wait for Napoleon. He was not only the Deliverer to England, he was the Deliverer also to Christendom and the civilised world.

Mr. Macaulay, whose nature is not to venerate,^{*} feels for William a passionate veneration. He claims a place for him in

the Pantheon of Heroes; the silent unpretending ones who made no show, and whose greatness and goodness has had to be interpreted in distant days, from the harsh, crabbed hieroglyphics in which they lay enshrined. He has formed a conception of him, new, indeed, but striking, and he has added this on, with exquisite art, and interwoven it with what is certain and indisputable, of William's wisdom and capacity. The representation pleads hard to be admitted. There are the old well-remembered features, but painted by the hand of genius; not in the rude plainness of the first limners, but though unchanged and stern, with new grace and nobility infused into them. We admire the master; but does he leave us with the conviction that he has painted true, in those delicate but all-important matters of expression and living character? We think few of Mr. Macaulay's readers, few of those, at least, who have even cursorily gone through the documents of the times, will say so. In his estimate of William there is much that is true, and much that is original; but what is true, is what has been long acknowledged, and of what is original, there is, as far as we can see, no evidence.¹

William, as Mr. Macaulay very justly keeps continually before us, filled two great positions. He was chief of a great continental alliance, and he was king of these islands. They were not necessarily incompatible positions, but they might easily become opposed, or entirely subordinated one to the other. Were they both filled with equal heart, with equal care and interest, by William? Mr. Macaulay is obliged to admit fully that he cannot say so:—

'He had, in the course of his eventful life, to sustain some high parts for which he was not eminently qualified; and, in those parts, his success was imperfect. As sovereign of England, he showed abilities and virtues which entitle him to honourable mention in history; but his deficiencies were great. He was to the last a stranger among us, cold, reserved, never in good spirits, never at his ease. His kingdom was a place of exile. His finest palaces were prisons. He was always counting the days which must elapse before he should again see the land of his birth, the clipped trees, the wings of the innumerable windmills, the nests of the storks on the tall gables, and the long lines of painted villas reflected in the sleeping canals. He took no pains to hide the preference which he felt for his native soil and for his early friends; and therefore, though he

¹ He refers very often to William's letters, but does not often quote them. It is greatly to be regretted that Mr. Macaulay has not given larger extracts from these letters. 'King William's letters,' says Dalrymple, 'are the best written of the age in which he lived.' But after such a work as this, we ought no longer to be at the mercy of privileged consultants of great historical documents. It would be a worthy act if the Portland papers were edited for the public; and if the Government took steps for the editing and publication of that foreign correspondence which Lord Palmerston has collected at the British Museum. (Macaulay, iv. 417.) In France they would not be slow at such a work.

rendered great services to our country, he did not reign in our hearts.'—
Vol. iv. pp. 256, 257.¹

It is plain, that in William's eyes that noble crown for which he had played such a clever game, was of value only because it gave a vast increase of strength to his position on the continent. It gave him a new and most important piece on the board. But his English government was a by-work, necessary, yet only subsidiary to the great dream and object of his soul,—marshalling the nations of the continent against Louis. It gave him trouble, and he submitted to that trouble. It required his rare talents of keeping in order discordant elements and minds, and he kept them in order. It was in the highest degree necessary that England should be weaned from the agitation and violence which had alternated there with intervals of inglorious stupor, for more than half a century. In doing so, he displayed the coolness and address, the temperate and sober counsels which, perhaps, would have been unattainable in any Englishman who had been a witness, a sharer, and probably a sufferer, in the hot and fierce struggles of the day. With all the weight of his character, with all the subtlety of his crafty nature, he tried to keep the peace between interests and factions for whose objects he cared nothing and did not disguise his contempt, but whose quarrels threatened ruin to the island strength which he required so much on the continent. He needed English fleets in the Channel and the Mediterranean, English battalions in the fields of Flanders; above all, that abounding English exchequer, which was never dry, and seemed never to suffer by what it gave. He did not grudge some portion of his thoughts and care to nurse and improve these great sources of supply, and he was well repaid. England gained, doubtless, by having vigour, instead of dulness and incapacity, at the head of her counsels; by having some one to govern her who, from temper and interest, was disposed to accustom her parties to a less sanguinary and reckless warfare; some one who saw and felt his advantage in multiplying her power and perfecting her resources. But whatever obligations she incurred were amply

¹ Mr. Macaulay had stated this even more strongly before:—'Those who commit the error of considering him as an English statesman, must necessarily see his whole life in a false light, and will be unable to discover any principle, good or bad, Whig or Tory, to which his most important acts can be referred. But, when we consider him as a man whose especial task was to join a crowd of feeble, divided, and dispirited states in firm and energetic union against a common enemy; when we consider him as a man in whose eyes England was important, chiefly because, without her, the great coalition which he projected must be incomplete, we shall be forced to admit that no long career recorded in history has been more uniform from the beginning to the close, than that of this great prince.'—Vol. ii. p. 185. But he has not kept in view his own admission when he comes to treat William's character and policy in detail. Then, his English administration finds as full a justification as his foreign policy.

discharged to William of Orange. She gave him, what he wanted, her fleets, her armies, her treasure; she gave him, what he wanted, the second throne of the West: she gave him to appear in the camps and congresses where his heart was always, with the pomp and strength and credit which was not his by inheritance. She never gave him her love, says his panegyrist. Did he ever want it? Did he ever give his real interest for anything that was merely English, and not European? England was great enough to be worth the concentrated energies of a great statesman; and if he wore her crown, to have the first place in his thoughts, his heart, his pride. But what English institution ever attracted the notice of William, ever escaped his scorn and expressed dislike, except it might serve him in war or diplomacy? What branch of English policy, or law, or administration, shows that it had come under the care of his vigilant and energetic mind? In truth, his sense of his duty as King of England was not strong. He ruled in England, he cared for England, as a general rules in an army or cares for an army, with which his credit is identified, but which is composed of men who do not speak his tongue, and who speak different tongues and have different religions among themselves. And then he resented, he who in England was ever the haughtiest and the coldest of men, the unpopularity which came upon him. There is something exquisitely ludicrous in the way in which William all through, with the utmost gravity, made a favour of being King of England—dwelt on the great sacrifices which he was making on her behalf, and on the unrequited and disproportionate labour which it cost him to keep her quiet. These islands gave so much trouble to their deliverer—to him who had left his home, and risked so much to rescue them. He could not govern these English; he would go back to Holland, and leave them to cut one another's throats. And Mr. Macaulay thinks that he spoke it in sad and disappointed earnest,—Mr. Macaulay, who has been all his life conversant with the words and purposes of kings and statesmen,—he thinks that so wise and shrewd a man as King William meant what he said, and had good reason to complain. Really it was rather too bad for William, after having grasped at the English crown when it was not his own, and while he was reaping for his own objects and ambition the advantages of wearing it, to give vent to peevish and unmanly grumbling, because it gave him trouble. It was but natural for Burnet to echo it;¹ but the

¹ 'At the opening of the Session of Parliament, 1697, the king told them, that in his opinion a standing land force was necessary the House of Commons carried the jealousy of a standing army so high, that they would not hear the motion, nor did they like the way the king took of offering them his opinion on the point:

comedy becomes rather extravagant, when Mr. Macaulay deliberately invests it with the dignity of an involuntary outburst of heroic sadness and indignation.¹

The truth is, that with all his knowledge, and we must add, with all his assurance, Mr. Macaulay feels himself very much embarrassed, in trying to keep up the impression that he is bent on producing—that this able and ambitious foreign statesman was also, if not a successful, at least a patriotic and constitutional English king. For instance, William, as he distinctly and repeatedly points out, was his own foreign minister.² His English ministers were allowed to know no more of his dealings with his confederates at the Hague and at Ryswick than he chose to tell them, and that was very little. But this, of course, is highly unconstitutional, and Mr. Macaulay thinks it incumbent on him to give reasons for William's broad departure from constitutional principles.³ One reason is, that constitutional rights and limits were not yet settled and adjusted; and that is a good reason, though not always remembered by him on other occasions. Another, and one that he even more relies on, is, that if William might without censure be his own general and fight the battle of the Boyne, he might equally be his own Foreign Minister; and that is a bad one, first, because on the same ground he might have been anything else, Chancellor, Chief Justice, or Archbishop; and next, because the two cases are not parallel, nor is the amount of responsibility the same, in the cabinet minister, who decides upon the course which his country is to pursue and the engagements she is to contract abroad, and

this seemed a prescription to them, and might bias in some the counsels they were to offer to the king, and bar the freedom of debate: the managers of the court had no orders to name any number, so the house came to the resolution of paying off and disbanding all the forces which had been raised since 1680. This vote brought the army to be less than 8,000. The court were struck with this, and then they tried by an after-game to raise the number to 15,000. *If this had been proposed in time, it would probably have been carried without any difficulty; but the king was so long on the reserve, that now, when he came to speak out his mind, he found it was too late*—so a force not exceeding 10,000 was all that the house could be brought to.

On this Burnet remarks,—the difference, it will be observed, being between 15,000 and 10,000 men, and the defeat of the court having taken place solely by William's own fault—

'This gave the king the greatest distaste of anything that had befallen him in his whole reign. He thought it would derogate much from him, and render his alliance so inconsiderable, that he doubted whether he could carry on the government, after it should have been reduced to so weak and so contemptible a state. He said, that if he could have imagined, that after all the service he should have done the nation, he should have met with such returns, he would never have meddled in our affairs; and that he was weary of governing a nation that was so jealous, as to lay itself open to an enemy, rather than trust him, who had acted so faithfully during his whole life, that he had never once deceived those who trusted him. He said this, with a great deal more to the same purpose, to myself; but he saw the necessity of submitting to that which could not be helped.'—Burnet, ii. 207.

¹ Vol iii. 528—531.

² iii. 14, 67, iv. 9.

³ iv. 10, 11.

in the general who fights a battle, even if that battle chance to be a critical one. No one will say that William's responsibility was the same, when he secretly pledged England to the Partition Treaty¹ without asking the advice of his own ministers or the consent of Spain, and when he resolved to take the chance of fighting at Landen, or of besieging Namur. But in reality the argument is quite superfluous, and neither Mr. Macaulay's reasons, nor those of his opponents, ever entered William's mind. One thing is quite certain, that he came to England to be his own foreign minister. He came to England to carry on more effectually a great European plan of policy, which was the work and object of his life, and to which he intended the foreign policy of England to contribute. To have given up that foreign policy to an English minister, would have been to give up that for which alone he cared to be King of England. Whether the constitution was violated or not, the author of the League of Augsburg would never have left in any hands but his own the direction of an influence, on whose weight, far more than on his campaigns or sieges, the result of his great undertaking depended.

The constitutional feature which, as strongly as any other, marks William's connexion with England, is the beginning in his reign of that organized and acknowledged system of corruption in Parliament which was for more than a century the shame and almost the condemnation of parliamentary government.² It began under William, and William himself practised

¹ Burnet, ii. 232.

² 1689. 'From him' (Sir John Trevor) 'began the practice of buying off men, in which hitherto the king had kept to stricter rules. I took the liberty once to complain to the king of this method; he said, he hated it as much as any man could, but he saw it was not possible, considering the corruption of the age, to avoid it, unless he would endanger the whole.'—*Burnet*, ii. 42. 'Compare Mr. Macaulay's paraphrase, iv. 547.

1691. 'The taking off Parliament men, who complained of grievances, by places and pensions, was believed now to be very generally practised.'—*Burnet*, ii. 86.

1693. 'The truth was, it came to be observed, that some got credit by opposing the government. . . This gave a specious colour to those who charged the court with designs of corrupting members, or at least of stopping their mouths by places and pensions.'—*Burnet*, ii. 105.

Sir Christopher Mu-grave, 'on many critical occasions, gave up some important points, for which the king found it necessary to pay him very liberally.' *Burnet* ii. 109; and the notes of Dartmouth, Onslow, and Hardwicke. Sir C. Mu-grave was the 'unsuspected old patriot' of Pope's lines ('Moral Essays,' iii. 35)—

'Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak,
From the crack'd bag, the dropping guinea spoke;
And gingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
"Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."'

1694. 'The strength and reputation' of our constitution 'was very much sunk; for corruption was so generally spread, that it was believed that everything was carried that way.'—*Burnet*, ii. 138.

Mr. Macaulay's remarks on the history and peculiarities of Parliamentary corruption (iii. 541—547) are a curious mixture of truth and sophistry.

it broadly and frankly. Mr. Macaulay tells us that it was so; but he adds, William declared that he did not like it—that he did it against his will, because he could not help himself. Probably Sir Robert Walpole sometimes said the same. But what we look for, on the part of a high-souled and honest ruler, at the first appearance of a great mischief, debasing and mining the character of a nation, is some signs of appreciation of its evil, and some attempt to check it. Even Mr. Macaulay can find nothing of this kind to record of William. With a passing verbal protest, that he could not avoid it and gain his ends, William, with quiet unconcern, left it to gather and gain head, and used it. It was cunning policy in the foreign statesman, who wanted English resources as readily and with as little trouble as possible; it was base and unkingly policy, as much so as that of any of the Stuarts, in an English sovereign.

Mr. Macaulay lays the blame on the people who were willing to be corrupted. And he enlarges in strong and terrible language on the utter want of principle and honour among William's English servants. But if it was so, what reason have we for setting William himself so much higher in the scale, as regards public spirit and nobility of soul, than his own generation? We see in him one of those men, not so rare in history, to whom power was the chiefest of earthly goods, and whom nature had endowed with a marvellous aptitude for winning and retaining power. William's aptitude consisted, not in impressing his own will and character on everything around him, like Louis or Napoleon, but in managing that other men in pursuing their own ends should forward his own. It would have been a new and curious study to Macchiavelli, and he best could have done it justice—that passionate yet disciplined nature, from childhood, in spite of the impediments and blight of a life-long sickness, burning and panting after power, yet never misled by passion or chance as to the conditions under which power was within its reach—doggedly battling against the load and fret of weakness and asthma, yet master at every moment of a judgment as undisturbed, as sure, as profound, as unclouded as the spirit which it served was restless and troubled; with fierce and desperate energy making the most of the doubtful chances of life, and peevish always and sullen, and often tempestuous in his rage at contradiction, as if he felt that his time was short, and he could less afford to be hindered than healthier men; yet of all men the most convinced that hurry was useless—of all men the most patient to bide his opportunity and resigned to its inevitable lingering—of all men the most patient to put up with failure and repair a mistake: prompt and hot and venturous at the nick of the enterprise, yet retiring unmortified and undismayed, if it

missed, to contrive it afresh : a man whom all witness to have been imperious, resentful, contemptuous, yet broken in to be so cool, so yielding, so craftily considerate, so wary, so studious of temperaments and compromise, so averse to violent expedients, in the moment of calculation and counsel : unbending in purpose, irresistible in will, impetuous when resolved to act ; yet it was in the subtle combinations of policy that he found his keenest enjoyment ; the more the game admitted of skill and play, the more indirect the road by which he moved round to his object, the greater the zest he felt ; and even louder than his glee in the hunting-field, when some stag with sixteen antlers had fallen, was his boisterous laugh of triumph when he had outwitted his opponent.¹ He was the silent and crafty weaver of a network of opposing interests, which with unwearied patience and clear-sightedness he maintained unbroken. He measured with cold and keen judgment the passions, the aims, the dangers, the antipathies of other men, and so worked on them and so balanced them, that they should do his purpose, and he seem necessary to fulfil their own. No statesman had yet arisen in modern Europe who had been able to survey so exactly and with such dispassionate impartiality the forces of the fierce jarring elements round him, or to calculate so truly the precise point, up to which they might be, beyond which they could not be, harmonized. Undaunted and inflexible, he had yet comprehended, from the spectacles of that bloody age, that before the sure reaction from violent extremes and ferocious retribution, even courage and resolution are in vain. Wary and keen-sighted, his very keen-sightedness showed him that the fashionable suspiciousness of the politicians of his day, instead of being a mark of deep sagacity, was mere stupidity and blindness ; that it was powerless to prevent what was really dangerous, while it made what was safe, intolerable ; and having seen through his instruments, their clashing temptations and master passions, he rested secure in his estimate of their game. But what is there in all this to place William, except in intellect and force of character, above his fellows ? and what is there *more* ? We are told about many other things,—his high feelings of friendship, his noble simplicity of taste, his piety, his conjugal love. It is easy to imagine it ; it is easy to add those insinuating epithets, which have almost the power of fact, and against which it is so difficult to guard our feelings from being imposed upon. But where is the proof ? That William had a hearty and obsequious² servant in Bentinck and was attached to him ; that he liked the ditches of Holland and the hedges of Loo better than Windsor ; that at solemn and critical times he spoke of Providence ; that

¹ Lord Dartmouth in Burnet, ii 304

² Burnet's word, ii 5.

latterly he learned to treat the wife, who brought him his crown, less offensively, and was deeply moved by her untimely death,—is really but very small warrant for all that Mr. Macaulay has embroidered on these very commonplace and ordinary facts. It is not enough to prove that he was either a high-souled or a good man. And when Mr. Macaulay makes such a merit of the Act of Grace, and of the indisposition of William's government to shed the blood of political opponents, it simply proves, what no one has questioned, that William had thought more coolly and profoundly than the angry men around him about what would best secure his throne in England. But we must pause before we admire the humanity of the man who gave with such indifference—to take Burnet's exculpation—the order for the extirpation of the Macdonalds, and deliberately refused to punish the miscreant who had so terribly interpreted his words: before we extol the magnanimity of the man, who, from personal vindictiveness,¹ insisted on extra-legal means being found to compass the destruction of so insignificant an offender as Sir John Fenwick: before we can think highly of the feelings of honour of a king, who out of all England chose to take to his bosom, and to treat with greater confidence than any other Englishman, the abandoned Sunderland. before we can think very highly of the conjugal feelings of him who, when he became king of England by Mary's title, made Elizabeth Villiers the richly endowed Countess of Orkney. It is an unhappy distinction of William that he was the last English Sovereign whose assent was given to a sentence of death by act of attainder;² the last whose name is signed to a warrant for an indiscriminate massacre on grounds of State; the last whose name is signed to a warrant for the use of the torture.³ We spoke of the grim satisfaction with which a politician of the old Italian school would have contemplated such a specimen of state-craft, exquisitely and temperately adjusted to its times: if anything could add to that grim satisfaction, it would be to see how easy it is to portray such a character in the colours of unswerving honour, and of noble and self-denying goodness.

The effect of this primary false conception is obvious throughout the history. This one false patch of leading colour throws

¹ Mr. Macaulay suggests that William's 'intense personal aversion' to Sir John Fenwick arose from his impertinence to Mary, after the fall of Mons (iv. 34). He gives no proof; and other reasons were assigned at the time, not very probable ones, perhaps, but at least as probable, as that William should have so resented impertinence to a lady, even if that lady was Mary.

² Macaulay, iv. 769.

³ In Nevil Payne's case. 'This is the last instance of the use of the torture in Scotland. An account of it is to be found in the record of the Scottish Privy Council, 10 Dec, 1690. There was a special warrant for it, signed by the king and Melville.'—Dalrymple's 'Memoirs' (second edition, 1771), p. 426, note.

all the rest of the picture into confusion. The central point being wrong, the other parts of the construction are distorted or dragged out of their place. In proportion as William rises, all who belonged to him rise too; all who were in collision with him suffer. And as William rises much higher than he ought, a good deal of force and a good deal of artifice are needed to keep his friends in their places; and a good deal of uncandid and unfair severity is exercised towards those who opposed him. In proportion as his rule is assumed to be beneficent and righteous, insensibility to its benefits appears more inexcusable, and opposition to it a darker crime. In proportion as it is assumed that it ought to have appeared to all men the plain and manifest settlement of great distractions—that its title was without a flaw, and the means of its establishment pure and blameless—in the same proportion will attempts to overturn it appear to deserve the stigma of treason, and unfaithfulness to it to be inexplicable except on the supposition of stupidity or wickedness. But these judgments depend on that which we form of the qualifications of William's government to command attachment and confidence; and few will agree with Mr. Macaulay's estimate of these qualifications, even from a perusal of his own history.

Mr. Macaulay writes as if it were a subject of astonishment, that when William seized the crown, England was not at once quiet and submissive under his rule. He seems to think that on all sides the Revolution ought to have been accepted as final. He treats it as unpardonable crime,—and when Mr. Macaulay does not pardon, his vigilant dislike never slumbers,—that friends and enemies should not at once have surceased from all looking forward to the contingencies of the future, and resigned themselves with unreserved confidence to the guidance of the Deliverer. He is beyond measure indignant that there should have been any Non-jurors, any Jacobites, any adherents to the old-fashioned yet widely received Cavalier doctrines of hereditary right. He overflows with scorn and sarcasm at the restlessness and pertinacity of the party of the defeated House; their acts are always baser and more crooked than those of any other plotters of those days; Jacobite libels and lampoons are continually alluded to, as if they were more bitter and more mendacious than those of any other party; he sneers at Jacobite secret presses, as if none but Jacobites had ever printed in garrets, under the fear of spies and messengers and the danger of a Council warrant; he laughs at Jacobite parsons busily running about the streets with the news, just as if Dissenting preachers or Whig informers had never run about as busily in their time. And it is not Jacobites only whom he treats so severely. He seems to find it difficult to understand how any Englishman

could have balanced,* after William was on the throne, between an old line of kings and an untried and scarcely known foreigner. He writes as if it was a disgrace to them that they did not at first glance discern the wisdom of the Convention's choice, and the singular fitness for the English throne of the great Continental statesman whom they had chosen. He is disgusted with the Whigs for checking and distrusting William; he is disgusted with the Tories for not preferring him to any one else. The ties of years had been broken all over the country; the course of government abruptly turned aside by a most eventful and unforeseen experiment; not the wisest of those who dared it could predict its issue: yet Mr. Macaulay writes as if it is surprising that William's accession should not at once have silenced all regrets, all doubtings, all anxieties, and won the hearty allegiance of every class of the English people.

But Mr. Macaulay's fundamental apprehension of the state of things in those days is unfair and narrow. He tries a state of disturbance by the rules of a state of rest. It is obvious that you must make very different allowances for the behaviour of a whole nation, and of its parties and factions, where a government is an acknowledged and settled one, and where a title is new and contested, where possession is precarious and uncertain, where authority is but of yesterday and has itself arisen out of violence and intrigue, and where the minds of all men are still vexed and harassed by the sense of insecurity and the probability of change. Even conspiracy and insurrection, even the dissimulations and stratagems of defeated partizans will have a different aspect in the eyes of fair lookers-on, according to their times. Bad and wrong, and ultimately mischievous, such measures almost always are; yet it is to be remembered that they have almost always been but the too ready and natural weapons of all defeated parties in troublous times, in carrying on a dispute which was yet unsettled, and in which they hoped still for a turn of fortune. But Mr. Macaulay would have us deal with the times and government of William as we might with those of Queen Victoria, and invokes the same detestation on the Jacobites, that he might justly invoke now against conspirators with Russia. This is false history, and false art too, in a writer of history. Mr. Macaulay knows quite well, and has no business to forget, when he fixes some name of infamy on a Jacobite partizan, or brands the whole body with his passing scorn, that William's government sprang out of conspiracy; that its success was not brought about by the clear undoubting call of the whole nation, but had hung balanced on a fleeting moment of exasperation and doubt; that it had rested in the first instance on foreign arms; and that if, as Whigs hold,

patriotic wisdom had one great part in its establishment, unscrupulous violation of law, undisguised selfishness, and the basest betrayal of allegiance and trust, confessedly had the other. It is too much to expect that such an example should be lost on those whom it had so terribly injured and so strongly provoked, or to affect indignation, because those crooked and questionable expedients which had not been spared at the Revolution, and which too many good men of all parties in those evil days thought unavoidable, were turned against itself. Mr. Macaulay has no business to forget, when he is so angry with the fickleness, the mistrust, the restlessness of English society, that during the years of which he treats, William's government was, both to those who hoped, and those who feared from it, the most uncertain one in Europe. It is too much to expect that the feelings which had been strangely shaken in the convulsion of the Revolution, should at once fall to their level, and be laid to rest. It is too much to expect, even after the government began to give proofs of its stability, that the public mind should not still for a long while show traces of disquietude and uneasiness—that men should not, long afterwards, dwell on the chances of change—that those who wished for it, should at once relinquish the well-known and well-used arts in which all the statesmen of the day had at one time or another dabbled:—

‘*Ceu murmurat alti
Impacata quies pelagi, cum flamine fracto
Durat adhuc sævitque tumor, dubiumque per æstum
Lassa recedentis fluitant vestigia venti.*’¹

Such was England in the years after the Revolution: ‘a working sea remaining from the storm;’ it was seen in due time that the strength of the tempest was broken; but on that heaving and rolling surface the flaws and blasts of the departing gale long swept, and left it doubtful whether it were indeed tired out or again arising to its work.

Even where Mr. Macaulay condemns justly, his sentence is too often either extreme, or partial; and that which affects it, is invariably seen to be, his extravagant and unhistorical estimate of William. In judging offences against William, he loses sight of the temperate and large-minded measures of a judge; in discriminating between these very offences, in palliating or darkening them, his judgment seems to be mainly swayed by the relation in which the offender stood to William, whether he was favoured or disliked by William—whether he did service to William, or opposed him. The determining motive of his judgment of men, and things is, for a writer of so much art and

¹ Claudian in *Ruf.* i. 70.

of such high pretensions to philosophy and candour, surprisingly transparent. The general tone of speaking, the passing sympathy or sarcasm, the epithet of softer or darker shade, the extenuating or aggravating touch in a final summing up, are as uniformly and rigorously governed by the impression which he labours to convey of William, as they would be, if he were writing a novel, or arguing the case of a client.

Take the case of the intrigues which are now proved to have been carried on with S. Germain, by some of the chief men of the Revolution and of William's court—Shrewsbury, Marlborough, Godolphin, Russell, Halifax, Sunderland, and we must add, Danby. The Revolution had hardly been accomplished, before these men began to make professions of loyalty and promises of service to James. It is at once ludicrous and humiliating, after reading the record of their-bargainings, their repentances, their bland and impudent hypocrisies, which James kept locked up in his desk to be produced for the edification of posterity, to turn back and see how they looked to the eye of their contemporaries, dazzled by the 'constellation' that presided over the glories of Blenheim and Malplaquet; to read Isaac Bickerstaff's enthusiasm about the league of great characters, 'the ablest and best men of the nation' who governed 'Felicia;' about Martio's administrative integrity, and the 'severe honesty of Horatio,' 'living in a court unsullied by its arts;' and with what pleasure the Whig Essayist reflected on the dispensations of Providence in the forty years of Marlborough's life, and on the noble arts by which his elevation had been won and was sustained. A thorough-going admirer and defender of the Revolution may be pardoned for a natural irritation at having to make the avowal that such great names are so deeply stained: his feelings have been represented by the great poet, when he figures himself as discovering with astonishment and horror, how terribly the popular estimate of so many of the famous men of Florence had been reversed in Hell:

Farinata, e' l Tegghiaio che fur si degni,
Jacopo Rusticucci, Arrigo, e' l Mosca,
E gli altri che a ben far poser gl' ingegni,
Dimmi ove sono, e fa ch' io li conosca.
E quegli: *ei son tra l' anime più nere.*

A common-place partizan might still perhaps attempt to defend them. That is not Mr. Macaulay's plan. He gives them up, and lavishes his scorn and abuse on their perfidy and baseness. That such double-dealing as theirs was perfidious and base, there cannot be a question. But there are degrees even

¹ Tatler, No. 4, 5, and 130. Spectator, Dedication to vol. iv. *Martio* is Russell, *Horatio* is Godolphin.

in perfidy. There is a perfidy so great and dangerous and unnatural, that we shrink from it with abhorrence and hatred. But there is a perfidy also which we are disgusted at and despise, but which is not big enough or serious enough to be angry with or make much of. Mr. Macaulay seems to us to have exaggerated the character and drift, and even the guilt of their intrigues, and to have been led into this exaggeration, by his erroneous estimate of William and his position in England. Suppose him to be a great patriot king; suppose his authority consecrated by a title which none disputed, by use, and time, and undisturbed allegiance; suppose him, even though an intruder, to have won that general allegiance by a rule which all confessed to make amends for a doubtful title; suppose that no evil arts had surrounded and helped on his accession, or at any rate that the time of evil arts was confessedly long over, and its memory overlaid by greater and happier days; suppose him to have set the example of high disinterestedness, pure honour, and genuine love of his people: then, indeed, we might be indignant at those who harboured the thought of disturbing such a settlement, and declaim against the duplicity and false dealings of Marlborough and his associates as the blackest of treasons, and a 'mystery of iniquity.' But Mr. Macaulay's tone is too tragic, and his indignation too intense for a king like William, and for the ideas which prevailed about public honour and integrity in England and Europe in his time. William had played with them at the game of selfishness, and had played as deep, and as unscrupulously as any of them: he had served himself of them, and served himself well: but when he had gained his ends, they were not inclined to let the game drop. They felt that they had helped to set him up; they felt also that the question of success was far from settled between him and the old king; they felt that the public opinion on which his throne rested was far from being as clear in his favour as it needed to be, to make him secure; besides all this, each had his own private discontents, legitimate grounds, according to the morality of that day, for extreme public measures. Cautious, yet deeply pledged gamesters, they had no notion of

¹ Macaulay, iv. 52. It is amusing to find him falling on the favourite word, which all parties in those days used to describe the practices of their opponents. The Edinburgh preachers applied it to 'liberty of conscience,' (iii. 707,) Melfort, to the Revolution, (Macpherson's Orig. Papers, i. 349.) It is one of Mr. Macaulay's mannerisms, to affect the use of Scripture phrases. He is particularly fond of the phrases,—'but none of these things moved him;' and 'extreme to mark what is done amiss.' See e.g. iii. 578, 656; iv. 227, 274, 359, 462, 517, 522, 523, 617. In this fashion he follows a great Whig model. It is remarkable to observe how Algernon Sidney, though a deist, seems almost naturally to have fallen into Scripture phraseology, in some of his last striking protests. Dalrymple Memoirs, 81, 96, 98.

playing for their heads on behalf of a brother gamester, and one who had carried off the largest stake, without, as Mr. Macaulay says, 'hedging' them. In that day of confusion, when all political ties were so lightly felt and so loosely worn, there is not much to wonder at in this. Nor is there much to be said about the aggravation to be found in the obligations of most of them to William. For after all, they gave him ample service; they obviously meant to support him as long as he could be supported. It was, as indeed Mr. Macaulay admits, James, not William, who had most reason to complain that they were playing him false; but he understood their game, and he accepted it for what it was worth. He accepted Russell's professions before La Hogue; Russell sent them, and James accepted them as readily, just as if nothing had happened, after La Hogue. William understood their game too: and in nothing, certainly, is his patient sagacity more shown than in his estimate of their intrigues. Mr. Macaulay praises his lenity and forbearance; the truth is, that it would have been folly to have made much of the danger, and to have shown severity would have cost him his crown. William measured truly his position and their own; he knew that he must deal with these magnates of English parties, just as he dealt with the members of his continental confederacy, that he must allow for their ends, and make what he could out of them for himself. He was a man who never kicked against what could not be helped; and it could not be helped that his friends in England should feel their necks in some danger, and should feel a natural wish to make them as safe as they could. Very slippery and dirty work is all this; but there is an interval, which an historian has no right to slur over, between it, and what we understand and mean by the great crime of treason. It is perfectly true that an offence smaller than the least perfidy of the least criminal of these offenders would, in our days, disqualify a man, not only for public office, but even for decent society; but it is also true, that politicians in those days thought less of deserting a king, or intriguing with a pretender, than politicians do, in our days, of deserting a party or trafficking about a place. In that age the law punished such doings with death, but opinion was very tolerant towards them. The law branded them as the most heinous of human crimes: opinion regarded them as the natural expedients of political malcontents, in carrying out their designs. Those statesmen who corresponded with James under William, had corresponded with William under James: and had James come back, would probably have corresponded with William again, as soon as they thought that things were going wrong, and public evils or their own affronts required a remedy.

Algernon Sidney has become a household instance, when men speak of heroic patriotism; yet Mr. Macaulay has had to tell us that Algernon Sidney was a pensioner of France.¹ A purer and worthier name is that of Lord William Russell; yet Lord William Russell was leagued with Shaftesbury, belonged to the great conspiracy of which the Rye House Plot was the adjunct and interior mystery, backed the perjuries of Titus Oates, clamoured for the innocent blood of Stafford and complained that the extremity of shame and torture was spared to his dying moments;² and, in order to thwart an unconstitutional English king, was willing to lend himself, or pretend to lend himself, to the designs of the French king against England. Those who would not have done like them, under the provocation of personal disputes or political defeat, were not many. Familiarity with change, and the spectacle and anticipation of great vicissitudes, tried men's habits of consistency and integrity, and long years were to elapse before their minds calmed down, and a higher standard of good faith and honesty became general. In the political history of modern Spain, we may see something like an image of what men proposed to themselves and dared, of what they thought justifiable or necessary in England, in those years of uncertainty and trouble, from the civil wars to the establishment of the house of Hanover. We justly condemn the Spanish standard of what is lawful and honourable in

¹ 'These jealousies were studiously fomented by the French king. He had long kept England passive by promising to support the throne against the Parliament. He now, alarmed by the patriotic counsels of Danby, began to inflame the Parliament against the throne. . . . The unsteadiness and faithlessness of Charles were such that the French Government and the English opposition, agreeing in nothing else, agreed in disbelieving his protestations, and were equally desirous to keep him poor and without an army. Communications were opened between Barillon, the Ambassador of Lewis, and those English politicians, who had always professed, and who indeed sincerely felt, the greatest dread and dislike of French ascendancy. The most upright member of the country party, William Lord Russell, did not scruple to concert with a foreign mission, schemes for embarrassing his own sovereign. This was the whole extent of Russell's offence. His principles and his fortune alike raised him above all temptations of a more sordid kind; but there is too much reason to believe that some of his associates were less scrupulous. It would be unjust to impute to them the extreme wickedness of taking bribes, to injure their country; on the contrary, they meant to serve her; but it is impossible to deny that they were mean and indehoute enough to let a foreign prince pay them for serving her.' [Was that what they professed to Louis, and Louis meant?] 'Among those who cannot be acquitted of this degrading charge, was one man who is popularly considered as the personification of public spirit, and who, in spite of some great moral and intellectual faults, has a just claim to be called a hero, a philosopher, and a patriot. It is impossible to see without pain such a name in the list of the pensioners of France. Yet it is some consolation to reflect, that in our time, a public man would be thought lost to all sense of duty and shame, who should not spurn from him a temptation which conquered the virtue and the pride of Algernon Sidney.'—*Macaulay*, i. 228, 229.

² Dalrymple Memoirs, 93. Cf. *Macaulay*, iii. 525.

party strife; the faithlessness and fickleness of Spanish factions and their leaders, the reckless and violent courses which they engage in so lightly; but there would be no justice in affixing the same amount of turpitude to the ill-conduct of this or that Spanish politician, which we should be justified in doing, if he were an English one of our day.

If these things had been done against James, instead of against William, Mr. Macaulay would, probably, without disguising or denying the immorality of such double-dealing, have taken care to put us in mind of the circumstances of the time, and the difficulties under which statesmen acted. The writer who has contrived with such exquisite ingenuity to do full justice to the faults of Clive and Warren Hastings, and yet to efface the effect of them, and leave their authors with the halo of their glory not dimmed but heightened—the writer who, in this History, in describing the part of the Master of Stair in the greatest political atrocity of the age, has found no difficulty in throwing on him the whole burden of the guilt, and yet so overlaying it with favourable suppositions and extenuating circumstances, that we are left, at the end, with the feeling that, after all, it was but a mistake of judgment—that the Master had been misled by excessive public spirit, and excessive historical research—by his zeal against Highland caterans, and by having read how a Pope of Rome had cunningly poisoned a whole band of robbers,—such a writer would have found something to say even for Marlborough, if Marlborough had intrigued for William instead of for himself, and if Marlborough had not been, by his ties with William's successor, placed in greater opposition to William than any other courtier. It would better have become the historian who can find some excuse for the massacre of Glencoe, to have restrained the severity of his judgment and the strength of his epithets against the miserable yet extremely usual devices of courtiers to make themselves more important persons, or to provide against the day of change. And he is not only excessive, but partial, in his condemnation. Marlborough, as every one knows, is the object of his bitter scorn and dislike. Marlborough he brands, whenever he has a chance, with some insult, expressive at once of the criminal's ability and his baseness. Marlborough's name provokes him as a red flag does a wild bull. Against Marlborough he gives himself a licence of broad and frank abuse which would not have done discredit to the most virulent of the lampooners of that age of lampoons. When Marlborough professes his sorrow for having betrayed James, Mr. Macaulay suggests that 'the loss of half-a-guinea would have done more to spoil his appetite and disturb his slumbers than all the terrors of an evil

‘conscience.’¹ If some crime of Marlborough is to be described, it is set before us as but one of the ‘hundred villanies of Marlborough.’² Two distinct charges are elaborately constructed against him. The grounds of them are not very ample:—a few dark and meagre lines among James’s papers, proving nothing clearly but correspondence and negotiations; but they are enough for Mr. Macaulay to work on, and through three or four pages he supplies motives, intentions, designs, circumstantial details, with a clearness, and copiousness, and positiveness, which an ordinary reader thinks it too bold to ascribe to Mr. Macaulay’s intuitive and confident knowledge of Marlborough’s secret soul, and refers, naturally enough, to some unquoted sources of information. We close the book with the impression that of all the villains spoken of in English history, Marlborough was the basest, and of all the traitors the blackest.

Certainly the turn of the wheel has come round in a very remarkable manner for the reputation of the conqueror of Louis XIV., and the idol of the Augustan age of England; since Addison sung his glories, and declared of his great deeds, that ‘those who paint them truest praise them most.’ A great novelist,³ and a great historian, have in our days agreed to

¹ Vol. iv. p. 62.

² Vol. iv. p. 512.

³ ‘Our chief, whom England and all Europe, saving only the Frenchmen, worshipped almost, had this of the godlike in him, that he was impassible before victory, before danger, before defeat. Before the greatest obstacle or the most trivial ceremony—before a hundred thousand men drawn in battalia, or a peasant slaughtered at the door of his burning hovel—before a carouse of drunken German lords, or a monarch’s court, or a cottage-table where his plans were laid, or an enemy’s battery vomiting flame and death and strewing corpses round about him—he was always cold, calm, resolute, like Fate. He performed a treason or a court bow, he told a falsehood as black as Styx, as easily as he paid a compliment or spoke about the weather. He took a mistress and left her, he betrayed his benefactor and supported him, or would have murdered him, with the same calmness always and having no more remorse than Clotho when she weaves the thread, or Lachesis when she cuts it. In the hour of battle, I have heard the Prince of Savoy’s officers say, ‘The Prince became possessed with a sort of warlike fury; his eyes lighted up; he rushed hither and thither, raging; he shrieked curses and encouragement, yelling and harking his bloody war-dog on, and himself always at the first of the hunt. Our Duke was as calm at the mouth of the cannon as at the door of a drawing room. Perhaps he could not have been the great man he was, had he had a heart either for love or hatred, or pity or fear, or regret or remorse. He achieved the highest deed of daring, or deepest calculation of thought, as he performed the very meanest action of which a man is capable, told a lie, or cheated a fond woman, or robbed a poor beggar of a halfpenny, with a like awful serenity, and equal capacity of the highest and lowest acts of our nature. His qualities were pretty well known in the army, where there were parties of all politics, and of plenty of shrewdness and wit, but there existed such a perfect confidence in him as the first captain of the world, and such a faith and admiration in his prodigious genius and fortune, that the very men whom he notoriously cheated of their pay, the chiefs whom he used and injured,—(for he used all men, great and small, that came near him, as his instruments alike, and took something of theirs, either some quality or some property,—the blood of a soldier, it might be, or a jewelled hat, or a hundred thousand crowns from a king, or a por-

describe him as the most despicable and odious of his contemporaries—intrepidly serene, and the master of fortune, in the meanest crimes and humiliations, and the highest trials of man. That he was a bad man, none can doubt; that he was so pre-eminent in badness above the rest of his fellows, is a view which may probably be fairly disputed, and which seems to have recommended itself less from positive proof than from the tempting and striking contrast which it offers to his unquestioned fortune, genius, and glory. At any rate, for the preeminence in guilt among the intriguers with S. Germain, which Mr. Macaulay assigns him, we see no reason whatever. We can see no good reason for the excuses and softenings which Mr. Macaulay suggests for all the rest, at Marlborough's expense. The evidence against them all is contained in the fragmentary remains of the secret archives of James's closet and cabinet which have survived to our time, the notes which James took of the information sent him by his agents, and the reports of these agents themselves. It is evidence which provokes, much more than it satisfies, curiosity; for neither it is, for the most part, first hand, nor does it enter much into details, nor is it continuous. It implicates a number of persons; but the degree of complicity of each, even the designs of each, it is impossible to extract from it with any certainty. The names which occur most frequently are those of Churchill, Russell, and Godolphin; but where other names are mentioned, as much is implied about their overtures, as in the fuller accounts of the words and behaviour of the former, and perhaps more reliance disclosed on their intentions and promises. But all who appear in those papers, must equally share the imputations which arise from them. The evidence is incomplete, and often excites suspicion; but whatever its force is against one, the same is its force against another, though one be oftener mentioned than the other; for the only thing which we can be sure of, from its notices, is the fact of communication; and that is as clear

tion out of a starving sentinel's three farthings; or, when he was young, a kiss from a woman, and a gold chain off her neck, taking all he could from woman or man, and having, as I have said, this of the godlike in him, that he could see a hero perish or a sparrow fall with the same amount of sympathy for either. Not that he had no tears: he could always order up his reserve at the proper moment to battle; he could draw upon tears or smiles alike, and whenever need was for using this cheap coin. He would cringe to a shoeblack, as he would flatter a minister or a monarch; be haughty, be humble, threaten, repent, weep, grasp your hand, or stab you, whenever he saw the occasion)—But yet those of the army who knew him best and had suffered most from him admired him most of all; and as he rode along the lines to battle, or galloped up, in the nick of time to a battalion reeling from before the enemy's charge or shot, the fainting mer and officers got new courage as they saw the splendid calm of his face and felt that his will made them irresistible.—*Thackeray's Edmond.*]

against Halifax, and Danby,' and Sunderland,' as against Churchill and Russell. It is true that Halifax is only mentioned

¹ Mr. Macaulay singularly underrated the weight of a single good witness. Speaking of Danby, he expresses great surprise that he should have been considered at S. Germain's as a favourer of James. 'How he came to be so considered is a most perplexing question.' The information about his dealings is 'contained in a single short paper written by Melfort, 16th Oct., 1693.' If the 'single short paper' is authentic and conclusive, there need be no perplexity, though it be short and single. The single short paper is a paper of instructions, in James's name, to the 'Earl of Danby, Lord Godolphin, and Churchill, by the Countess of Shrewsbury'—in which he, in conjunction with the other lords, and Shrewsbury and Russell, is told, both in general and in particular, what he is to do. It is a letter which implies perfect understanding, and it is one of a batch of despatches of the same date to a number of persons in England, in contemplation, apparently, of an early movement. There cannot be a clearer proof that James had reason for thinking that he might expect Danby's services as much as those of Churchill or Russell. He is also mentioned in another paper—anonymous, but not, as Mr. Macaulay says, undated—for it has Nairne's endorsement, and approximate date about the same time, from Oct. to Dec., 1693—which Mr. Macaulay tosses aside as not worth notice. What is certain is, that the writer knew a good deal about England, and had minute information; and further, that Mr. Macaulay exaggerates grossly when he charges him with 'blundering grossly about Marlborough, Godolphin, Shrewsbury, and the Beaufort family,' and says that he 'knew nothing of the situation or character of any of the public men mentioned.' Mr. Macaulay finds fault with Mr. Hallam for saying that Caermarthen's name is perpetually mentioned among those whom James thought his friends. Mr. Hallam may speak too strongly; but Caermarthen is mentioned oftener than Mr. Macaulay tells us of. Churchill, at the first, spoke of him as a possible convert: 'he doubted not but that he could bring over many great men to the King's party; and desired to know whether he should endeavour that in reference to my lord Danby, who, he said, was the main stay to the present government, or join with the party in Parliament in contriving his ruin.*' He is distinctly mentioned by James himself after La Hogue: 'Shrewsbury, Danby, Godolphin, Russell, and others, seemed desirous that the king should be restored.'† In Lloyd's report of May, 1694, in which Shrewsbury is represented as the leader of James's friends, the Countess of Shrewsbury informs Lloyd that William was soon going to Holland; 'that he would leave the government in the hands of the princess; but that she would entirely follow the advices of Danby and Shrewsbury.'‡ Mr. Macaulay's argument from probabilities,—from Caermarthen's cunning, and from what he would lose if James came back,—too plainly cuts both ways to be worth anything.

² Mr. Macaulay unaccountably omits Sunderland among the intriguers with S. Germain's. Has he forgotten, in favour of one to whom William took so strongly—his host at Althorpe, his guide in forming the first Whig ministry—the mass of information in Macpherson's papers against Sunderland? 'He made, in profound secrecy, some timid overtures,' but 'they were ungraciously received; and he was, 'in the main, true to government.' From Macpherson's documents we learn that Sunderland, who in the winter of 1693-4 had been deeper in William's confidence than any Englishman, was in January, 1694, writing to James, among other men of quality, that 'a descent is the only means to finish the misfortunes of the King and the nation, and that if his majesty comes now with an army he cannot fail to carry his point' and at the same time, the Earl of Arran 'assures his majesty of the sincerity of Lord Sunderland, and that he may do good service.'§ From this time, Sunderland appears keeping up a correspondence with James and Arran. What seems to have suggested Mr. Macaulay's 'profound secrecy,' was his wish not to be talked about—which, under the circumstances, was natural; but there is not much 'timidity' in his overtures. In March, 1695, Sunderland professes to give

* Macpherson, 1692, i. 237.

† Ibid. i. 493.

‡ Ibid. 1692; i. 243

§ Ibid. 1694, Jan., i. 475.

once or twice; but when it appears that he was one of the earliest to retract his allegiance to the Convention Sovereign, to whom he had with his own hands offered the crown; that he is described as receiving the Jacobite agent with open arms; that he promised to do anything in his power to serve the King; that the cause of this change is said to have been the incompatible tempers of the statesman and his new master; that his frank assurances encouraged others, and that they particularly encouraged Godolphin,¹—it is manifest that such a statement, if worth anything, loses nothing of its weight by being the only one in a collection of fragments. It is as much a broad, damning proof against Halifax, as if it were mentioned twenty times besides. The charge does not become extenuated by being thrust away to the end, and alluded to in passing, at the summing up of Halifax's character and career. If personal neglect and wounded pride were, as Mr. Macaulay suggests, excuses for him, his colleagues in double-dealing could hardly have had worse themselves; and if, as his eulogist adds, he 'soon repented,' it only makes the case more complete against him; it is but in more perfect keeping with the popular, as contrasted with Mr. Macaulay's estimate, of the Accomplished Trimmer, who said that 'men must be saved in this world by want of faith.'²

Marlborough was undoubtedly bad enough, though the great scheme of ambition which Mr. Macaulay has elicited for him from James's few words be but a questionable surmise, and though the notice which he gave of the attack on Brest be a less serious matter than Mr. Macaulay would make it.³ If he

information of an intended attack on Toulon, but adds that he does not think it likely. In Nov. 1695, Middleton, speaking of the advantages of attacking England, mentions 'above all, the great credit of Lord Summerland, who has always been the first to deceive himself, and the first to be' ay. But all these advantages will become useless, on account of our being unprepared to profit by them.'*

¹ 'Buckley asked Godolphin what he would do to serve the cause. He rose suddenly from his chair, and said he would quit his office. This was a coy beginning. Buckley went to Halifax. He received him with open arms. He promised to do everything in his power to serve the King. Halifax was never to be satisfied, if controlled in anything. This had alienated him formerly from the King. The Prince of Orange finding his politics, though nice and subtle in speculation, yet seldom good in practice, they two did not hit it long. This free assurance of Halifax encouraged others. Godolphin was particularly encouraged, and made open assurances to the King.'—*Macpherson*; (*Extracts from James's Memoirs*, 1691.) i. 236.

² Quoted in the *Athenæum*, Dec. 29, 1855.

³ The objections to Mr. Macaulay's view are stated in the *Athenæum* of Dec 29, 1855. They show how much he has assumed; but they are not conclusive against him. It is urged,—1. That Marlborough could not have meant the French to profit by his information, because he only wrote the day before the fleet was to sail, and the fleet, but for unforeseen hindrances, would have been at Brest nearly as soon as his letter at Versailles. And 2. That he could not in fact have helped

* Macpherson, March, 1695. i. 514. Nov. 1695, i. 528.

did not intend the overthrow of William, at least he amused James by pretending to do so, in case James should ever come back. But, bad as he is, if a difference is to be made between these unprincipled men, the chief place in shame and guilt belongs much more truly to one for whom Mr. Macaulay is singularly tender, even while he condemns him. Against Shrewsbury, the Whig idol, the proofs are not merely as conclusive, but nearly as multiplied as against Marlborough. His intrigues began as early, and were carried on without interruption, till Sir John Fenwick's confession effectually frightened him. His professed change of allegiance was no hasty outbreak of temper, no mere words over his wine; it was proved by deliberate, well-weighed acts, resolutely persisted in. His understanding with S. Germain was not an isolated act, it was a system persevered in for four years. There are two transactions in the course of this time which throw much light on the dealings of Shrewsbury. When in May, 1690, a new and stringent Abjuration Bill against James was brought into the Lords, 'Shrewsbury,' writes Burnet, 'was at the head of those who pressed it most;' yet at this very moment Shrewsbury had made his peace with James, and convinced him that he was among his most blameless servants.¹ After the Abjuration Bill failed, Shrewsbury insisted, in spite of the remonstrances of Burnet, of Tillotson, of William, in spite of distress of mind that threw him into a fever, on resigning his office of Secretary of State. All the world thought it was because he and his Whig friends had been defeated in their hot advocacy of the Abjuration Bill; James understood that it was in obedience to his commands, and in order to give him a proof of Shrewsbury's sincerity.² The other transaction was, if possible, baser still.

them, because, though the fleet unexpectedly took a month getting to Brest, even a month was not enough, in those days, to admit of Marlborough's intelligence from London being acted on to any purpose at Brest. But, 1. Marlborough wrote, at least *he says* he wrote, the moment he had heard—so much for his *design* that the news should reach as early as possible. 2. The *Athenæum* seems to over-estimate the length of time, which a letter sent *by express* would take to reach Louis—which it would take Vauban to reach Brest—and which it would require to make Brest formidable. James himself gives the date, *May 4*, as that on which 'Churchill informed him' of the design on Brest—and this could not be the date of Churchill's letter, for Sackville's letter enclosing it is dated May 3. *Macpherson*, i. 245, 486.

¹ 'It should be remarked,' writes James, 'that all who are of this party are not traitors.' After mentioning the Earl of Middleton, and General Sackville, he classes him with them: 'The Earl of Shrewsbury, who was Secretary of State to the Prince of Orange, laid down his employment by my orders. These men are too clear-sighted to allow themselves to be duped, and they have too much interest in my restoration, to allow themselves to be corrupted.'—*Macpherson*, i. 433. (1692, Nov.) James is speaking of what happened in the spring of 1690.—*Macaulay*, iii. 554, 596. *Burnet*, ii. 45

² *Macaulay*, iii. 596.

In the end of 1693, and the beginning of 1694, Shrewsbury was earnestly pressed by William's friends, among others by Elizabeth Villiers, to take again the office he had laid down. He resisted for some time; and he had good reason; for during these months he was assuring James of his zeal for his service. 'Lord Shrewsbury,' wrote Churchill to James, 'was so pressed to receive his former office of Secretary, that he was afraid that he could not resist; but though he altered his condition, he assured him that he would not alter his inclinations.'¹ At length he was frightened into receiving them; William let him see that he knew that he had talked with a Jacobite agent, and intimated 'that Shrewsbury could only remove suspicion from himself by accepting the seals.' 'That,' said William, 'will put me quite at ease. I know that you are a man of honour, and that if you undertake to serve me, you will serve me faithfully. So pressed,' continues Mr. Macaulay, 'he complied, to the great joy of his whole party, and was immediately rewarded for his compliance with a dukedom and a garter.'² At the same time that he received his dukedom and his garter for consenting to be William's Secretary of State, he sent a message to S. Germain. He had waited, he said, in hopes that James would have come over. 'But that having failed,' writes the Jacobite Lloyd, after an interview with Shrewsbury's mother, 'to his great regret, he was obliged, on his return, to accept of the seals; which, she told me, from him, he did, only in order to serve your Majesty more effectually hereafter.'³

Yet for this man Mr. Macaulay is not ashamed to invoke our commiseration. Whenever Shrewsbury's conduct comes up, the historian has invariably something to say, to soften our heart towards him. The case is a bad one; the guilt is undeniable; Shrewsbury must be called a traitor; yet something may be said about it—*sunt verba et voces*—put it in the right light, and though the guilt cannot be denied, it may, by due skill, be made not to affect us like guilt. 'It was in an evil hour,' that this brilliant, accomplished, high-spirited, promising young man 'suffered himself to be seduced.'⁴ The 'evil,' or 'fatal,' or

¹ In a letter dated Feb. 28, 1694.—*Macpherson*, i. 245.

² Macaulay, iv. 505.

³ Lloyd's or Floyd's report, carried to Versailles, May 1, 1694. *Macpherson*, i. 480. Mr. Macaulay mentions these facts, (except the last message to James, mentioned in Lloyd's paper, to which he only gives a reference,) but he does not notice the coincidences of time, which give their real character to the transactions.

⁴ 'At what moment, and by what influence the unhappy man was induced to commit a treason . . . is not accurately known. It is highly probable that his mother . . . took fatal advantage of some unguarded hour, when he was irritated by finding his advice slighted, and that of Danby and Nottingham pre-ferred.' iii. 596. 'Shrewsbury, irritated by finding his counsels rejected and those of his Tory rival followed, suffered himself in a fatal hour to be drawn into a correspon-

'unguarded hour' is repeated every time that the subject recurs, and with it the suggestion of some irresistible temptation, some overwhelming allurements taking its victim at advantage. We are not to think that Shrewsbury, like the rest, was a traitor of his own inclination; he was over-persuaded into it, 'induced to do it by some bad influence without him;' he 'suffered himself to be drawn into a correspondence,' from which he could not free himself. 'Marlborough and the rest' had no scruple about corresponding with one king while corresponding with another; but Shrewsbury had, what they had not, a conscience; and that explains how it was that 'while he was under engagements to James, he was unwilling to enter into the service of William.' And then he was so penitent—he suffered so deeply from remorse and self-torture. 'It is probable that he had scarcely committed his fault before he began to repent of it. But he had not strength to stop. Loathing his own baseness, dreading a detection which must be fatal to his honour, afraid to go forward, afraid to go back, he underwent tortures of which it is impossible to think without commiseration.' 'We have seen by what cruel sufferings of body and mind he expiated his fault. Tortured by remorse, and by disease the effect of remorse, he had quitted the court, but he had left behind him men whose principles were not less lax than his, and whose hearts were far harder and colder.' So Mr. Macaulay writes of him in 1690; yet in 1694 we again find this agonized penitent spoken of as the acknowledged leader and chief of these very men, consulted in all their plans, referred to as the judge of their actions and the proof of their sincerity, looked upon as the chief stay of the Jacobite cause in William's court.¹ In four years, it might be thought, such a penitent

dence with the banished family,' iv. 52. 'Had Shrewsbury spoken the whole truth he would have said that he had, in *an evil hour*, been false to the cause of the Revolution—that he had entered into engagements of which he repented, but from which he knew not how to extricate himself, and that *while he remained under those engagements* he was *unwilling* to enter into the service of the existing Government. . . . Shrewsbury had, what was wanting to Marlborough, Godolphin, and Russell, a conscience; a conscience, which indeed too often failed to restrain him from doing wrong, but which never failed to punish him,' iv. 472. 'Shrewsbury might in a moment of resentment or of weakness have trafficked with Jacobite agents,' iv. 720.

¹ See Lloyd's paper.—*Macpherson*, i. 481—3. Lloyd could not get Russell to be explicit. 'At last being unwilling to determine on any plan, he pretended to me in general that he would undertake the affair, and that Lord Shrewsbury and Lord Churchill should be judges of his actions.' 'Godolphin then explained his sentiments to your Majesty in the most affectionate manner imaginable;' thought that Russell had 'said all that could be expected of him, provided one could be sure that Lord Shrewsbury, whom he (Godolphin) believed to be sincerely in his Majesty's interest, had an entire influence over him.' Lady Shrewsbury told Lloyd that the Government, during William's absence, will be left in the hands of Mary; 'but that she would entirely follow the advices of Danby and Shrewsbury.'

might have retraced a step into which sudden temptation had led him. 'He could not free himself from his engagements,' says the historian. But why could he not? He had merely to give up corresponding; he had merely to refuse to receive visits; and there was not much fear that any one would turn round and inform against him. Mr. Macaulay has made a good story of the feigned penitence of Marlborough; at least as good a story might be made out of his compassionate suggestions about Shrewsbury. If it is ludicrous to hear Marlborough protesting that his heart is ready to break, and that he is longing to lay down his life to prove his penitence, it is just as ludicrous for Mr. Macaulay to dignify with the name of remorse for having been faithless to the right side, Shrewsbury's tormenting doubts, which would be the winning one; to bespeak our sympathy for him because he was thrown into a fever by not being able to make up his mind which King to serve, or rather, how far to carry his services to each, when he had deeply committed himself to both, and both were claiming from him proofs of sincerity; to dwell upon the sensitive conscience of a man who at the very moment that he was returning to his allegiance to James, was ostentatiously leading a hot faction in Parliament to impose a new oath to renounce him, and throwing up office because Parliament would not impose the oath; to exhibit as an imperfect yet real penitent, a man who carried on his double part with secret and wary caution year after year, and wound it up at last by accepting from one King, as the price to buy him off from his vacillation, the highest of titles, and that which is higher than the highest title, while in accepting he assured the other King that he had done so solely to serve him better. And Shrewsbury was what Marlborough was not, one of the few Englishmen whom William liked. He was the idol of James's enemies, and the favourite of James's rival. He was courted, caressed, and as Mr. Macaulay well expresses it, 'petted,' not only by 'nature and fortune,'¹ but as the first man of the Revolution. After all this we are edified by the consummate patience and self-command, with which Mr. Macaulay trusts himself to describe the deep and abject meanness with which this man excused himself to William, when his name had been mentioned by Sir J. Fenwick. Is it tenderness for a great Whig chief, or the halo of William surrounding even his unfaithful yet favoured servant, that blinds the historian? or is he speaking in irony?

* But Shrewsbury, who of all the four was the least to blame, was utterly overwhelmed. He wrote in extreme distress to William, acknowledged with warm expressions of gratitude the King's rare generosity, and

¹ Vol. iii. p. 596.

protested that Fenwick had malignantly exaggerated and distorted mere trifles into enormous crimes. "My Lord Middleton,"—such was the substance of the letter,—“was certainly in communication with me about the time of the battle of La Hogue. We are relations; we frequently met; we supped together just before he returned to France; I promised to take care of his interests here: he in return offered to do me good offices there; but I told him that I had offended too deeply to be forgiven, and that I would not stoop to ask forgiveness.” This, Shrewsbury averred, was the whole extent of his offence. It is but too fully proved that this confession was by no means ingenuous; nor is it likely that William was deceived. But he was determined to spare the repentant traitor the humiliation of owning a fault and accepting a pardon. “I can see,” the King wrote, “no crime at all in what you have acknowledged. Be assured that these calumnies have made no unfavourable impression on me. Nay, you shall find that they have strengthened my confidence in you.” A man hardened in depravity would have been perfectly contented with an acquittal so complete, announced in language so gracious. But Shrewsbury was quite unnerved by a tenderness which he was conscious that he had not merited. He shrank from the thought of meeting the master whom he had wronged, and by whom he had been forgiven, and of sustaining the gaze of the peers, among whom his birth and his abilities had gained for him a station of which he felt that he was unworthy.—Vol. iv. pp. 722, 723.

This connivance at the treasons of his great men, Mr. Macaulay thinks one of William's chief titles to glory. Speaking of Fenwick's confession, he says,—

‘It contained little more than what he had long known, and had long, with politic and generous dissimulation, affected not to know. If he spared, employed, and promoted men who had been false to him, it was not because he was their dupe. His observation was quick and just; his intelligence was good; and he had, during some years, had in his hands proofs of much that Fenwick had only gathered from wandering reports. It has seemed strange to many that a Prince of high spirit and acrimonious temper should have treated servants, who had so deeply wronged him, with a kindness hardly to be expected from the meekest of human beings. But William was emphatically a statesman. Ill humour, the natural and pardonable effect of much bodily and much mental suffering, might sometimes impel him to give a tart answer. But never did he on any important occasion indulge his angry passions at the expense of the great interests of which he was the guardian. For the sake of those interests, proud and imperious as he was by nature, he submitted patiently to galling restraints, bore cruel indignities and disappointments with the outward show of serenity, and not only forgave, but often pretended not to see, offences which might well have moved him to bitter resentment. He knew that he must work with such tools as he had. If he was to govern England, he must employ the public men of England, and in his age the public men of England, with much of a peculiar kind of ability, were, as a class, low-minded and immoral. There were, doubtless, exceptions. Such was Nottingham among the Tories, and Somers among the Whigs. But the majority, both of the Tory and of the Whig ministers of William, were men whose characters had taken the ply in the days of the Anti-puritan reaction. They had been formed in two evil schools, in the most unprincipled of courts, and the most unprincipled of oppositions, a court which took its character from Charles, an opposition headed by Shaftesbury. From men so trained it would have been unreasonable to

expect disinterested and steadfast fidelity to any cause. But though they could not be trusted, they might be used, and they might be useful. No reliance could be placed on their principles; but much reliance might be placed on their hopes and on their fears; and of the two kings who laid claim to the English crown, the King from whom there was most to hope and most to fear was the King in possession. If, therefore, William had little reason to esteem these politicians his hearty friends, he had still less reason to number them among his hearty foes. Their conduct towards him, reprehensible as it was, might be called upright when compared with their conduct towards James. To the reigning Sovereign they had given valuable service; to the banished Sovereign little more than promises and professions. Shrewsbury might, in a moment of resentment or of weakness, have trafficked with Jacobite agents; but his general conduct had proved that he was as far as ever from being a Jacobite. Godolphin had been lavish of fair words to the dynasty which was out; but he had thriftily and skilfully managed the revenues of the dynasty which was in. Russell had sworn that he would desert with the English fleet; but he had burned the French fleet. Even Marlborough's known treasons,—for his share in the disaster of Brest and the death of Talmash was unsuspected,—had not done so much harm as his exertions at Walcourt, at Cork, and at Kinsale had done good. William had therefore wisely resolved to shut his eyes to perfidy, which, however disgraceful it might be, had not injured him, and still to avail himself, with proper precautions, of the eminent talent which some of his unfaithful counsellors possessed.—Vol. iv. pp. 719—721.

There might have been some reason for saying so, if, when William spared the great men, he had also spared the small ones. The great ones he dared not touch. No one can doubt what a perilous thing it would have been, in the sore and jealous state of English parties, for an unpopular foreigner to have threatened the heads of Shrewsbury or Marlborough. But the King who was so merciful to their misdeeds—who would not probe too deeply into their treasons—who with politic forbearance stopped the mouths of their accusers—who confined himself in one case to dismissal, in another to gentle reproof—who so kindly encouraged the conscience-stricken Shrewsbury, and comforted him with a dukedom and a garter, hunted to death with characteristic pertinacity, in company with those whom he knew to be worse traitors, a poor Jacobite baronet. The intrigues, of which so much is said in Mr. Macaulay's volumes, between William's great men and S. Germain, were abruptly put an end to¹ by what very nearly tore the veil from off them, the business of Sir John Fenwick. It is impossible to read without loathing, and, we must add, without indignation at the historian, who so fully, yet so very coolly recounts it, the history of this shameful transaction; William screening the great nobles, whose guilt he knew, but whom he durst not punish, and at the same time throwing the whole course of justice into confusion to compass the death of a helpless prisoner who had too

¹ James's Papers, Macpherson, i. 257.

truly accused them; a King of England acting in person, and in his royal closet, the part of an Inquisitor of State; the 'strong body of honest gentlemen' of the Whig party shaming even the shameless Wharton by their attempt to use Fenwick's confession to ruin the Tory Godolphin, while they laughed it to scorn as evidence against Shrewsbury, Russell, and the neutral Marlborough; the King sanctioning the profligate injustice of party, and scheming with Sunderland to entrap and disgrace Godolphin; Russell, the great Whig admiral, who had sworn the deepest oaths to James, convening the Whig members at his house, to take vengeance on the man who had breathed suspicion on Whig honesty and patriotism; Russell, again, the foremost to rise in his place in Parliament to demand justice on the traitor; the Whig leaders, who were always declaiming about the judicial murders of Russell and Sidney, stimulating their followers, as they became ashamed of the work, with the oldest sophistries of tyranny, and propping up the falling majorities for the Bill of Attainder with all the arts of parliamentary corruption and parliamentary intimidation; 'the great muster of lawn sleeves,' contrary to precedent and repulsive to feeling, when the cause of blood came before the Peers; Burnet, signalizing himself, in company with three of the worst and basest men who ever wore coronet and ermine,¹ in urging the Lords to an extraordinary act of vengeance on Fenwick; Monmouth, afterwards the great Lord Peterborough, trying to use Fenwick against his own rivals, and becoming the most implacable of his destroyers when he refused; the spectacle of the august Court of Parliament, their imposing dignity, their irresistible power, their claims on an Englishman's confidence,² their power to intercede and to save,—all used, by the most honourable and most merciful of the Whig Peers,³ to work with a prolonged moral torture on a doomed and hopeless victim, to extort from him the names of a few disaffected men, and tempt him to turn king's evidence; and, finally, William going down in state to the houses of Parliament, as to a great act of public policy or justice, to pass the Bill of Attainder. How Mr. Macaulay, after telling us all that he has done, can write with such composed coolness, and singularly flat irony, the following account of Russell's position in the great Whig movement, it is difficult for those who are not Whigs to comprehend:—

'One of the methods employed by the Whig junto, for the purpose of instituting and maintaining through all the ranks of the Whig party a discipline never before known, was the frequent holdings of meetings of mem-

¹ Wharton, Monmouth, and Grey of Wark, then Lord Tankerville, vol. iv. pp. 753, 758

² vol. iv. pp. 739, 760.

³ vol. iv. p. 759.

bers of the House of Commons. Some of those meetings were numerous; others were select. The larger were held at the *Rose*, a tavern frequently mentioned in the political pasquinades of that time, the smaller at Russell's in Covent Garden, or at Somers's in Lincoln's-inn-fields.

'On the day on which Godolphin resigned his great office two select meetings were called. In the morning the place of assembly was Russell's house. In the afternoon there was a fuller muster at the Lord Keeper's. Fenwick's confession, which, till that time, had probably been known only by rumour to most of those who were present, was read. The indignation of the hearers was strongly excited, particularly by one passage, of which the sense seemed to be, that not only Russell, not only Shrewsbury but the great body of the Whig party was, and had long been, at heart Jacobite. "The fellow insinuates," it was said, "that the Assassination Plot itself was a Whig scheme." The general opinion was that such a charge could not be lightly passed over. There must be a solemn debate and decision in Parliament. The best course would be that the King should himself see and examine the prisoner, and that Russell should then request the royal permission to bring the subject before the House of Commons. As Fenwick did not pretend that he had any authority for the stories which he had told except mere hearsay, there could be no difficulty in carrying a resolution branding him as a slanderer, and an address to the throne requesting that he might be forthwith brought to trial for high treason.'—Vol. iv. pp. 734, 735.

'Soon after the Commons had met, on the morning of the sixth of November, Russell rose in his place, and requested to be heard. The task which he had undertaken required courage not of the most respectable kind; but to him no kind of courage was wanting. "Sir John Fenwick," he said, "had sent to the King a paper, in which grave accusations were brought against some of his Majesty's servants, and his Majesty had, at the request of his accused servants, graciously given orders that this paper should be laid before the House. The confession was produced and read. The Admiral then, with spirit and dignity worthy of a better man, demanded justice for himself and Shrewsbury. "If we are innocent, clear us. If we are guilty, punish us as we deserve. I put myself on you as on my country. I am ready to stand or fall by your verdict."—Vol. iv. p. 738.

We must do Mr. Macaulay the justice to say, that, of the turns and vicissitudes of this terrible trial, he has given a narrative almost unrivalled for its deep and painful interest. But who will say that justice would not have been but fairly done on William, on the great nobles whom he screened, and on the government and the party, which showed a baseness and an implacable bloodthirstiness worthy of the worst days of Jeffreys, if Monmouth's plot had succeeded?—

'By the instrumentality of the Duchess, Monmouth conveyed to the prisoner several papers, containing suggestions framed with much art. Let Sir John, such was the substance of these suggestions, boldly affirm that his confession is true; that he has brought accusations on hearsay indeed, but not on common hearsay; that he has derived his knowledge of the facts which he has asserted from the highest quarters; and let him point out a mode in which his veracity may be easily brought to the test. Let him pray that the Earls of Portland and Romney, who are well known to enjoy the royal confidence, may be called upon to declare whether they are not in possession of information agreeing with what he has related. Let him pray that the King may be requested to lay before Parliament the

evidence which caused the sudden disgrace of Lord Marlborough, and any letters which may have been intercepted while passing between St. Germans and Lord Godolphin. "Unless," said Monmouth to his female agents, "Sir John is under a fate; unless he is out of his mind, he will take my counsel. If he does, his life and honour are safe. If he does not, he is a dead man."

"The papers written by Monmouth were delivered by Lady Mary to her husband. If the advice which they contained had been followed, there can be little doubt that the object of the adviser would have been attained. The King would have been bitterly mortified; there would have been a general panic among public men of every party; even Marlborough's serene fortitude would have been severely tried, and Shrewsbury would probably have shot himself. But that Fenwick would have put himself in a better situation is by no means clear. Such was his own opinion. He saw that the step which he was urged to take was hazardous. He knew that he was urged to take that step, not because it was likely to save himself, but because it was certain to annoy others; and he was resolved not to be Monmouth's tool."—Vol. iv. pp. 755, 756.

And who will say that Monmouth spoke very wide of the truth, when he exclaimed—

"He is the worst of men. He has acted basely. He pretends not to believe these charges against Shrewsbury, Russell, Marlborough, and Godolphin, and yet he knows," and Monmouth confirmed the assertion with a tremendous oath, "he knows that every word of these charges is true."—Vol. iv. pp. 755, 756.

To this scene of falsehood and perfidy and unbridled selfishness,—to the duplicity of the great men, and the corruption of the little men in the state,—there was at this time one striking contrast. There was one body of men in England who, in spite of the low tone of public honesty, did through evil report, through scorn and ridicule, through the loss of their daily bread, stick to their principles. There was one body of men possessed of reputation and competence, and some of them of high station and wealth, who might have kept all—have been caressed and flattered, at least feared or treated with respect—might at least have kept their freeholds and their influence, their peerages and palaces, or their quiet country parsonages, merely by saying a few words against their convictions, and who would not. It was nothing very fearful or profligate that they were called to do. It was then, and is still, even among those who sympathise with them, a great question whether they ought not to have done it. It was something for which, if they had wanted a pretext, they could have found not pretexts but good reasons, in the example, and opinion, and authority of numbers of their brethren—good and conscientious and pure-minded men. It was something which Beveridge and Bishop Wilson could do with a clear conscience. But their consciences would not allow them to do it; and they did it not. Call them over-scrupulous, call them narrow-minded, say that they were

entangled and misled by a false theory of government, still the fact remains; their duty seemed to them clear and plain, and their duty they followed at all costs. They lost everything by it; they were cast out of the Church, they were cast out of the State; too few to have any influence, too unpopular to hope for converts, they found themselves cut off from the body of their countrymen, cut off from all the chief walks of life, homeless and living on alms, pitied by friends, suspected by all in power, ridiculed by the world, plunged into the miseries and perplexities of a new and difficult course of action and of a small isolated clique, with small comfort for the present, and small hope for the future. Granting all that their critics or their enemies said of them—and they have had keen critics and rancorous enemies,—that they were fretful and cross-grained, that they were peevish and could not reason—that they were censorious and ill-natured to their opponents—that their theories were absurd, their heads hot, their intestine quarrels about small points very petty—granting that Sancroft was sour and self-opiniated, Turner a busy plotter, Collier indiscreet and a proud priest, that Dodwell had odd notions on the immortality of the soul, and that Hickeys was as tiresome as Mr. Macaulay himself about the Theban legion—still there is no denying the fact, that while the great men of the day, who were having their will, and riding on the high places of the earth, were, most of them, men whom we should shun as we do sharpers and swindlers—the mocked and ruined Non-jurors were honest men.

Such a spectacle, in such times, might at least have appealed to the generosity, if it could not move the sympathy, of a writer who held them greatly and mischievously in the wrong. It was not to be expected that Mr. Macaulay should feel favourably to them. A Whig could not like the extreme partizans of hereditary right—a Latitudinarian could not like the most uncompromising of High Churchmen. Those, indeed, who think that reverence is due to the ancient ideas, the immemorial belief, the traditional stream of doctrine and usage and law running on for centuries in the Christian Church, will remember how manfully and how ably the Non-jurors bore witness to the stricter and deeper faith of Christian antiquity, in a self-wise and supercilious age, amid lukewarm brethren and infidel enemies, perfectly unbridled in their scorn and malignity. They will not think it a proof of morbid pride in Collier, that in days when *priestcraft* was the common word of mockery, with which every flippant witling insulted religion, he had the courage to magnify his office: they will not think it absurd that Christian divines should study with interest and attention the monuments

in which the history of the Church is found, the writings of her great teachers, and the acts of her great assemblies. Those who read old books with some worthier purpose than to pick out their absurdities know very well that the industry and learning of Hickes, Dodwell, Jeremy Collier, and Brett, still remains as useful, and deserves as respectful mention as those of any of their contemporaries; and Christians of any school, whose hearts sympathise with depth, and fervour, and zeal in the exercises of religious feeling and the discipline of the soul, will be thankful that in the days when Tillotson and Tenison set the standard of devotion, there were higher masters of the spiritual life and more evangelical preachers of holiness, among the disciples of Kettlewell and Ken. But honesty is a title to respect even with Mr. Macaulay, and here was certainly honesty. That men should decide on a mistaken course, yet with the purest and worthiest motives, is no new axiom in the philosophy of our days; and Mr. Macaulay, as well as any one, must be familiar with instances like that of Ken, where the error of the judgment, if so it was, has even enhanced the moral height of the character:—

‘Si non errâsset, fecerat ille minus.’

But because the Non-jurors, in his view, adhered too rigidly to a wrong theory of government, and by so adhering gave trouble and even brought odium on the measures of the Revolution, they are to have neither mercy nor justice. Other honest sufferers for conscience, though mistaken, would be entitled to respectful mention, even while they were blamed. Not so the Non-jurors. The rare and exemplary goodness of some of them cannot be denied. To Ken, to Kettlewell and Fitzwilliam, the friends of Lord William Russell, Mr. Macaulay gives, if not very warm, yet fair and just praise. He confesses the abilities of Leslie; and he prefaces a paragraph on the absurdities of Collier with a few lines of strong testimony to his goodness, and more qualified eulogy of his parts. But for the Non-jurors as a body, it is as much as they deserve even to admit that, though they voluntarily lost everything, they were honest. And that admission is soon lost sight of in the contempt, which Mr. Macaulay misses no opportunity of expressing, for all qualities in them of head and of heart. Their infirmities of temper are maliciously dwelt upon, as if no one had infirmities of temper but Non-jurors: their theology is laughed at, as if it was some new invention of their own, and the questions involved in it had never shaken the world: the extravagances of their learned men are diligently hunted up, as if it was something unheard of for the learned of those days, even the countrymen of Spanheim and Grævius,

to be pedantic and solemnly absurd. The faults and follies which all depressed and ill-treated minorities fall into, are with malignant pleasure made the characteristics of the Non-jurors. Let a miserable playwright, plagiarizing from Molière, indulge his spite by making a Non-juror do duty for Tartuffe, Mr. Macaulay grasps at the evidence that they were popularly viewed as the vilest of hypocrites. And even in Gibbon, when Gibbon was in his most unscrupulous and ill-natured mood, we know nothing more ungenerous than Mr. Macaulay's attempt to point the sting of his malice against the Non-jurors by a passing word of a great talker, who more than once showed his dislike to what he called their 'perverseness of integrity,' and who did not always weigh even more serious words.¹ Admitting that among them there were some good men, 'it is certain,' says Mr. Macaulay, 'that the character of the Non-jurors as a class did not stand high,—the public voice loudly accused many Non-jurors of 'requiting the hospitality of their benefactors with villainy as 'black as that of the hypocrite depicted in the masterpiece of 'Molière:' his proof is, first, that most of them were reduced to beggary, and therefore must have become scoundrels; an argument (borrowed, it may be observed, from Dr. Johnson) that it is immoral to suffer poverty for conscience sake; and, secondly, Cibber's comedy of the Non-juror, and Dr. Johnson's remark, when Boswell was asking him questions about it, and whether the Non-jurors really did as they were there represented as doing,—'I am afraid that many of them did so.' Even taking the words as evidence against the Non-jurors, they were spoken nearly a century after the time when Mr. Macaulay deals with the Non-jurors. They can be no proof whatever against the fellow-sufferers of Ken and Sancroft, even if they proved more than they do against their successors, when Johnson knew them, many years later.

But the truth is, that in all these matters, and on all subjects connected with the Church of England, Mr. Macaulay shows himself, to adopt the epithets applied by Dr. Johnson to Collier,² 'a fierce and implacable' partizan. An ill-natured critic might be tempted to surmise that, having to confess that his own friends were so bad, he was resolved that his opponents should suffer for it. There is no pleasing him; if one set of Churchmen, through dishonour and ruin, stick to what they think right, they are not only idiots and traitors, but every evil suggestion, every wanton slander, every hasty and ill-natured word, is carefully brought together, and elaborately put in array, to disparage and vilify them. If another set submit to a political revolution which they dislike and distrust, and amid difficulties which perplexed the

¹ Vol. iii. p. 467.

² Life of Congreve,

wisest heads in England, think it their duty to remain at their posts, and be taunted with inconsistency, Mr. Macaulay—whose leading principle is compromise—the eulogist of Halifax, its great master, and of the Convention, its great exemplification,—can find nothing better than to exult over their difficulties, and to point out, in a laboured and diffuse argument, how their conduct contradicted their principles. There is nothing that tries a historian's fairness and largeness of mind more than his treatment of the arguments and abstract theories of past times; and there is no instance, that we can call to mind, among writers of weight of our own day, where these qualities are so totally wanting, as in Mr. Macaulay's treatment of the theories about Government common among English divines of the seventeenth century. No one can know better than he, how long it takes for the highest truths and clearest principles to shape themselves into their fit and genuine forms: through what strange perversions, through what monstrous extremes, through what temporary masks, through what inconsistencies and imperfections, through what alloys of folly and error they have had to pass in stormy or unhappy times, before there was leisure, or light, or disinterestedness enough to think them out comprehensively and accurately. He himself has told us, that Locke would not grant toleration to Roman Catholics.¹ He has told us, how not one of the authors of the Declaration of Right dreamt of the liberty of the press,² and how this great mark of modern civilization arose in England by a chance accident; not from the enlarged foresight of her statesmen, but from the spiteful trick of a ribald scribbler.³ The English Clergy of the seventeenth century may have held the principle of the Royal authority in a harsh, extreme, inconsistent, untenable form; they

¹ Vol. ii p. 9 In 1699, the rival factions in Parliament proposed penal laws against the Roman Catholics, which each party made as bad as they could, to make the other bear the odium of opposing anything against Roman Catholics. But the game failed, and the bill passed with the united restrictions of both parties, who each thought their own restrictions separately too intolerable to be passed. On this Burnet, who tells the story, remarks: 'I was for the bill, notwithstanding my principles of toleration, and against all persecution for conscience sake, I had always thought that if a Government found any sect in religion incompatible with its quiet and safety, it might, and sometimes ought, to send away all of that sect, with as little hardship as possible.' But he was not satisfied even with this, and goes on to complain 'that the Act wanted several clauses to enforce the due execution of it;' but he consoles himself with reflecting that 'here is a scheme laid, though not fully digested, which on some great provocation, given by those of that religion, may dispose a Parliament to put such clauses in a new Act as may make this effectual.' (ii. 229.) The Act made it perpetual imprisonment to say mass, or for a Roman Catholic to teach, even in a private family; and gave the estates of all Papists who should succeed to an inheritance to their Protestant kin, till they took the tests against Popery. The Act was not repealed till 1778, and Burke's vote for the repeal of it was one of those which cost him his seat at Bristol. (See his Speech to the Electors of Bristol, 1780.)

² Vol. ii. p. 649.

³ Vol. iv p. 348.

may have exaggerated its relative importance; but that is no reason why we should forget that the principle itself¹ had ever been acknowledged as one of the most solemn and sacred in the polity of England, the foundation of English law, felt through every fibre of English society; that if Churchmen had defended it by wrong argument, they did no more than the defenders of all truths have done some time or another,—that if Churchmen over-stated it, and pushed it to extremes in controversy, there was quite enough in the circumstances and debates of the time to explain their very natural error. When Mr. Macaulay was exposing with so much glee the failure of Overall's theory, it would have been wiser, and it would have won him a higher place as a historian, though it might have interfered with his irony, and spoilt the flow of a triumphant page, if he had remembered how argument in all ages runs in a groove, and how all theories of Government are liable to fail. One theory was devised against the tyranny of the many; it let in the tyranny of one, and common sense and the strong feeling of wrong threw it overboard. The other theory was devised against the tyranny of one; and it has let in, to an extent to which the former never did, the tyranny of the many, and has had to be cured with sharper and far more illogical remedies. When Mr. Macaulay dwells on the figments and subterfuges to which the Anglican divines were forced to have recourse, either in defending a Regency or in submitting to William, it would have been as well for him to have remembered how the Convention made havoc of theories; how very like a solemn farce his own account of the Convention reads,—how those keen and determined men, who knew well enough what they were doing, were casting about on all sides for verbal figments and pretences of ancient law, to make the great change seem not a great change; how their great 'Resolution' is a disjointed shift to satisfy all theories while it evades them all, and is pronounced by himself the most illogical of all sentences;² and how all this care to cover up things with words and names has been celebrated by the profoundest and most eloquent of English statesmen, as the happiest effort of even English statesmanship.³ Why should the liberty of re-examining and modifying their theories, when a new and perplexing case arose, which was so freely used by statesmen and lawyers, both Whig and Tory, in the Convention, be refused, except with sneers and taunts, to country Clergymen, or even Bishops? Mr. Macaulay calls the doctrine of Divine Right and Passive Obedience an abject and servile superstition, invented by Anglican priests of the seven-

¹ See Burke's Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs, and his extracts from Sir J. Jekyl at Sacheverell's trial.

² Vol. ii. p. 623.

³ Burke's Reflections

teenth century. Can Mr. Macaulay doubt that these same doctrines were held, if not in the same terms yet rigorously in substance, by the clergy and the majority of the laity of every Church in Europe of the time where there was a king, except by the Ultra-montanes and Jesuits, who lowered kings that they might exalt Popes? Can he doubt that what he treats as a peculiar growth of English soil, was carried at least as high by Bossuet and Fenelon in France? Can he make it a reproach to Sancroft or Sherlock that they held the doctrine of Non-resistance in 1688, when Tillotson, and probably Burnet also, had declared it in 1683 a most certain Gospel and Protestant truth, and had urged its acceptance with the most solemn earnestness, in the last hours of Lord William Russell, on the conscience of their penitent? ¹ Mr. Macaulay calls it 'abject and servile;' its defenders might just as fairly have called it 'lofty and ennobling.' It was both, according to the tempers it acted

¹ 'During his previous visits to him in the Tower, Tillotson found that Lord Russell, in his love of truth, preferred to die a martyr to his principles of liberty, rather than acknowledge the doctrine of Non-resistance, which he did not hold. It was thought, if he yielded this point, Charles would grant him a pardon; but Russell was immovable. The Dean, on the other hand, held that the Christian religion plainly forbids the resistance of authority: as one of Lord Russell's spiritual comforters, he thought it essential to his true repentance, before death, to acknowledge this. Russell had received the Holy Communion in a calm and devout temper, but Tillotson, under the apprehension that his peace of mind was not well grounded, wrote him a letter, as more calculated to influence his deliberate thoughts than a transient discourse: 'The law,' he says, 'which establishes our religion declares that it is not lawful upon any pretence whatsoever to take up arms,' &c.: 'the law of nature and the general rules of Scripture, tie the hands of subjects because the government and peace of society could not well subsist if they were left at liberty: this is the declared doctrine of all Protestant Churches. And I beg your Lordship to consider how it will agree with an avowed asserting of the Protestant religion, to go contrary to the general doctrine of the Protestants. My end in this is to convince your Lordship that you are in a very great and dangerous mistake, and being so convinced, that which before was a sin of ignorance will appear of a much more heinous nature, as in truth it is, and call for a very particular and deep repentance; which if your Lordship sincerely exercise upon the sight of your error, by a penitent acknowledgment of it to God and man, you will not only obtain forgiveness of God, but prevent a mighty scandal to the reformed religion.'—Life of Ken, by a Layman. Second edition, pp. 526, 527.

The following note is added:—'Among the Rawlinson MSS., in the Bodleian, there is a letter from Burnet to Compton, of London, dated 30th July, 1683, and enclosing Lord Russell's declaration in the Tower on the point of Non-resistance. This paper is clear evidence of the arguments which Tillotson and Burnet had used to persuade him to the acknowledgment of the doctrine of Passive-obedience:—

'For my part I cannot deny but that I have been of opinion that a free nation like this might defend their religion and liberties, when invaded, and taken from them, tho' under pretence and colour of law. But some worthy and eminent Divines, who have had the charity to be often with me, and whom I value and esteem to a very great degree, have offered me weighty reasons to persuade me, that faith and patience are the proper ways for the preservation of religion, and that the method of the Gospel is rather to suffer persecution, than to use resistance. But if I have sinned in this, I hope God will not lay it to my charge, since He knows 'twas only a sin of ignorance.'

on; it made one man a fawning sycophant, it made another nobly and unselfishly loyal. It did as much as Windsor Castle does among ourselves; it did no more. When Mr. Macaulay talks about servility, it is difficult to avoid thinking of that 'great muster of lawn sleeves,'¹ in defiance of the usages and decencies of their profession, at one of the worst trials of blood that ever disgraced the House of Lords; and of Burnet and Tenison, when some of the stoutest of Whig laymen held back, 'being among the chief orators,'² in asking for the death of Fenwick by Act of Attainder; and our thoughts are involuntarily carried forward from Ken shutting his doors against Nell Gwynn, and from Sancroft in the Tower, to the courtly deans and smooth-tongued bishops who crowded the levees and smiled in the drawing-rooms of the Georges. Beside these polite and well-behaved personages it is hard to accuse the rough and plain-dealing Caroline Churchmen as the ringleaders in teaching servility to kings.

These great blemishes—and it would be easy to enlarge the list—are heavy abatements from the merit of Mr. Macaulay's brilliant attempt to revive our interest in a famous, though uninviting period of our history. It is to be regretted that a man who has lived in those days more than any one of his contemporaries, should have come back to us from them more than ever a partizan, inclined to colour what it would have been more profitable to criticise, and where it was natural to weigh and balance, only thinking of throwing into one scale a new weight of learning, eloquence, and feeling. Of the strength of his convictions no one has a right to complain. The effect of great and varied powers has been defeated, not by this, but by the narrowness of his sympathies. Desirous to be comprehensive, he yet could see no interest except in what appealed to the pride or the antipathies of a Whig. Willing to be candid, he could only give a grudging and artificial candour, out of which all the frankness and grace were taken. Anxious to sound and measure the many feelings and convictions with which the hearts of Englishmen were full, he was at fault whenever the feelings and convictions of a Whig stopped short or met opposition. The worst construction is never too forced and precarious to be assumed against those he hates; and where he admires, he can see nothing weak in gratuitous praise, or unpersuasive in a forced and overdone apology. He shows us England, swayed by selfish and dishonest leaders, by profligate and greedy factions, impudent and unscrupulous in their pursuit of power, money, or revenge; of the two parties, the Whigs were

¹ Vol. iv. p. 753.² Vol. iv. p. 758. Burnet, ii. 181.

at least not behind their rivals in all the evil arts and daring plans of factions : but instead of letting the history of wickedness produce its proper effect of warning and instruction, he leaves its impressions undisturbed, when they tell against the Tories, or else deepens and sharpens them ; but carefully throws in some compensation or softening, wakens some sympathy and recalls us to good humour and indulgence, and covers all by some stirring principle or great recollection, when they tell against the Whigs. The intolerance of Tories or Churchmen, or the severities of Stuart kings, are left without set-off or explanation to produce their full shock, as naked instances of senseless or heartless inhumanity, on minds accustomed to assume, as first principles, that all bigotry is contemptible, and all cruelty hateful : when things, surprisingly similar, have to be told of a Whig king, or a Whig majority,—if a Whig king seems to order an indiscriminate massacre, or with indecent pertinacity to require blood and to play with his victim's feelings, or a Whig majority proscribes Papists and obstinately clings to a cruel law of treason, there is always a reason for it. And the same with his praise and blame of individuals. Nottingham and Somers were both honest men and faultless in their service to William ; but compare the stiff unsympathising praise, which Mr. Macaulay bestows on Nottingham, the sneer with which he points to his narrow-minded conscientiousness,¹ and reminds us that though above corruption he retired rich,² with the free, hearty, zealous admiration which he bestows on Somers, unchecked by Somers' looseness both of religious principles and of life. Marlborough and Wharton were both bad men ; but Marlborough he classes with the Tories : and compare the savage and immitigable hatred with which he calls for our abhorrence of the baseness and wickedness of Marlborough, and the jaunty, amused, half-indulgent way³ with which he describes the vices of Wharton, who had but one virtue, that of being 'true as steel' to his party. It is really quite amusing, how down to trifles Mr. Macaulay loves to load Jacobites and Tories with the whole weight of the absurdities which were common to the age and characteristic of it. He sneers at Thomas Wagstaffe the Jacobite, noticing the coincidences between the hours of James's flight in December 1688, and his daughter's death in December 1694 : 'such was the profundity, and such the ingenuity of one whom the Jacobite schismatics justly regarded 'as one of the ablest of their chiefs.'⁴ He has nothing to say about the 'curious observation' for which Burnet, not less a man among the Whigs than Wagstaffe among the Jacobites,

interrupts the course of his history, and 'which, considering his profession, he hopes will be forgiven ;'—the circumstance that 'Dr. Lloyd, the most learned Bishop of Worcester, who for above twenty years had been studying the Revelations with amazing diligence and exactness,' had predicted, from his scheme of the book, and predicted with success, the peace of Carlowitz in 1697, and had announced with positive certainty, which Burnet was inclined to think well grounded, that the Turks would never engage in a fresh war with the Papists.¹ Mr. Macaulay reminds us in a note, to show the ill-natured and pertinacious credulity of Jacobites, that sixty years after Tillotson's consecration, Dr. Johnson 'described a sturdy Jacobite as firmly convinced that Tillotson died an Atheist :'² he omits to notice that Tom Tempest's Whig friend, Jack Sneaker, was equally firmly persuaded of the story of the warming-pan, and believed as devoutly that Charles the First was a Papist.

Much, therefore, still remains to be told of those days, much awaits a calmer and more judicial examination than his. That strange time, when Englishmen were so great and so little, so shrewd and so purblind, so far-seeing and so prejudiced, so broad and so narrow in their views, so firm in mind and so lightly moved, so full of great half-seen truths and so stained with meanness and vice,—has been too much even for Mr. Macaulay's great powers. Some part or other of the complicated subject is ever slipping from his hold, or baffling his labour, or contradicting his philosophy. Characters which he wishes to clothe with body and life, remain still shadowy and doubtful ; principles and purposes which he wishes to disentangle, remain still confused and perplexed ; and after many an exposition, full, luminous, and abounding in common sense, of the play of ideas and influences on the public mind, we remain convinced that there were other ideas and other influences at work, with equal or superior force, which have been left out of the account, untraced, perhaps unsuspected. The quarrels of those days act on us, and divide us still ; yet there is no indisposition to look dispassionately on the difficult questions of the Revolution, and to judge fairly and considerately of those who solved them so differently. There are many Liberals who condemn the policy of James, and dislike the man, without thinking it necessary to believe that he was a hypocrite in his devotion and repentance, or that he authorized the assassination of William ; who think that Halifax and Somers were right, and that William's accession was a great advantage to England, without thinking that the minority which opposed it was a band of

¹ Burnet, ii. 204, 205.

² Vol. iv. 37, referring to the Idler, No. 10

traitors. There are many High Churchmen who can see nothing to admire in the manner in which the Revolution was brought about, and much to lament in the religious spirit to which it gave a triumph; but who can also see in it a just retribution on the house of Stuart for neglected warnings and for the orgies and lawlessness of the Restoration; who can admit that there was much to provoke and to justify it, and that though it brought much evil, it brought much good. Such persons will not wonder at Mr. Macaulay for upholding the Revolution. What they will wonder at, is his inability to see that at the time itself there might be two opinions about it; what they will demur to, is the assumption that dislike and distrust of it, and the feeling in favour of the old line, were decisive against the honesty or common sense of men and parties of that day. What they will except to is, not merely a want of fairness, but apparently an *inability* to be fair, to the opponents of the Revolution—a want of the historian's gift of accurately measuring the peculiar conditions of a distant time, and comprehending and discriminating the circumstances under which men who lived in it thought and acted. They will hardly accept the verdict of a historian who so manifestly places his moral judgment in subordination to his prepossessions for the Whigs, except when he places his prepossessions for the Whigs in subordination to his enthusiasm for William. They find it too late to sympathise with a party victory, such as he has claimed—claimed so sweepingly, claimed with such insulting triumph. They will rise dissatisfied and disappointed from the perusal of a narrative which, under the disguise of the ripe wisdom of our own day, exhibited with the most finished skill, repeats the prejudices of Burnet, with the acrimony, and too often, the coarseness of Swift.

Yet the fault is so broad and plain, that it carries its own correction with it; he gives ample warning, and to judge of Jacobites and Non-jurors from his estimate, would be as sensible as to judge of Christians and Christianity from Gibbon's. Making this allowance, the interest which he has thrown on the period succeeding the Revolution, is as varied and vivid as it has all the appearance of substantial truth. Of the warlike operations of those years, which take up so much of his third volume, and a considerable portion of the fourth, it is much to say that he has given a clear and readable narrative; but the truth is, that Englishmen will never care much for the wars of King William. For however much England was interested in them, we hardly feel them to have been our own wars. We were fought for by aliens at the Boyne. We feel no national humiliation for the defeat of Landen, and the loss of Namur; we feel no national

pride in the brilliant siege by which Namur was retaken. We have forgotten the disgrace of Beechy Head, and the name of the conqueror of La Hogue does not live among our great admirals. The composition of the armies, the cause and the alliances were the same in those years, as they were in the days of Ramilies, Blenheim, and Fontenoy; but we had not yet learned to feel ourselves more than auxiliaries, and our share in the failure or the triumph, made no lasting impression on the national memory. But there were other things, which had their beginnings in those years, and which will be identified with the civil and political state of England, as long as the remembrance of England shall last. These beginnings Mr. Macaulay has traced, with the care, the fulness, and the feeling of one who is anxious to recover the minutest feature, in its earliest form, of that which has since proved to have been pregnant with so much greatness and so much power. Men will long turn back to his pages with satisfaction and gratitude, for the lights which he has collected and combined, on the early appearance and working in their modern shape, of what are now some of the most familiar and the most prominent elements of our social life. Those days saw the development of the House of Commons, with its present attributes and peculiarities. Then first, its place in the commonwealth was finally ascertained. Then first, its debates came to have, not an occasional and fitful importance, but a continual and uniform one. Then first the art of managing it was studied. Then first its characteristic eloquence had its birth, and Somers and Montague were the genuine predecessors of that illustrious line of debaters,—Pulteney and Windham, the Pitts and Burke, Canning and Peel,—which we have seen continued with unabated force, and unaltered traditions, down to the latest session of Parliament. Those days first saw the organization of party, and the establishment of the unwritten law which regulates administrations. Those days saw the first modest and hesitating steps to that which has now become as fated and indissoluble a part of modern England as her mountains and streams—the National Debt. Those days first saw the vast change in commercial transactions, occasioned by the transference of the trade in money, from being an irregular by-work of pawnbrokers and goldsmiths, to great mercantile companies, whose business was nothing else. Those days saw, after many perplexities and doubts, amid the confusions of puzzle-headed projectors and old-fashioned men of business, the Bank of England set up, as the only expedient within reach for raising an indispensable supply of money;—to begin those operations on which the credit of England has, from that time forth, uninterruptedly hung. Those days saw the standard of the English

coinage fixed, and the great and anxious change carried out with boldness and skill, through unavoidable distress, and in the face of a great hazard, by which a debased currency was got rid of for ever. Lastly, those days saw, not indeed strictly the beginnings, but the first indications of the spirit and policy of that imperial association, whose colossal influence was to overshadow Asia, and enrich while it convulsed England,—the East India Company. It is remarkable that during those eight or nine eventful years, so full of the germs of the future, Mr. Macaulay has scarcely once occasion to name the Plantations in America.¹

Of these memorable beginnings, he has given sketches of great interest. Perhaps the most interesting is his account of the terrible crisis which attended the restoration of the currency. It is too long to extract, and Mr. Macaulay's narratives do not bear abridgment. The following is his account of the great change in the circumstances of the country which made it ripe for the beginning of the National Debt, and of the quiet unassuming fashion in which that portentous phenomenon first showed itself:—

'During the interval between the Restoration and the Revolution the riches of the nation had been rapidly increasing. Thousands of busy men found every Christmas that, after the expenses of the year's housekeeping had been defrayed out of the year's income, a surplus remained; and how that surplus was to be employed was a question of some difficulty. In our time, to invest such a surplus at something more than three per cent. on the best security that has ever been known in the world, is the work of a few minutes. But in the seventeenth century, a lawyer, a physician, a retired merchant, who had saved some thousands, and who wished to place them safely and profitably, was often greatly embarrassed. Three generations earlier, a man who had accumulated wealth in a profession generally purchased real property, or lent his savings on mortgage. But the number of acres in the kingdom had remained the same; and the value of those acres, though it had greatly increased, had by no means increased so fast as the quantity of capital which was seeking for employment. Many too wished to put their money where they could find it at an hour's notice, and looked about for some species of property which could be more readily transferred than a house or a field. A capitalist might lend on bottomry or on personal security; but, if he did so, he ran great risk of losing interest and principal. There were a few joint-stock companies, among which the East India Company held the foremost place; but the demand for stock of such companies was far greater than the supply. Indeed the cry for a new East India Company was chiefly raised by persons who had found difficulty in placing their savings at interest on good security. So great was the difficulty that the practice of hoarding was common. We are told that the father of Pope the poet, who retired from business in the City about

¹ Emigration seems to have been brisk in these years. In James's Memorial to Lewis of Nov 1692, he says that his friends will argue in Parliament against the Continental war, and one of their reasons for giving up the army in Flanders is to be, that 'an infinite number of men will be saved, of which England stands much in need, being greatly depopulated by the number of inhabitants who go to the colonies.'—*Macpherson*, i. 438.

the time of the Revolution, carried to a retreat in the country a strong box containing nearly 20,000 pounds, and took out from time to time what was required for household expenses; and it is highly probable that this was not a solitary case. At present the quantity of coin which is hoarded by private persons is so small that it would, if brought forth, make no perceptible addition to the circulation. But in the earlier part of the reign of William III., all the greatest writers on currency were of opinion that a very considerable mass of gold and silver was hidden in secret drawers and behind wainscots.

The natural effect of this state of things was that a crowd of projectors, ingenious and absurd, honest and knavish, employed themselves in devising schemes for the employment of redundant capital. It was about the year 1688, that the word stock-jobber was first heard in London. In the short space of four years a crowd of companies, every one of which confidently held out to subscribers the hope of immense gains, sprang into existence; the Insurance Company, the Paper Company, the Lutestring Company, the Pearl Fishery Company, the Glass Bottle Company, the Alum Company, the Blythe Coal Company, the Sword-blade Company. There was a Tapestry Company which would soon furnish pretty hangings for all the parlours of the middle class, and all the bedchambers of the high. There was a Diving Company, which undertook to bring up precious effects from shipwrecked vessels, and which announced that it had laid in a stock of wonderful machines, resembling complete suits of armour. In front of the helmet was a huge glass eye, like that of a cyclop; and out of the crest went a pipe through which the air was to be admitted. The whole process was exhibited on the Thames. Fine gentlemen and fine ladies were invited to the show, were hospitably regaled, and were delighted by seeing the divers in their panoply descend into the river, and return laden with old iron and ship's tackle. There was a Greenland Fishing Company which could not fail to drive the Dutch whalers and herring vessels out of the Northern ocean. There was a Tanning Company which promised to furnish leather superior to the best that was brought from Turkey or Russia. There was a society which undertook the office of giving gentlemen a liberal education on low terms, and which assumed the sounding name of the Royal Academies Company. In a pompous advertisement it was announced that the directors of the Royal Academies Company had engaged the best masters in every branch of knowledge, and were about to issue twenty thousand tickets at twenty shillings each. There was to be a lottery, two thousand prizes were to be drawn; and the fortunate holders of the prizes were to be taught, at the charge of the company, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Spanish, conic sections, trigonometry, heraldry, juggling, fortification, book-keeping, and the art of playing the theorbo. Some of these companies took large mansions and printed their advertisements in gilded letters. Others, less ostentatious, were content with ink, and met at coffee-houses in the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange. Jonathan's and Garraway's were in a constant ferment with brokers, buyers, sellers, meetings of directors, meetings of proprietors. Time bargains soon came into fashion. Extensive combinations were formed, and monstrous fables were circulated, for the purpose of raising or depressing the price of shares. Our country witnessed for the first time those phenomena with which a long experience has made us familiar. A mania of which the symptoms were essentially the same with those of the mania of 1720, of the mania of 1825, of the mania of 1845, seized the public mind. An impatience to be rich, a contempt for those slow but sure gains which are the proper reward of industry, patience, and thrift, spread through society. The spirit of the cogging dicers of Whitefriars took possession of the grave Senators of the City, Wardens of Trades, Deputies, Aldermen. It was much easier and much more lucrative to put forth a lying

prospectus announcing a new stock, to persuade ignorant people that the dividends could not fall short of twenty per cent., and to part with five thousand pounds of this imaginary wealth for ten thousand solid guineas, than to load a ship with a well chosen cargo for Virginia or the Levant. Every day some new bubble was puffed into existence, rose buoyant, shone bright, burst, and was forgotten.

'The new form which covetousness had taken, furnished the comic poets and satirists with an excellent subject; nor was that subject the less welcome to them because some of the most unscrupulous and most successful of the new race of gamblers were men in sad coloured clothes and lank hair, men who called cards the devil's books, men who thought it a sin and a scandal to win or lose twopence over a backgammon board. It was in the last drama of Shadwell that the hypocrisy and knavery of these speculators was, for the first time, exposed to public ridicule. He died in November 1692, just before his Stock-jobbers came on the stage; and the epilogue was spoken by an actor dressed in deep mourning. The best scene is that in which four or five stern Nonconformists, clad in the full Puritan costume, after discussing the prospects of the Mousetrap Company, and the Flea-killing Company, examine the question whether the godly may lawfully hold stock in a company for bringing over Chinese rope-dancers. "Considerable men have shares," says one austere person, in cropped hair and bands; "but, verily, I question if it be lawful or not." These doubts are removed by a stout old roundhead colonel, who had fought at Marston Moor, and who reminds his weaker brother that the saints need not themselves see the rope-dancing, and that, in all probability, there will be no rope-dancing to see. "The thing," he says, "is like to take; the shares will sell well; and then we shall not care whether the dancers come over or no." It is important to observe that this scene was exhibited and applauded before one farthing of the national debt had been contracted. So ill-informed were the numerous writers, who, at a later period, ascribed to the national debt the existence of stock-jobbing, and of all the immoralities connected with stock-jobbing. The truth is that society had, in the natural course of its growth, reached a point at which it was inevitable that there should be stock-jobbing whether there were a national debt or not, and inevitable also that, if there were a long and costly war, there should be a national debt.

* * * * *

'On the fifteenth of December, 1692, the House of Commons resolved itself into a Committee of Ways and Means. Somers took the chair. Montague proposed to raise a million by way of loan: the proposition was approved; and it was ordered that a bill should be brought in. The details of the scheme were much discussed and modified; but the principle appears to have been popular with all parties. The monied men were glad to have an opportunity of investing what they had hoarded. The landed men, hard pressed by the load of taxation, were ready to consent to anything for the sake of present ease. No member ventured to divide the House. On the twentieth of January the bill was read a third time, carried up to the Lords by Somers, and passed by them without any amendment.

'By this memorable law new duties were imposed on beer and other liquors. These duties were to be kept in the Exchequer separate from all other receipts, and were to form a fund on the credit of which a million was to be raised by life annuities. As the annuitants dropped off their annuities were to be divided among the survivors, till the number of survivors was reduced to seven. After that time whatever fell in was to go to the public. It was therefore certain that the eighteenth century would be far advanced before the debt would be finally extinguished. The rate of interest was to be ten per cent. till the year 1700, and after that year seven per cent. The advantages offered to the public creditor by this scheme may seem great,

but were not more than sufficient to compensate him for the risk which he ran. It was not impossible that there might be a counter-revolution; and it was certain that if there were a counter-revolution, those who had lent money to William would lose both interest and principal.'

Such was its beginning; the summary¹ which he subjoins of the history of its growth, of the cold fear which from time to time it has struck into the hearts of statesmen and philosophers, of the way in which, in spite of those alarms, it has steadily swelled, as if by a natural necessity, and yet none of what seemed its inevitable evils have as yet happened, is striking, and would be more consolatory if it did not itself show how the coolest and shrewdest heads may be utterly at fault, in probing the causes and grounds of national strength and prosperity:—

'Such was the origin of that debt which has since become the greatest prodigy that ever perplexed the sagacity and confounded the pride of statesmen and philosophers. At every stage in the growth of that debt the nation has set up the same cry of anguish and despair. At every stage in the growth of that debt it has been seriously asserted by wise men that bankruptcy and ruin were at hand. Yet, still the debt went on growing, and still bankruptcy and ruin were as remote as ever. When the great contest with Louis the Fourteenth was finally terminated by the peace of Utrecht, the nation owed about fifty millions; and that debt was considered, not merely by the rude multitude, not merely by fox-hunting squires and coffee-house orators, but by acute and profound thinkers, as an encumbrance which would permanently cripple the body politic. Nevertheless trade flourished, wealth increased, the nation became richer and richer. Then came the war of the Austrian Succession and the debt rose to eighty millions. Pamphleteers, historians, and orators pronounced that now, at all events, our case was desperate. Yet the signs of increasing prosperity, signs which could neither be counterfeited nor concealed, ought to have satisfied observant and reflecting men that a debt of eighty millions was less to the England, which was governed by Pelham, than a debt of fifty millions had been to the England which was governed by Oxford. Soon war again broke forth, and, under the energetic and prodigal administration of the first William Pitt, the debt rapidly swelled to a hundred and forty millions. As soon as the first intoxication of victory was over, men of theory and men of business almost unanimously pronounced that the fatal day had now really arrived. The only statesman indeed, active or speculative, who did not share in the general delusion was Edmund Burke. David Hume, undoubtedly one of the most profound political economists of his time, declared that our madness had exceeded the madness of the Crusaders. Richard Coeur de Lion and Saint Lewis had not gone in the face of arithmetical demonstration. It was impossible to prove by figures that the road to Paradise did not lie through the Holy Land, but it was possible to prove by figures that the road to national ruin was

¹ It is the expansion of a sentence of Burke's.—'Public credit, that great but ambiguous principle, which has so often been predicted as the cause of our certain ruin, but which for a century has been the constant companion, and often the means, of our prosperity and greatness, had its origin, and was cradled, as I may say, in bankruptcy and beggary.'—*First Letter on a Regicidal Peace*, 1796. Works, vol. v. 290. In an allusion, but without a reference, to Burke's appeal to Montague's famous Resolutions, in this letter, we notice a misprint in Mr. Macaulay's text.—'In 1798, Burke held up the proceedings of that day,' &c. (v. 726.) Burke died in 1797. It should be 1796.

through the national debt. It was idle, however, now to talk about the road; we had reached the goal; all was over; all the revenues of the island north of Trent and west of Reading were mortgaged. Better for us to have been conquered by Prussia or Austria than to be saddled with the interest of a hundred and forty millions. And yet this great philosopher—for such he was—had only to open his eyes and see improvement all around him, cities increasing, cultivation extending, marts too small for the crowd of buyers and sellers, harbours insufficient to contain the shipping, artificial rivers joining the chief inland seats of industry to the chief seaports, streets better lighted, houses better furnished, richer wares exposed to sale in statelier shops, swifter carriages rolling along smoother roads. He had, indeed, only to compare the Edinburgh of his boyhood with the Edinburgh of his old age. His prediction remains to posterity, a memorable instance of the weakness from which the strongest minds are not exempt. Adam Smith saw a little, and but a little further. He admitted that, immense as the burden was, the nation did actually sustain it and thrive under it in a way which nobody could have foreseen. But he warned his countrymen not to repeat so hazardous an experiment. The limit had been reached. Even a small increase might be fatal. Not less gloomy was the view that George Grenville, a minister eminently diligent and practical, took of our financial situation. The nation must, he conceived, sink under a debt of a hundred and forty millions, unless a portion of the load were borne by the American colonies. The attempt to lay a portion of the load on the American colonies produced another war. That war left us with an additional hundred millions of debt, and without the colonies, whose help had been represented as indispensable. Again England was given over; and again the strange patient persisted in becoming stronger and more blooming in spite of all the diagnostics and prognostics of state physicians. As she had been visibly more prosperous with a debt of a hundred and forty millions than with a debt of fifty millions, so she was visibly more prosperous with a debt of two hundred and forty millions than with a debt of a hundred and forty millions. Soon, however, the wars which sprang from the French Revolution, and which far exceeded in cost any that the world had ever seen, tasked the powers of public credit to the utmost. When the world was again at rest, the funded debt of England amounted to eight hundred millions. If the most enlightened man had been told in 1792, that, in 1815, the interest on eight hundred millions would be duly paid to the day at the bank, he would have been as hard of belief as if he had been told that the government would be in possession of the lamp of Aladdin or the purse of Fortunatus. It was in truth a gigantic, a fabulous debt; and we can hardly wonder that the cry of despair should have been louder than ever. But again that cry was found to have been as unreasonable as ever. After a few years of exhaustion, England recovered herself. Yet, like Addison's valetudinarian, who continued to whimper that he was dying of consumption, till he became so fat that he was shamed into silence, she went on complaining that she was sunk in poverty, till her wealth showed itself by tokens which made her complaints ridiculous. The beggared, the bankrupt society not only proved able to meet all its obligations, but, while meeting those obligations, grew richer and richer so fast that the growth could almost be discerned by the eye. In every county we saw wastes recently turned into gardens: in every city we saw new streets, and squares, and markets, more brilliant lamps, more abundant supplies of water: in the suburbs of every great seat of industry we saw villas multiplying fast, each embosomed in its gay little paradise of lilacs and roses. While shallow politicians were repeating that the energies of the people were borne down by the weight of the public burdens, the first journey was performed by steam on a rail-

way. Soon the island was intersected by railways. A sum exceeding the whole amount of the national debt at the end of the American war, was, in a few years, voluntarily expended by this ruined people in viaducts, tunnels, embankments, bridges, stations, engines. Meanwhile taxation was almost constantly becoming lighter and lighter; yet still the exchequer was full. It may be now affirmed without fear of contradiction that we find it as easy to pay the interest of eight hundred millions as our ancestors found it a century ago to pay the interest of eighty millions. It can hardly be doubted that there must have been some great fallacy in the notions of those who uttered and those who believed that long succession of confident predictions, so signally falsified by a long succession of indisputable facts. To point out that fallacy is the office rather of the political economist than of the historian. Here it is sufficient to say that the prophets of evil were under a double delusion. They erroneously imagined that there was an exact analogy between the case of an individual who is in debt, and the case of a society which is in debt to a part of itself; and this analogy led them into endless mistakes about the effect of the system of funding. They were under an error not less serious, touching the resources of the country. They made no allowance for the effect produced by the incessant progress of every experimental science, and by the incessant efforts of every man to get on in life. They saw that the debt grew, and they forgot that other things grew as well as the debt.

When we laid down Mr. Macaulay's first two volumes eight years ago, we laid them down with the feelings with which persons look forward to the solution of an enigma, or the establishment of a paradox. What will he make of the most repulsive reign of English history? We have now seen how the paradox is maintained, and the riddle solved. We are not satisfied. We have much to complain of, much to condemn. But the task is accomplished with singular power and skill. We part now from him a second time, and with different feelings. There is no such curiosity at work to know what line he will take, or how he will acquit himself. We can tell exactly the view that he will adopt; and we know also how ably he will maintain it, and what new stores of interest he will be able to open out as he goes along. We part from him now, hardly venturing to look forward; we part from him with the feeling of regret at the interruption and failure of a great design. Something more indeed, we may yet, we trust, expect from him;¹ but this will be but an addition to a fragment. That great work, so proudly planned, which with all its faults would have been one of the most magnificent ornaments of English literature, will never be now. The regret is the stronger because the great writer is living to resign his hopes, and to feel that he must leave the story of which his mind is full, untold.

¹ We notice the promise given in vol. iv. p. 780.

ART. V.—1. *Polynesian Mythology and Ancient Traditional History of the New Zealand Race.* By SIR GEORGE GREY. London: Murray. 1855.

2. *Te Tka a Maui, or New Zealand and its Inhabitants.* By REV. RICHARD TAYLOR, M.A. Many years a Missionary in New Zealand. London: Wertheim and Macintosh. 1855.

THE publication of these two works, almost at the same time, is itself an evident proof that a very strong interest has been excited among the colonists of New Zealand in favour of the native population. It has too generally been the result of European immigration either to destroy altogether, or to subjugate with an iron hand, the indigenous races which it found in possession. The majority of such races have been utterly intractable, and have brought their fate on themselves. It would seem that many tribes are so utterly wild, and so lost to all powers of civilization, that an entire separation between themselves and the natives of Europe must last for many generations, if not to the end of time. In North America this want of sympathy has ended in the retirement of the native altogether from the struggle, and generally in his extinction; while the nations of Asia, though able to mingle with us for the secular purposes of life, show almost an equal want of sympathy, and the same obstinacy of race, in forbidding all real community of feeling. Much of this of course depends on climate. But generally it follows that lengthened acquaintance with native races has had the effect of diminishing our interest in them. The future has held out small prospects of real sympathy, or amalgamation, and therefore the past has been forgotten except as revealing some curious specimens of the varied ideas that have characterized the human family. Yet the greater interest, which is now felt for the Maori race, is not the result of any peculiar gentleness or fascination on first acquaintance. The most striking part of the subject is the contrast which is afforded between the first pictures of New Zealand life and the present state of things; between the former barbarities, and the present good understanding that exists. The death of a devoted Missionary, stationed in one of the Polynesian islands, was recently announced in the newspapers, with an accompanying remark, that he 'had experienced many touching proofs of grateful Christian love from the simple natives.' How different are such tender recollections from the savage and fearful narratives which, but very lately, were the too common histories of those adventurous Europeans, whether missionaries or otherwise, who

invaded the homes of this island race? Two New Zealand chiefs were exhibited in this country about twenty-five years ago, who were made to inspire all beholders with horror and disgust, by the daily performance of their most savage actions. They were known to be cannibals, and they were seen, though happily under a powerful escort, in the wildest attitudes of rage and frenzy; showing all their war dances, and shouting their cries of victory. Even then it was observed that, under all this painful and repulsive exhibition of savage manners, their existed a far gentler vein of thought than their actions betrayed; that they were not destitute of feelings which might form the groundwork of civilized life. They were rescued from their degrading position, were trained to mingle in social life, were warranted harmless, and eventually shipped off home, leaving behind them a very different notion of their capabilities and dispositions from that which existed on their first arrival.

This capacity of improvement, illustrated in the case of these two, has been since most strikingly confirmed in the whole race. Known at one time for little else but their cannibalistic habits, they are now chiefly notorious for being the most successful people among whom the preachers of the gospel have travelled in modern times. They seem to possess more of that stuff from which civilised beings are eventually constructed, than most of the heathen which have been brought to our notice; they are far more accessible to the Christian religion than the Indians of the west, or the Hindoos of the east.

If we trace in past ages the first origin of those who have been the chief people of the earth for their respective periods, we shall find a strange mixture of facts and fables of plain and most probable statements of history, and of confused dreamy recollections, corresponding in the life of nations, with those visionary, indefinite, yet often pleasing fancies, which remain in the mature life of each individual as the memorial of childish days. It thus happens that our knowledge of classic ages is much connected with their mythology. It would seem most natural that, in looking back on ancient Greece or Rome, the developed periods of their civilization should, far more than in this case, have eclipsed the vague dreams of their early traditions. Through ages of struggling energy, of common-place worldly advancement, of refinement in art and luxury, of improved physical science, and of warlike operations conducted on the simplest principles of human courage and endurance; through even the periods of decline and fall which have marked the great empires and republics of antiquity; through all the mature and decaying life of the great nations of the world, we are still able to trace their most childish dreams of remote

fabulous histories. Is it not strange that the sturdy Lacedæmonian, or accomplished Athenian, should still be connected in our minds with the inhabitants of Olympus? and that the construction of Roman viaducts, or the general who so ably, yet, by ordinary laws of military science, conducted the campaign of the Gallican war, should still be associated in our minds with the loves of Anchises and Venus, or the eccentricities of a she-wolf? The book itself of Revelation, however true and exact it is in the narration of facts, yet bears upon its surface a highly mythological character. Nor is it to be imagined that we undervalue the truths of inspiration by calling them mythological: some myths are true, and some false; those handed down by revelation are the one, and those held by the heathen are the other; though some traditional glimpses of the truth may often be found, even in the wildest fancies of the remotest savage.

Such being the prevalent interest attached to the mythology of all civilized nations, it was a wise impression, conceived by Sir George Grey, that the duties of Governor-in-chief of New Zealand might be carried on with greater success, and that his influence over the natives might be more complete, as well as the dignity of the people enhanced, by a careful noting down, at the mouth of their priests, of the principal traditions yet remaining as to their origin, and their connexion with other countries, or even superhuman beings. In a few years it seemed probable that all such traditions would have vanished, since the rising generation know but little of them. Even as a matter of curiosity, it was thus very desirable that the scattered fragments should be at once collected. But Sir George Grey was influenced by higher motives than mere curiosity to prosecute this inquiry. He was led to it by all those previous efforts to conciliate the natives for which his governorship has been so pleasantly notorious. He found himself, on his arrival in New Zealand, in the midst of much angry feeling; and, to his credit be it spoken, he left the island in a state, not only of unexampled tranquillity, but far advanced in civilization.

His first instincts were a proof that he was anxious to adopt a superior mode of dealing with the wild people under his charge than has too generally been the case on the first contact of the white man with the savage:—

‘I soon perceived that I could neither successfully govern, nor hope to conciliate, a numerous and turbulent people, with whose language, manners, customs, religion, and modes of thought I was quite unacquainted. In order to redress their grievances, and apply remedies, which would neither wound their feelings nor militate against their prejudices, it was necessary that I should be able thoroughly to understand their complaints; and to win their confidence and regard, it was also requisite that I should be able at all times, and in all places, patiently to listen to the tales of their wrongs

or sufferings, and, even if I could not assist them, to give them a kind reply, couched in such terms as should leave no doubt on their minds that I clearly understood and felt for them, and was really well disposed towards them.'—P. iv.

The intervention of interpreters he found a very imperfect and a very cold method of communicating with the natives. Even when they were available, the case was not much better. Many difficulties were in the way which made it an arduous task to acquire any sufficient knowledge of an unwritten language during the many distracting engagements which occupied both his mind and his time; but, together with the toil which filled 'up every spare moment, came also the satisfaction of discovering more clearly than ever how extremely useful the acquisition of such knowledge would be.

'Only one thing could, under such circumstances, be done, and that was to acquaint myself with the ancient language of the country, to collect its traditional poems and legends, to induce their priests to impart to me their mythology, and to study their proverbs.'—P. vii.

For eight years Sir George Grey applied himself heartily and earnestly to this task; and even after this laborious task, one fruit of his researches was destroyed by fire.

Confused and indistinct was the result of all his labour till it underwent a further process of arrangement. With care, however, and method, he at last succeeded in harmonizing the scattered fragments of tradition into something like consistent and definite stories that might constitute a system of mythology. The translation is close and literal, which, of course, is necessary to give the work any real value as an authentic compilation. The rambling visionary characters of its histories may indeed, be a trial to the patience of one whose only thought is to find an evening's amusement in their perusal, but the great interest of the book must be apparent if we consider the following picture of the origin from which it springs:—

'For the first time, I believe, a European reader will find it in his power to place himself in the position of one who listens to a heathen and savage high-priest, explaining to him, in his own words, and in his own energetic manner, the traditions in which he earnestly believes, and unfolding the religious opinions upon which the faith and hopes of his race rest.'—P. xi.

The mythology of Polynesia may seem puerile; but Sir George Grey very shrewdly remarks, that whenever other systems of mythology appear more grand, it is to be attributed to our greater ignorance of their details. Childish, however, as they are, there is much truth in the following considerations:—

'But the puerility of these traditions and barbarous mythological systems by no means diminishes their importance as regards their influence upon the human race. Those contained in the present volumes have, with slight modifications, prevailed perhaps considerably more than two thousand years throughout the great mass of the islands of the Pacific Ocean; and, indeed,

the religious system of ancient Mexico was, probably, to some extent connected with them. They have been believed in and obeyed by many millions of the human race; and it is still more melancholy to reflect that they were based upon a system of human sacrifices to the gods; so that if we allow them to have existed for two thousand years, and that, in accordance with the rites which are based upon them, at least two thousand human victims were annually sacrificed throughout the whole extent of the numerous islands in which they prevailed.—P. xiii.

From the thought of such horrors and barbarities of the past, it is indeed refreshing to hear the testimony of our author to the wonderful change which has come over them, and the capacity for improvement which, as a people, they have exhibited.

For any complete knowledge of those wild stories which constitute Polynesian mythology, we must refer the reader to our authors. We cannot attempt even any abstract or explanation of them. It might happen that occasional analogies could be discovered between these stories of the ocean, and European, or Scriptural mythology; but, as a general rule, all such analogies are most vague and incoherent, for the fables now under our notice contain little that is instructive or moral, though occasionally there are pleasant touches of the softer and gentler feelings of the human mind. The legends may be classed under two heads:—those that relate to the origin of the human race generally; and those which are connected with the first colonization of New Zealand. With regard to the former subject, we extract the following—called ‘The Children of Heaven and Earth’—both for its special subject-matter, and as a specimen of the dreamy conceptions which are the only Polynesian links between the past and the present:—

Men had but one pair of primitive ancestors; they sprang from the vast heaven that exists above us, and from the earth which lies beneath us. According to the traditions of our race, Rangî and Papa, or Heaven and Earth, were the source from which, in the beginning, all things originated. Darkness then rested upon the heaven and upon the earth, and they still both clave together, for they had not yet been rent apart; and the children they had begotten were ever thinking amongst themselves what might be the difference between darkness and light, they knew that beings had multiplied and increased, and yet light had never broken upon them, but it ever continued dark. Hence these sayings are found in our ancient religious services: “There was darkness from the first division of time, unto the tenth, to the hundredth, to the thousandth,” that is, for a vast space of time; and these divisions of times were considered as beings, and were each termed a Po; and on their account there was as yet no world with its bright light, but darkness only for the beings which existed.

“At last the beings who had been begotten by Heaven and Earth, worn out by the continued darkness, consulted amongst themselves, saying, “Let us now determine what we should do with Rangî and Papa, whether it would be better to slay them or to rend them apart. Then spoke Tuma-taunga, the fiercest of the children of Heaven and Earth, “It is well, let us slay them.”

“Then spake Tane-mahuta, the father of forests and of all things that

inhabit them, or that are constructed from trees, "Nay, not so. It is better to rend them apart, and to let the heaven stand far above us, and the earth lie under our feet. Let the sky become as a stranger to us, but the earth remain close to us as our nursing mother."—Pp. 1, 2.

All consented to this unkind proposal except one brother, who was the father of winds and storms, by name Tawhiri-ma-tea, who was afraid that his own kingdom might suffer. At length, however, came the day when this important effort was to be made:—

'Their plans have been agreed on, lo, Rongo-ma-tane, the god and father of the cultivated food of man, rises up, that he may rend apart the heavens and the earth; he struggles, but he rends them not apart. Lo, next, Tangaroa, the god and father of fish and reptiles, rises up, that he may rend apart the heavens and the earth; he also struggles, but he rends them not apart. Lo, next, Haumia-tikitiki, the god and father of the food of man which springs without cultivation, rises up and struggles, but ineffectually. Lo, then, Tu-matauenga, the god and father of fierce human beings, rises up and struggles, but he, too, fails in his efforts. Then, at last, slowly uprises Tane-mahuta, the god and father of forests, of birds, and of insects, and he struggles with his parents, in vain he strives to rend them apart with his hands and arms. Lo, he pauses; his head is now firmly planted on his mother the earth, his feet he raises up and rests against his father the skies, he strains his back and limbs with mighty effort. Now are rent apart Rangū and Papa, and with cries and groans of woe they shriek aloud, "Wherefore slay you thus your parents? Why commit you so dreadful a crime as to slay us, as to rend your parents apart?" But Tane-mahuta pauses not, he regards not their shrieks and cries; far, far beneath him he presses down the earth, far, far above him he thrusts up the sky.'—Pp. 3, 4.

The one dissentient brother is full of dire revenge for this deed of the others, and dreading that the world should become too fair and beautiful, he rises up to his father in the skies, and forms awful plans for the disturbance of the earth. He sends his numerous progeny in all directions, and hence occasioned the four quarters of the wind:—

'He next sends forth fierce squalls, whirlwinds, dense clouds, massy clouds, dark clouds, gloomy thick clouds, fiery clouds, clouds which precede hurricanes, clouds of fiery black, clouds reflecting glowing red light, clouds wildly drifting from all quarters and wildly bursting, clouds of thunder storms, and clouds hurriedly flying. In the midst of these Tawhiri-ma-tea himself sweeps wildly on.'—Pp. 5, 6.

From the land this wrathful brother betakes himself to water, and there upraises all manner of waves, storms, and cliffs, eddies and whirlpools. Tangaroa, the god of the ocean, flies discomfited before him, and his offspring hid themselves, in two great divisions, some in the water, who continued there as fish, and some on land, who became reptiles. These separate parties thus addressed each other in the confusion of flight. The fish said to the reptiles:—

'Fly inland, then; and the fate of you and your race will be, that when they catch you, before you are cooked, they will singe off your scales over a lighted wisp of dry fern.'—P. 7.

While the reptiles answered :—

‘Seek safety, then, in the sea; and the future fate of your race will be, that when they serve out little baskets of cooked vegetable food to each person, you will be laid upon the top of the food to give a relish to it.’—P. 8.

Tangaroa, enraged at the desertion of his children, who have gone, in the form of reptiles, to seek shelter on the land, wages war with the god of forests, who has become their protector. By way of retaliation, the god of forests is able to supply the enemies of Tangaroa with the wood from which canoes are made, also with spears, fish-hooks, and fibrous nets, to the great destruction of fish. Nor is Tangaroa unable, on his ‘part, to carry on very active hostilities against the god of forests. He overwhelms canoes with the surges of the sea; swallows up lands, trees, and houses in his devastating floods, and destroys no small number of the insects, birds, and other animals which inhabit the dry land.

The god of the ocean being thus vanquished, and his progeny thrown into unceasing quarrels by the fury of Tawhiri-matea, this revengeful brother next turned his anger against those of his family who protected *food* in its various shapes. Happily for our race, these were enabled to hide themselves from the wind, and thus to escape harm, while their assailant next turned his attention toward another brother, possessing a most formidable name, which represents Man, or ‘the fierce man.’ Here he met with a rebuff, for Man stood erect and unshaken upon his mother earth, and caused the god of storms at length to become tranquil. Man being thus victorious, commenced a warfare against his brethren, who had failed to support him in the struggle he had waged against the common enemy, and eventually succeeded in devouring them all; an event illustrative of the power of man to make use of all the produce of the earth for his support. It was about this time, in some mysterious way, that man became subject to death, from the time that some goddess, whose name we need not repeat, was deceived by a demigod of equally difficult nomenclature. The position, however, of the world’s inhabitants being thus relatively established,—the one brother to the other, and the children towards their parents,—then commenced the ordinary processes of nature as now we experience them. Every phenomenon that now comes within our observation, may in some way or other be traced to the conquests or the reverses of these primitive brethren. Man, of course, is preeminent, and all those things which are eaten by him, are the descendants of his original victims; and the sternness with which the devouring instinct is carried out in all these ancient legends, is plainly connected with the comparatively recent habits, so shocking to our refined senses, of converting the bodies of those

slain in battle into cooked meat for food. The earth now multiplied and prospered under the enforced system of Rangi and Papa. The story, however, concludes with a very pleasing and poetical relation of the sentimental recollections which still exist between these long separated and loving partners:—

‘Up to this time the vast Heaven has still ever remained separated from his spouse the Earth. Yet their mutual love still continues—the soft warm sighs of her loving bosom still ever rise up to him, ascending from the woody mountains and valleys, and men call these mists; and the vast Heaven, as he mourns through the long nights his separation from his beloved, drops frequent tears upon her bosom, and men seeing these, term them dew, drops.’—P. 15.

In parts of this fabulous history we may perhaps trace some analogy with the first chapter of Genesis. The separation of the firmament from the earth, and the land from the water, with the preeminence of man over all nature, form the substance of each tale; but still the similarity of the two stories is not sufficiently exact to make us at all sure that the one is the tradition of the other. A contemplative observation of nature might itself have prompted all that we hear of Polynesian mythology.

The following passage from the adventures of a somewhat bold demigod into the region of the tenth heaven, is a rather curious illustration that purity and cleanliness is not in all minds associated with the more blessed abode of the universe:—

‘When they had each ended their lamentation, Rehua called to his servants, “Light a fire, and get everything ready for cooking food.” The slaves soon made the fire burn up brightly, and brought hollow calabashes, all ready to have food placed in them, and laid them down before Rehua. All this time Rupe was wondering whence the food was to come from with which the calabashes, which the slaves had brought, were to be filled; but presently he observed that Rehua was slowly loosening the thick bands which enveloped his locks around and upon the top of his head; and when his long locks all floated loosely, he shook the dense masses of his hair, and forth from them came flying flocks of the Tu birds, which had been nestling there, feeding upon insects; and as they flew forth, the slaves caught and killed them, and filled the calabashes with them, and took them to the fire, and put them on to cook, and when they were done, they carried them and laid them before Rupe as a present, and then placed them beside him that he might eat, and Rehua requested him to eat food, but Rupe answered him, “Nay, but I cannot eat this food; I saw these birds loosened and take wing from thy locks; who would dare to eat birds that had fed upon insects in thy sacred head?”—Pp. 84, 85.

From Sir George Grey we would now turn to the more general work of Mr. Taylor. Many years’ experience as a Missionary in the Island would seem to have implanted a very great respect in his mind for the Maori race, and to have also prompted a very industrious research into their history, both fabulous and real, past and present. We are, indeed, surprised at the vast amount of interesting matter which he has collected together and arranged with considerable art, for the instruction

of the public. He divides his subject into native traditions, previous to the arrival of Europeans, and the subsequent history of the Island.

The traditions mentioned by Mr. Taylor correspond very much (as of course they must do, if both are correct,) with those already discussed in connexion with Sir G. Grey. We will not, therefore, go over the same ground, and will only refer to Mr. Taylor, on points not already introduced to our readers.

Mr. Taylor is one of those religionists who takes special delight in tracing the history of the children of Israel, no matter where or when. We are not about to quarrel with him on this score, but simply to state his opinion, expressed in several parts of his work, that the Polynesian races are descended from the ten tribes. We confess that his evidence is anything but conclusive, and amounts to little more than a seeming probability of New Zealand having been originally peopled by nomad tribes from Asia, which, having traversed the continent, embarked on the sea, and, one by one, colonized the many islands which form a belt across the Southern ocean.

Taking this view of the origin of the New Zealand races, he imagines many of their traditions, especially on the law of Tapu,—those who in their childhood with ourselves have pondered with delight over Cook's Voyages, will identify this word in the more familiar *taboo*,—to have been founded in the Mosaic law. He does not, however, convey the idea that he twists events to suit his preconceived theory. There is an air of truth and nature in all that he says, which is entirely uninfluenced by the destination of the ten tribes. Of Tapu he thus says:—

‘This singular Institution, which pervades the entire extent of Polynesia, may perhaps be most correctly defined as *A religious observance, established for political purposes*. It consisted in making any person, place, or thing sacred for a longer or shorter period; if it were a person, during the time of the Tapu he could not be touched by any one, or even put his own hand to his head himself; but he was either fed by another who was appointed for the purpose, or took up his food with his mouth from a small stage, with his hands behind him, or by a fern stalk, and thus conveyed it to his mouth; in drinking, the water was poured in a very expert manner from a calabash into his mouth, or on his hands, when he needed it for washing, so that he should not touch the vessel, which otherwise could not have been used again for ordinary purposes.¹ Places were tapu for certain periods; rivers until the fishing was ended, cultivations until the planting or reaping was completed; districts until either the hunting of the rat or catching of birds was done; woods until the fruit of the kie-kie was gathered.’—Pp. 56, 57.

The consequences of Tapu (which Mr. Taylor thinks bears a strong resemblance to the Mosaic law relating to uncleanness) were often very inconvenient, and occasionally serious:—

‘The garments of an ariki, or high chief, were tapu, as well as everything relating to him; they could not be worn by any one else, lest they should kill him. An old chief in my company threw away a very good mat,

¹ A similar custom prevailed in Israel. See 2 Kings iii. 11.

because it was too heavy to carry ; he cast it down a precipice, when I inquired why he did not leave it suspended on a tree, that any future traveller wanting a garment might take it ? He gravely told me that it was the fear of its being worn by another, which had caused him to throw it where he did, for if it were worn, his tapu would kill the person. In the same way, Taunui's tinder-box killed several persons who were so unfortunate as to find it, and light their pipes from it, without knowing it belonged to so sacred an owner ; they actually died from fright.'—P. 58.

Chiefs had a wonderful power of making things tapu or sacred ; the means of doing it partake of the ludicrous. To render a place tapu, a chief had only to tie an old garment to a pole, and call the spot, on which he placed it by some part of his own body, as his back bone, and no one then dare to infringe upon it without risking endless war in revenge for the injury committed. Everything connected with chiefs was held sacred, and even the rain from the roof of a chief's house, falling into an iron pot, was supposed on one occasion to render all food cooked in it to be fatal, until by a charm the tapu was taken off it. This power has been made use of in many ways, even where contending Christian sects have been influenced by it. A certain chief, who was a Roman Catholic, was guilty, it seems, of too great liberality in admitting a Protestant teacher within the limits of his country. For this he received a rebuke from his priest, which enraged the chief's wife, who had strong Protestant tendencies, and sympathized with the heretic. For the purpose, then, of putting the priest to inconvenience in his journey, this party-spirited lady made the river tapu, so that not a boat was to be had, which compelled the emissary of Rome to walk back by the way he came.

The Maories appear to have had no distinct places of religious worship, or even set prayers of any kind ; but a tradition exists of some great temple in former days called *Whare-kura*. The sacred groves which had survived the more ancient glories of the temple, had degenerated into mere store-houses for old rags and cut hair, which had belonged to chiefs and were thus stowed away, on account of the tapu attached to them. The former temple was a place of gathering among the chiefs, whose pedigrees were there kept and solemnly read on stated occasions.

'Its extreme antiquity is seen from the circumstance of all those who are recorded as having met there, being now regarded as their most ancient gods. The temple had a porch or verandah to it, such as they still make to their houses ; this was placed at the gable end by which they entered, and at the other extremity was a small building in which the high priest resided, and seventy other priests had their houses ranged around, each building bearing the name of one of the heavens.'—P. 66.

No food was eaten in the temple on pain of death ; it was also made the grand centre of a kind of holy union among all orders of creation, for even reptiles were represented in its assemblies. Discord, however, at length clouded its fortunes, the staff of

Mai-i-rangi was broken; anarchy succeeded, and eventually it was destroyed by fire, a whole multitude perishing in its ruins. On this subject Mr. Taylor remarks:—

‘Such are the disjointed parts of traditions relative to this remarkable temple. They are interesting, and excite our conjectures as to their origin, since they must have been founded on something which once existed; and they are the more singular from referring to a building erected for worship, when they have never since had anything at all corresponding to it amongst them. The Christian natives compare it to Babel; and say it caused their dispersion, and the confusion of tongues, as well as the subsequent state of enmity they have lived in with each other; that at first it resembled Solomon’s temple, where all the tribes met together. It does indeed seem to remind us of the separation of the ten from the other two, in the reign of Rehoboam, who, like Kauika, broke the staff of peace and unity, by his folly: and, supposing this people to be descended from any of those tribes, this is just such a tradition as they might hand down from so distant a period; without letters, we could not expect them to preserve a fuller account. When Israel forsook the temple, which no longer continued to be a bond of union, then it worshipped in high places and groves.’—P. 68.

The ceremonies relating to burial are sufficiently unpleasant, but they strongly mark out a belief in the future state. The Maori has no idea of the silent grief that symbolizes annihilation; on the contrary, he howls and cries with his utmost force, and brings in the aid of gunpowder to make the dead hear from their graves the extent of the mourning which their departure has occasioned. Bodies were not always placed in a grave, but a strange substitute adopted.

‘In other places, the body was put into a kind of frame, formed by two pieces of an old canoe, standing about six feet high, and forming a hollow place, in which the corpse was seated on a grating, to allow the flesh, as it decomposed, to fall through. After a certain time, the skeleton was removed and the bones were scraped; this was the Ngapuhi custom.’—P. 99.

After two years, the unfortunate deceased was again visited. His bones, scraped white and then painted red, after which they were deposited in any place which the relations might fancy.

Space will not allow us to go through the chapters of Mr. Taylor’s book that relate of Maori proverbs, fables, and song; our readers would not probably understand them in the original, and such things lose much in translation. There is, however, a vein of good sense discernible in the proverbs, and of poetry in the songs. They are less exclusively on war than might have been expected from a people of so savage a reputation; and the sentiment of love is evidently well known in the Maori breast, as witnessed in the following song:—

‘O set, thou sun! sink into thy cavern,
Thou causest to gush like water the tears from my eyes.
I am a deserted one through the stepping out of the feet
Of thee, Taratiu long hidden from my sight.
Thy distant hills, Waohipara, and the flowing surface of the water,
appear bright like a fire.

My idol, whom I love, is below.
 Let thy spirit cease from visiting me;
 If, perchance, I may forget my sorrowing.'—P. 143.

On the subject of marriage, it is curious to trace the familiar notion that a man ought to take possession of his bride by an act of force and violence. A sham resistance was generally made, which, in the case of there being many competitors, did not always go off very smoothly for the unfortunate bride. In the struggle for her, she was often much hurt, or even killed; nor were her own inclinations allowed to enter into the question. She was handed over to the victorious combatant in whatever state she happened to be, either in body or mind, to share his lot for better or for worse.

The origin of the Maori races is a subject of considerable speculation. Mr. Taylor, as we have already seen, argues for their descent from the ten tribes. He traces a similarity of language between the Polynesian islands and Asiatic races, and many words which he quotes are certainly very like, not only Asiatic but European languages. One instance we quote:—

'Another remarkable word for its travels is *Paradise*. Every nation has pictured to itself some place of bliss, some abode of rest for the soul. Men vary in their idea of the character of that happy spot, but still the idea exists, and all of them are included between the extremes of the sensual paradise of Mahomet, and the spiritual and holy one of the Christian. The word paradise itself conveys the idea of a garden enclosed, a garden of delight; it is the place of repose, it is protected from every foe; no enemy can enter, or disturb the rest of the soul. The Hebrew word is *pardés*, the Arabic *firdaus*, plural *fardaisa*; Syriac and Armenian *partes*; and Sanscrit *pradisa*, or *paradisa*, a circuit or district; *firdusi*, Persian, a pleasure garden. *Παράδεισος*, an enclosed garden, paradise; it is seen in the English words *park* and *pale*, and is preserved in *parae*. New Zealand, a small plain enclosed with forest. The simple root of all these words appear to be *Pa*, to obstruct, hence *Tue-pa* or *Pa-korokoro*, are fences for towns; *Rai he-pa* and *Pae-pae* are fortifications for towns; and the same root is found in the New Zealand word *pare*, to ward off, and in the English *parry*.'—P. 182

All the traditions that relate to the first arrival of the Maories at New Zealand, are naturally connected with canoes; and it is remarkable, that the canoes now in use are evidently smaller than those first brought. It is supposed that New Zealand was colonized from the Sandwich Islands, not above 500 years ago. This may seem a long voyage for canoes, even of the size that were then in use, but experience has proved that these small craft, under the management of the natives, can live through very rough weather. It is curious also that, as navigated by them, they do not take quite the same course through the waves that a European sailor would suppose. Taking into account the prevailing winds and currents of the South Sea, it is calculated that the track from the Sandwich Islands to New Zealand is just the one that native canoes would naturally take, though with English navigation it would be different.

Small canoes take a different angle in the trough of each wave, which tells very materially in the general direction of a long voyage.

The population, however, of these islands are undoubtedly a mixed race, descended from emigrants who have come from different places, and at many different times. There are traces of the Malay race, and also of the Chinese, but the supposed fate of the ten tribes shall be told by Mr. Taylor himself:—

‘When the King of Assyria carried away the ten tribes, though he placed them primarily on the shores of the Caspian, that would not long suit their habits of traffic. They would doubtless seek the grand marts of commerce; no longer possessing fixed homes, they became merchants, as a matter of course, and those who still continued to love war and independence, or a pastoral life, would retire before their enemies, and thus, should it be proved that the Affghans are Jews, we see how they would reach that country. Whilst some, perhaps those from Babylon, remained in India, as the black Jews state they have done, some would pass on thence and people the Indian Isles, as the Malays. From the Caspian, many may have followed the caravans across Central Asia, Thibet, and Tartary, until they reached the Eastern Coast, and thence, from island to island, this race, doomed to wander, may have done so, either intentionally or otherwise, as ships are constantly picking up large canoes, which have drifted away from their island homes. Doubtless this has ever been the case, and whilst numbers have thus miserably perished, some few have escaped, and become the inhabitants of many a lone island of the Pacific Ocean. There is no saying where they may not have gone. The first and most civilized settlers of the Americas seemed to have passed by the Aleutian Isles to the continent; others, drifted by the course of currents, have reached the Sandwich Isles, and thence gone even to Easter Isle. The natives, in their traditions, preserve the name of the island they came from, which is Hawaiki.’—Pp. 191, 192.

This is more than sufficiently absurd.

Tasman was the first discoverer of New Zealand in 1642, and he supposed that the whole of this country formed part of the Australian continent. A long interval then occurs in our knowledge of the island, which brings down its history to a generation of men, of whom some yet remain alive.

Whaling ships, after this, paid frequent visits to the island; and in 1814, Mr. Marsden, the senior chaplain of New South Wales, claims the honour of having first preached the gospel.

‘Of all the persons connected with the civilization of New Zealand, no one stands higher than Samuel Marsden. Cook took possession of the country in the name of his Sovereign, but it was Marsden who first unfurled the banner of the Prince of Peace, and claimed those fair realms, then laid in heathen darkness, on behalf of the King of kings. It was Marsden who first introduced their savage inhabitants to Christian philanthropy, and enlisted the sympathy of the Church in their behalf; and having obtained aid, he brought it himself, and was the first to proclaim the message of mercy on their shores. He was the honoured instrument who laid the first stone of the Church, and thus commenced a work which has increased in magnitude with increasing years, and has now added those wide-spread realms to the kingdom of the Lord our righteousness.’—Pp. 181, 182.

The success of Mr. Marsden was great, and ‘in common with

the present Bishop of New Zealand, he owed much of it to personal courage in boldly throwing himself among the Maori chiefs as if not at all apprehending that fate which in reality was in the highest degree probable; viz. that of being killed and eaten. The native mind was thus softened and made capable of true sympathy, though in some instances the wild passions of their race broke out with terrible force, even after many years of professed conversion. A change like that which has taken place in the Maori race cannot be expected to avoid occasional reactions. The evil spirit will now and then burst forth with the last effort of despairing energy, will again assert its dominion after being apparently driven out. A frightful instance of this occurred in the history of a chief, named Hongi. His first introduction is described as follows:—

‘Mr. Marsden met with him during his first visit to the Bay of Islands, in 1814, he described him then as a warrior, but of a very mild disposition, and with very little appearance of the savage about him. He was the Chief of seventeen places, but chiefly residing at the Keri Keri. He was of an ingenuous turn of mind, extremely anxious to learn European arts, and, at Mr. Marsden’s request, made a bust of himself, with a piece of an old iron hoop, his only implement; on this he delineated his own *woko* (tattoo), and this was sent to the Church Mission house, where it is still preserved, and is, indeed, a very creditable performance.’—P. 309.

After this he was the uniform protector of the missionaries, and so promising a disciple of civilisation was he, that in 1820 he visited England with a relation, and resided at Cambridge to assist Professor Lee in drawing up his New Zealand Grammar. Hongi’s wish was to see the king, and then to carry back with him a hundred men of various mechanical pursuits, together with missionaries, who might teach the arts and religion to the Maories at home. He also wished for twenty soldiers, and three officers. George the Fourth had an interview with him, and presented him with several suits of armour, and double-barrelled guns, and an ill-omened sword.

The unfortunate instinct of his English friends to foster, by their presents, his warlike tastes was the means of inspiring within him a most fatal ambition. He desired on his return to be king of New Zealand, as George the Fourth was of England, and accordingly sought for a quarrel with his neighbours. His first war was productive of fearful and cruel results.

‘Hongi had twenty prisoners on board his canoe, whom he intended to retain as slaves; but his daughter, who had lost her husband in the fight, with dishevelled locks, rushed down to the water’s edge, as the canoe touched the shore, and seizing the sword presented to her father by the King’s own hand, jumped on board, and smote off sixteen heads of the poor captives, who, without a murmur, placed their necks over the side-board of the canoe.’ Twenty more were also killed and eaten; and yet the frantic

¹ ‘An eye-witness related this horrid butchery to me,—Mr. Puckey, of Kaitara, one of our Catechists.’

woman, not thinking that the shade of her husband was sufficiently appeased with this sacrifice, went into the bush with a loaded musket, and there shot herself; the ball, however, only passing through her arm, instead of her head, she was still alive when found, but determined to accompany her husband to the Reinga, she afterwards strangled herself.'—P. 313.

His name spread terror wherever he went, till he became a kind of Napoleon of New Zealand. At length, however, he received a wound, and after lingering for a whole year terminated his existence in the awful manner here related—

'In his last hours, so far from attending to the words of the Missionaries, he urged his followers to prosecute the war, and exterminate his enemies. When Patuone visited him, a day or two before his death, and was told he was dying, he said, "No, I am not dying: my heart is quite light. I am not dying." The next day he fainted, and was supposed to be dead; when he revived, he said, he should die, but not until the morrow. He ordered his powder to be brought to him, and when he saw it, he said to his children, *Ka ora koutou*,—you will be safe, intimating, the powder would be their protection. He then summoned his sons, and gave the coat of mail he had received from the King of England to one of them, and then divided his battle-axes and fire-arms amongst them, sternly demanding, "Who will dare to attack my followers after I am gone?"

'Early next morning, though evidently sinking fast, he continued to rally his friends, and said, "No matter from what quarter your enemies come, let their numbers be ever so great, should they come here hungry for you, *kia toa, kia toa*, be brave, be brave! Thus will you revenge my death, and thus only do I wish to be revenged." He continued repeating these words until he expired.'—P. 315.

The history of many other chiefs is given by Mr. Taylor, but we have no more space for extracts, and must refer to the work itself for the very graphic descriptions there contained of the strange horrors that accompany now, as formerly, the casting out of evil spirits.

Mr. Taylor's comments on Church government are beyond our present object to discuss. He obviously takes a different view of things from Bishop Selwyn, of whom nevertheless he speaks with a deference that comes all the more gracefully from a man of very insufficient grasp of Church principles, but of sufficiently long experience, (for Mr. Taylor was in those parts twenty years,) to give him full right, without any charge of presumption, to speak his own mind freely. His sneering language about the Canterbury Settlement deserves exceptional rebuke. On one, and that the main point; viz., one of fact, we have the united testimony of both Mr. Taylor and the Bishop. A change has come over the Maori race, more corresponding with primitive conversions, than has been witnessed for many centuries. They were blind, whereas now they see; and in this fact we may rest satisfied, that even though some differences of opinion have been at work, the One Great Agent has been truly at work, preparing an acceptable people to be added to His Church.

ART. VI. 1.—*The Epistles of St. Paul to the Corinthians: with Critical Notes and Dissertations.* By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, M.A., Canon of Canterbury; late Fellow and Tutor of University College, Oxford; and Author of the 'Life of Dr. Arnold,' and 'Bishop Stanley.' In Two Volumes. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1855.

2. *The Epistles of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, Galatians, Romans: with Critical Notes and Dissertations.* By BENJAMIN JOWETT, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, Oxford. In Two Volumes. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1855.

THE two works which we have here set down cannot be viewed aright, except in connexion with each other. They are portions of one plan, written indeed by men of very different powers, and of gifts remarkably contrasted, but undertaken in concert, one referring to the other as parts of one whole, agreeing in many of their general features, and tending towards the same end.

It is quite true that one writer is not by any means to be regarded as endorsing all the views of the other: occasionally, indeed, their interpretations differ, and they are at variance in matters of detail. But it would seem that they sympathise in their general sentiments and practically aid each other. Mr. Stanley's work is a kind of introduction to Mr. Jowett's; it is much more attractive to the general reader, much less startling in the opinions it expresses, but facilitating the reception of Mr. Jowett's theories, by breaking down old feelings of reverence and religious association, by accustoming us to regard the Apostle and his works as merely human, and to act on this principle in interpreting his writings.

The volumes before us contain the Greek of these several Epistles according to Lachmann's text, as being that which approaches most nearly to what was received in the first three centuries. All the important variations from the received readings are inserted at the foot of the text. In the Commentary these variations are only noticed 'where the authority is nearly equal, or where they suggest some general remark.' The English version is printed in Mr. Jowett's volumes on the page opposite the Greek, in Mr. Stanley's at the end of the second volume, revised in accordance with Lachmann's readings of the Greek text, and with the commentator's view of the right renderings; these alterations are made with a sparing hand. The notes of each work contain very rare references to the interpretations of other commentators; though, as the writers state, their works have been read and carefully considered. What these commentaries aim at is to give the result flowing fresh

from the mind of the writer, without troubling the reader with diversified interpretations. The notes, in consequence, are very easy to read, and require little exertion of mind. The Epistles are divided into sections, according to the divisions of the argument, and introductions are prefixed to each, sketching the argument, and saying what seems needed for appreciating it; and in Mr. Stanley's work a paraphrase is appended to each section, and wherever the case admits of such a distribution, each is followed by a statement of the results, 'either in Christian history or Christian truth, which that section has contributed to establish.' In some instances, these have assumed the form of distinct essays. In Mr. Jowett's volumes there are no paraphrases, and dissertations of great length grow up out of slight occasions furnished by the Epistles.

It will be found that each writer has undertaken those Epistles which appeared to be most suited to his peculiar turn of mind. Mr. Stanley comments on the most historical and personal of the Epistles, Mr. Jowett on those which connect themselves most with doctrinal and philosophical subjects; and throughout their works, we see the intellectual qualities of the writers remarkably contrasted. Mr. Stanley dwells on the visible and external; Mr. Jowett ever passes on into the 'spiritual' and transcendental. Mr. Stanley presents pictures, and dwells on local associations; Mr. Jowett throws these aside as vain and unprofitable. He says:—

'To fill the mind with historical pictures or descriptions of scenery, will not in any degree help us to feel as the Apostles felt, or think as they thought, any more than the history of the reign of George the Third, or a description of the scenery of Somersetshire or Cornwall, would enable us to understand the life and character of Wesley or Whitfield. Interesting as such pictures may be, they tend to withdraw us from a higher interest, which is to be found only in the private character of the Gospel narrative itself.'—Vol. i. p. 28.

Mr. Stanley is slight and superficial, almost gossiping. Mr. Jowett is grave and philosophical, addressing himself to our deepest and most serious feelings. There is throughout great part of Mr. Jowett's writings a tone of thoughtfulness, and the language of deep religious sentiment, whilst Mr. Stanley is almost frivolous. Indeed, his work might be designated as 'Commentaries made Easy' or as 'Amusing Annotations.' The notes are printed in an excellent large type, which is but a pattern of the ease with which they may be read. Nay, what is an advantage to both commentators, the notes may be read without a reader being troubled to read the text.

These volumes had indeed excited considerable interest, from the known ability and high character of the writers, as well as from their being understood to be thoroughly acquainted with the theological literature of Germany, and accordingly being

so well qualified to give the English readers the results of the much-boasted advances made by the critical writers of that country, in the illustration and interpretation of the writings of S. Paul. Mr. Stanley is indeed, in his own line, one of the most able and popular writers of the day. The author of the *Life of Arnold*, of the *Memorials of Canterbury*, and, above all, of the recent topographical work on Sinai and Palestine, may well be regarded as a master in the exhibition of the personal, historical, and local features of the writings of the great Apostle. But these qualities hold a very subordinate place in a commentary on S. Paul. A few essays would have supplied all that is really valuable in these volumes. Mr. Jowett possesses intellectual qualities of another and higher order; but he is devoid of, or lays aside, that accuracy of thought and soundness of judgment, which are necessary to make a faithful expositor. We speak now only of literary qualifications, choosing at present to say nothing of the perversion of view which turns each of these writers from simply trying to ascertain S. Paul's meaning, to a continued endeavour to explain it away.

We have heard much of the progress of theological criticism. We have been told that the theologians of the English Church are behind the age; that new light has been poured on the whole subject of Christian doctrine, and the understanding of Holy Scripture, and in these volumes we expected to see the fruits of it. We apprehend that scholars and theologians alike will regard the result as anything but favourable in the way of improving upon the interpretation of Holy Scripture; whilst, as exhibiting to English Christians in a fearful way the dark and dismal region of doubts and errors into which a false philosophy would lead them, they may prove an instructive warning.

We must here speak of Mr. Stanley's work as distinct from that of Mr. Jowett; and with all respect for his intellectual gifts, and still more for his amiable and earnest character, must do our duty as critics in considering what he has now sent out as a theological and critical work. We can have no hesitation in saying, that Mr. Stanley has mistaken his vocation; and giving all credit to him for the contributions these volumes incidentally contain towards the illustration of S. Paul, we must lay open their great defects, in criticism, in doctrine, in the apprehension of the Apostle's meaning, and, above all, in the tone of levity which pervades them, and the tendency throughout to bring the Apostle and his work not only to a mere human level, but that one of the most common and ordinary description.

Mr. Stanley's notes do, indeed, often put portions of Scripture in a new or stronger light. They bring together useful illustrations. They present animated portraits of the Apostle and his

times. The vividness of Mr. Stanley's pictures, the clearness of his style, the lively and often happy way in which he brings familiar ideas and expressions to illustrate the Epistles, are engaging and of use. In whatever is merely external they assist when they do not mislead. The annotations are interesting—they are even amusing—but they go no further than the external; not only do they not help us in entering into that which is really important—the truths which underlie the words of the writer, the deep thoughts which he labours to express—the divine and eternal realities which he was commissioned to teach—but rather they draw our attention from them. 'The writer dwells on the human till we almost forget there is anything divine. We could not wish for a more suitable illustration of the meaning of the words, to which Mr. Jowett's statements have drawn attention—the 'knowing Christ after the flesh'—than Mr. Stanley's way of viewing these subjects. We are placed at Corinth: the Apostle and his brother Christians are exhibited to us in their outward circumstances; then their assemblies, their contentions, their zeal, their love. But they are set before us as they might be seen by unbelievers. We will give a specimen of Mr. Stanley's writing when on his own ground:—

'It is not necessary to describe at length the outward aspect which the city of Corinth presented at the time of S. Paul. Its natural features are well known. From the summit of the Acrocorinthus, or huge rocky hill, at the foot of which the town was situated, and on the top of which was the ancient as now the modern citadel, the eye takes in at a glance, what is slowly conveyed by books, the whole secret of its importance as in classical, so also in sacred history. To the right and to the left extend the winding shores of the "double sea," whose blue waters, threading their way through islands and promontories innumerable, open to east and west the communication which made it once and again the natural resting-place in the Apostle's journeys. From that little bay at Cenchreæ he was to take his departure for Ephesus and Jerusalem; up the course of that western gulf lay the direct route to Rome and to the far West, which even now he hoped to follow, and along which, at his second visit, he sent his Epistle to the Romans. In front lie the hills of northern Greece, and, on the coast of Attica, discerned by the glitter of its crown of temples, the Acropolis of Athens, the last scene of S. Paul's preaching before he crossed the Saronic gulf. Behind rise the mountains of Peloponnesus, the highlands of Greece; into their remote fastnesses there was no call for the Apostle to enter; and accordingly, in the city which guards their entrance, we see, in all probability, the southernmost point of his future travels. What was the appearance of the city itself we know to a certain extent from the detailed description of it by Pausanias one hundred years later. At present one Doric temple alone remains of all the splendid edifices then standing; but the immediate vicinity presents various features to which the Apostle's allusions have given an immortal interest. The level plain, and the broken gullies of the isthmus, are still clothed with the low pine, which can still be identified by its modern name (*πνευγή*), from whose branches of emerald green were woven the garlands for the Isthmian games, contrasted by the Apostle with the unfading crown of the Christian combatant. In its western declivities are to be seen the vestiges of that

"stadium," in which all ran with such energy as to be taken as the example of Christian self-denial and exertion; and of that "theatre" or "amphitheatre" which conveyed to the Corinthians a lively image of what those sufferings were which are compared to "the fighting with beasts" or to "the spectacle to the world, to angels and to men," the Apostles "being set forth as the last in the file of combatants appointed unto death." We have but to restore those now desolate spots with the long avenues of statues and the white marble seats on the grassy slope of the hill and the temples, whose beauty made the name of Corinthian buildings (*Ephyreæ ædes*) proverbial for magnificence, and which, standing as they did in their ancient glory amidst the new streets erected by Cæsar on the ruins left by Mummus, may well have suggested the comparison of the "gold, silver, and precious marbles," surviving the conflagration in which all meaner edifices of wood and thatch had perished,—and we shall have a sufficient conception of the outward objects which caught the Apostle's eye in his arrival and residence at Corinth.—Vol. i. pp. 5—7.

And :—

'With the confluence of strangers and of commerce, which entitled it to the appellation of the Venice of antiquity, was associated the luxury and licentiousness which gave the name of Corinth an infamous notoriety; and which, connected as they were in the case of the Temple of Aphrodite with religious rites, sufficiently explains the denunciations of sensuality to which the Apostle gives utterance in these Epistles more frequently and elaborately than elsewhere. On the other hand, it was celebrated for maintaining the character of a highly polished and literary society, such as (even without taking into account its connexion with Greek civilization generally) furnishes a natural basis for much both of the praise and blame, with which the first Epistle abounds in regard to intellectual gifts. "At Corinth, you would learn and hear even from inanimate objects," so said a Greek teacher within a century from this time; "so great are the treasures of literature in every direction, wherever you do but glance, both in the streets themselves and in the colonnades; not to speak of the gymnasia and schools, and the general spirit of instruction and inquiry."—Vol. i. pp. 8, 9.

Again :—

"This, then, is the group which we must conceive as present, if not throughout, at least at the opening, of the Epistle. There is Paul himself, now about sixty years of age, but with his powers of body and mind still unbroken, although bearing traces of his constant and recent hardships; his eyes at times streaming with tears of grief and indignation, the scribe, catching the words from his lips and recording them on the parchment scroll which lay unrolled before him. Possibly Sosthenes was himself the scribe, and, if so, we may conceive him not only transcribing, but also bearing his part in the Epistle, at times with signs of acquiescence and approbation, at times, it may be, interposing to remind the Apostle of some forgotten fact, as of the baptism of the household of Stephanas, or of some possible misapprehension of what he had dictated."—Vol. i. p. 24.

The last words exhibit an instance of the character which pervades this commentary: we mean the tendency throughout to dwell simply on what is human; and of the external uninterested attitude of Mr. Stanley towards the Sacred Writings and History.

In an introduction in which the peculiar characteristics of S. Paul are drawn out, as it would seem with the intention of giving a complete picture of what was specially to be kept in mind in studying his writings, the two features which most

strongly mark his epistles are omitted by the present writer : 1. That he was, or at least believed himself to be, an authoritative teacher of divine truth ; 2. That he was, or believed himself to be, guided by the Holy Spirit in the discernment and expression of such truth. And what is it to study S. Paul without having these considerations ever present, than to wander in the labyrinth without the clue—to omit those points which exercise the greatest influence on his writings, and are most essential to the right understanding of them ? To approach the study of S. Paul's Epistles without a vivid impression of these truths must lead to error. They were addressed to those who so believed, and we must place ourselves in a corresponding mental position as believers. We must not stand on Mars' Hill among the criticising philosophers, but sit at the feet of the great Apostle and receive his words, as he himself says, 'not as the words of man, but as they are in truth the words of God.'

But this is not all. It is not merely in distinct passages such as this that we observed this defect, but in the tone which pervades the work. Let any one consider in what spirit a man ought to approach a writing which he believes to be in any sense the word of God, and in what manner he ought to interpret it. Surely the Divine words to Moses are but a slight hint of what our reverence ought to be. 'Put off thy shoes 'from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy 'ground.' 'Tread not here in the bold and fearless way in which 'thou walkest over common ground. Remember the object for 'which these letters were written, the source from which their 'thoughts and teaching were derived. Let that chasten thy imagination, and subdue thy boldness.' Unhappily, we see little of such a temper as this in the present volumes. Mr. Stanley's light way of treating the Apostle's words, even more than any formal statement, seems to say, or at least to lead his readers to feel, that they are not divine. In part this arises in him from an exaggeration of his own peculiarities.

Mr. Stanley's special gift is vividness of description ; his favourite pursuit, historical analogy. Both are here largely used, apparently undesignedly, from the force of habit, in such a way as tends to bring down the Apostle, nay, the whole of Christianity, to a human level. Both are overdone to an extent that is satiating, nay, even ridiculous. We are obliged to exhibit some almost casual instances of what will be found in nearly every page. When S. Paul's thorn in the flesh is under consideration we read :—

'Instances in later history readily occur to illustrate both the severity of such a trial and of perseverance under it. Alfred, with his cancer—Luther, with the stone—William of Orange, with his fragile frame—contending against the constant demands of active life.'—Vol. ii. p. 247.

When marriage is discussed :—

“An sapienti ducenda sit uxor?” was an established question to be discussed, and the answer was usually in the negative.—Vol. i. p. 121.

When the Apostle's style is considered (Vol. i. p. iv.), it is compared to that of ‘Thucydides and Oliver Cromwell.’ There is a *βάθος* about such references the effect of which could only have been avoided by a tone of reverence in the writer which would show that he was not putting S. Paul on a level with these ‘heroes.’

But the work is not free from faults of a merely literary character. From the stores of Smith's ‘Biographical Dictionary’ and Mr. Stanley's wide-spread historical information, there is a perpetual introduction of far-fetched and irrelevant allusions. These literary anecdotes fill up the book, and are highly amusing; but meanwhile they draw our minds off from the serious study of the Apostle's writings, and seem to proceed on the view that the object of our reading them is to trace historical illustrations, not to learn divine truth either of faith or practice. Thus when Aquila is mentioned, we are told, ‘Aquila was (like his famous namesake, the translator of the Old Testament) a Jew.’ (Vol. i. p. 412.) If the name ‘Achaicus’ occurs; ‘Achaicus was the surname of Mummius, as the conqueror of Greece, and was also the name of a writer on ethics, whose date and country are alike unknown.’ (*Ib.* p. 410.) If Apollos, we are told that this name is abridged from Apollonius, and then from Smith's Dictionary that the number of ‘Apolloniuses in Egypt was so great that, unless some distinguishing epithet is added, it is impossible to say who they were.’ Then the chief Apolloniuses are enumerated.

To show that we are not giving an unfair account of the literary aspect of this work, we cite the following, which occur in the notes on a few consecutive verses at the beginning of 1 Cor. xiii. :—

1. ‘Though I speak,’ &c.

‘It is said that Gothe always thought of this passage in reading the poems of Byron.’—Vol. i. p. 276.

On 2, ‘Though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains:’—

‘The phrase, to “remove mountains,” was common amongst the Rabbis, for victory over difficulties, and hence the most distinguished teachers were called “uprooters of mountains.” Compare the well-known story of Mahomet, where the removal of the mountain is put to him as the test of his miraculous power. There is an Eastern proverb, “Man may go to man, but not mountain to man.”’—*Ibid.*

3. ‘If I give all my goods in food (to feed the poor) *ἐὰν ψωμίσω.*’ The only sense of *ψωμίσω* elsewhere is, to feed, simply. It properly means, to feed as a nurse does a child,

by putting 'morsels into its mouth;' but the notion of the morsels themselves quite passes out of sight. Mr. Stanley drags them back for the sake of the following extract:—

'But it may also be, according to the etymology, "If I divide all my goods into morsels." Coleridge in a MS. note on this passage says, "The true and most significant sense is, 'Though I dole away in mouthfuls all my property or estates.' Who that has witnessed the alms-giving in a Catholic monastery or the court of a Spanish or Sicilian bishop's or archbishop's palace, where immense revenues are syringed away in farthings to herds of beggars, but must feel the force of the Apostle's half satirical *ψωμιῶ*?"'—Vol. i. p. 277.

In the latter part of this verse there is a disputed reading, 'to be burnt,'—'that I may glory.' Mr. Stanley dwells on this, though he prefers the other reading, and tells us:—

'There is a story of Sapphirus, a Christian of Antioch, who was condemned to death for his profession of Christianity, and yet on his way to execution refused to forgive his enemy Nicephorus; and then, at the last moment, his faith gave way, and he recanted (see Heydenreich ad I.). Nor even without the case of Christian martyrs, were instances of such self-immolation inconceivable, Calanus burnt himself before the army of Alexander, and Peregrinus, the Stoic philosopher, did the same at the Olympic games, in the time of the Antonines, and 'in the presence of Lucian, who describes it.'—Vol. i. pp. 277, 278.

By way of further relieving our severer studies, and showing Mr. Stanley's appreciation of what is good and beautiful in every school of thought, we have, *apropos* to celibacy, 1 Cor. vii. half a page out of the 'Christian Year'—

'— There are souls that seem to dwell
Above this earth,' &c.

'There are in this loud stunning tide,' &c.

Vol. i. pp. 147, 148.

On the old leaven and new lump, 1 Cor. v. a verse of 'the well-known hymn of Thomas Aquinas, *Lauda Zion Salvatorem*:—

'Nova mensa, novi Regis,' &c.—Ibid. p. 99.

On 1 Cor. i. 20, the cessation of Rabbinical wisdom as one of the signs of the Messiah's coming suggests the analogy of the cessation of oracles in the heathen world; and this cannot be mentioned without adding those noble, yet to confess the truth rather familiar, lines:—

'The oracles are dumb,

Nor voice, nor the hideous hum

Runs thro' the arched roof in words deceiving.'

Ibid. p. 50.

We must, however, pass on to other points; only, by the way, we may well ask, if all this gossip is the pattern commentary of the intellectual and philosophical school of modern divines?

Of the poverty of the interpretations we will give one specimen:—

'This is the last and crowning glory of Love, that it is imperishable; everything else may be changed in the great change of death, but the affections may still be regarded as surviving.'—Vol. i. p. 281.

But of this the paraphrases appended to the section afford, even to the most casual reader, the fullest proof. It is scarcely possible to conceive how 'the fine gold' is made 'dim,' and 'the wine mingled with water.'

Of this meagre and unsubstantial fare we will give a single instance, on 1 Cor. xv. 30, seq. :—

'What would be the meaning, in our own case, of our hourly exposure to danger and death? It is no exaggeration. I protest to you by that which is dearest to me in the world,—my pride in you my converts which I have in Him in whose name I suffer,—I protest to you, that I am daily on the verge of the grave. And, to take the most recent instance, if it had only been with human hopes and fears that I fought the other day at Ephesus as if with wild beasts in the amphitheatre, what would have been my gain? No: if there be no resurrection, we must speak in the language, not of those high spirits who, even in the heathen world, despised all danger in the hope of immortality, but rather of those Epicurean sensualists, whose very words have been anticipated by the prophet Isaiah: "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Be not deceived by the sensual arguments, which really prompt this denial of the resurrection. Even the heathen proverb warns you that good characters are not proof against the contamination of evil words. Wake from your drunken revelry to a sense of duty; for there are those among you who know nothing of God and His power. To your shame be it spoken.'—Vol. i. pp. 381, 382.

One instance more of comment on this noble argument of the Apostle, a melancholy specimen of what is, to say the least, a condescension to those who do not believe:—

'As logical or rhetorical arguments, his reasonings may be such as were already in existence, or such as may appear to us inconclusive; but as consequences from the acknowledgment of the grandeur (if one may so say) of the event which had transfixed and absorbed his whole imagination and being, they are irresistible. They may fail of themselves in persuading us of a future state, but they cannot fail in persuading us of his intense conviction of the reality of Christ's resurrection, and not only of its reality, but of its supreme importance as a turning point in the destinies of the human race. And in proportion as this is impressed upon ourselves, in that proportion will our belief in a future state be as unshaken as his, and this chapter be used as it always has been used, for the consolation and hope of all mourners'—Vol. i. p. 381.

What consolation is likely to be left, when the solid grounds of Christian hope are thus tampered with, and the Apostle's human conviction is substituted for his authority as a teacher specially sent by God.

We might indeed have expected some critical excellence in these volumes, but we do not find it. In mere Greek scholarship, for instance, we meet with the following: On 2 Cor. v. 21. 'He made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.' The verbs are *ἐποίησεν*, and *ἵνα γενάμεθα*. Mr. Stanley's note is:—

'*γενάμεθα* (as distinct from *γινώμεθα*, a later correction groundless) refers back to his conversion: not "That we might at some future time become," but "That we might become, as we have become" '—Vol. ii. p. 113.

What Mr. Stanley imagines to be the force of this aorist

as distinguished from the present, appears more distinctly a few verses after, on chap. vi. 1, 'We beseech you,' &c. :

'μη εἰς κενόν τὴν χάριν τοῦ θεοῦ δέξασθαι ὑμᾶς. "That you should not have received [this seems the force of the aorist tense] the goodness of God in your conversion to no purpose."—Vol. ii. pp. 113, 114.

The annotator seems to suppose that the aorist conjunctive and infinitive has the force of past time; when it is simply abstract, 'in order to our becoming,' 'not to receive.'

On 1 Cor. i. 22. 'The Jews seek a sign,' &c. 'Ἰουδαῖοι. "Ἕλληνες. "characters like the Jews—like the Greeks" (implied in the omission of the article).—Vol. i. p. 51.

But we must turn to a much more grave topic: we mean Mr. Stanley's views of doctrine, and the most extraordinary perversion of grammar in order to establish them. In 2 Cor. viii. 9, are the well-known words, 'Who when He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor;' indicating the personal preexistence and Divinity of Him who for our sakes became man. Mr. Stanley, in defiance of the plain meaning of the words, 'who being rich,' πλούσιος ὢν, interprets them in this audacious way, 'who when He might have been rich;' and when we expect authorities for such an interpretation, we find two well-known passages, 'who being in the form of God,' interpreted, 'who when He might have been in the form of God;' and 'even the Son of man who is in heaven,' which the commentator seems to suppose is to be understood, 'when He might have been in heaven.' No other authority is given for this extraordinary disregard for the plain meaning of words. We give the passage in full; and we naturally inquire whether Mr. Stanley believes in the personal preexistence and Divinity of our Lord. •

'9. This parenthesis explains the reference to their love (ἀγάπη). "If your love is genuine, you will make yourselves poor for the sake of others, after Christ's example, for you know the favour that He gave to us (χάριν is used for the sake of allusion to χάριν in verses 6, 7); for He, when He might have been rich, became subject to poverty for you, that you, through His poverty, might become rich in goodness."

"It is difficult to determine in what sense the Apostle used the words πλούσιος and ἐπώχευσε, as applied to Our Lord, whether of his surrendering the glory which He had with the Father (John xvii. 5; and probably Phil. ii. 6, the passage which most resembles this), or of the poverty of His actual condition in life. The probability is, that whilst ἐπώχευσε is taken entirely in the literal sense, πλούσιος ὢν, though taken in the literal sense to a certain extent, yet has also the more general meaning implied in πλουτήσητε in the next clause, as is so often the case in S. Paul's metaphorical use of the word "riches" (πλούτος). The words πλούσιος ὢν, "being rich," must, when taken with the context, mean, "when it was in His power to be rich," "when riches were in his grasp." For a similar use of the present participle in exactly similar passages, compare John iii. 13: "He that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is (ὁ ὢν) in heaven." Phil. ii. 6, 7: "Who being (υὑάρχων) in the form of God,

made Himself of no reputation;" in which latter passage, however, the sense is more clearly brought out by the sense of the word *ὑπάρχω*.

Whether *ἐπώχευσε* signifies "He was poor," or "He became poor," is doubtful. The classical usage is in favour of the first. The context, and perhaps the passages in the LXX., Jud. vi. 6; Ps. lxxviii. (lxxix.) 8, xxxiii. 11, (*πλούσιοι ἐπώχουσιν*) are rather in favour of the second. The general sense will thus be, "When all power, and wealth, and greatness, earthly and Divine, were His, He yet led a life of poverty, not merely for the world in general, but for *you*, that you might gain in spiritual wealth (compare 1 Cor. i. 5, *ἐπλουτίσθητε*, iv. 8, *πλουτεῖτε*) by His human poverty." δι' ὑμᾶς is emphatic by position.—Vol. ii. pp. 151, 152.

We give full weight to the introduction of the words, 'the glory which He had with the Father,' as a possible meaning, and, 'when all power, and wealth, and greatness, earthly and Divine, were His;' but we ask, what are these expressions when set against the misinterpretations of three texts so plain as these?

The word *χάρις*, of course, is interpreted 'favour;' and it is always construed with this meaning, even when it passes into our sense of grace.

On the words, 2 Cor. v. 21, 'Who made Him to be sin for us,' &c., Mr. Stanley refers, we must suppose, to Mr. Jowett's commentary. He says, (vol. ii. p. 112,) 'The general truth, 'involved in this passage, can only be fully stated in connexion 'with the two passages where it is most systematically treated.' Rom. viii. 3, and Gal. iii. 13. He interprets the words thus: 'He was enveloped, lost, overwhelmed in sin, and its consequences, so far as He could be without Himself being sinful,' and adds: 'This qualification is necessarily involved in the preceding words, "who knew no sin."'

'Which may be compared with Heb. vii. 26, "Separate from sinners:" Heb. iv. 15, "Without sin," 1 Pet. ii. 22, "Who did no sin," and expresses the perfect conviction which the Apostle age entertained of the sinless excellence of Christ.'—Vol. ii. p. 113.

There is, we suppose, a misprint here, but how lowering is this statement of the 'conviction of the Apostolic age,' instead of frankly and piously admitting the authority of an inspired teacher, on such a subject as the sinlessness of Christ.

Some other of Mr. Stanley's doctrinal interpretations must be taken in connexion with those of Mr. Jowett.

We proceed to give some instances of his deficiency in that chief quality of a commentator—at least of a critical commentator—a common-sense perception of the meaning of the writer whose words he is explaining.

And first we would refer to the well-known words about the woman having a veil upon her head. In this instance, the most natural interpretation of the words 'because of the angels,' is rejected on the grounds—1. that there is no allusion to the 'especial presence of angels at public worship in the New Testament,'

(though there is in early Christian writers ;) 2. that it would be introducing an argument into the passage wholly irrelevant to the context ; the oft-repeated observation on S. Paul's style being full of apparent irrelevancies, on which Mr. Stanley elsewhere enlarges, is now lost sight of. Mr. Stanley suggests the following interpretation :—

‘ The Apostle had dwelt on the necessity of the subordination of the woman to man, as shown in all the passages in the early chapters of Genesis, where the relation of the sexes is described, viz. Gen. i. 26 ; ii. 18, 23 ; iii. 16. It is not impossible that the mention of these passages may have carried on his thoughts to the next and only kindred passage in Gen. vi. 4, in which those relations are described as subverted by the union of the daughters of men with the sons of God, and to the belief, founded on those words, which represented the use of the veil or covering as necessary to ward off the glances of angelic eyes that had then proved so fatal. In this case the sense would be, “ In this subordination of the woman to man, we find the reason of the custom, which, in consequence of the sin of the angels, enjoins that the woman ought not to part with the sign that she is subject, not to them, but to her husband. The authority of the husband is, as it were, enthroned visibly upon her head, in token that she belongs to him alone, and that she owes no allegiance to any one besides, no, not even to the angels who stand before the throne of God.” ’—Vol. i. p. 225.

This is illustrated by the following extract :—

‘ The feeling of the Eastern world on the subject is well illustrated by the story related of Khadijah in the two most authentic biographies of Mahomet. It is thus given in Weil's *Mohamed der Prophet*, p. 43 : “ Khadijah said to Mohamed after his first vision, ‘ If the Angel appears, let me know.’ Gabriel again appeared, and he said to her, ‘ I see him.’ She placed him first on her left, then on her right shoulder, and asked, ‘ Seest thou him still ?’ He answered, ‘ Yes.’ Then she said, ‘ Turn, and lie on my bosom.’ When he had so done, she asked again, ‘ Seest thou him ?’ He answered, ‘ Yes.’ Then she took her veil from her head, and asked, ‘ Seest thou him still ?’ This time he answered, ‘ No.’ Then she said, ‘ By God, it is true, it is true it was an angel, and not a devil.’ ”

‘ On this story the Arabian biographer remarks : “ Khadijah knew from Waraka that a good angel must fly from before the face of an unveiled woman, whilst a devil would bear it well ” ’—Vol. i. p. 226.

The introduction of this story is an instance of the light character of the commentary ; the remark cited from the Arabian biographer we may, however, notice as a valuable evidence of the correctness of the common interpretation, which Mr. Stanley rejects.

Again, the meaning of the Apostle is quite misapprehended, and his words overlooked or distorted, when they are inconsistent with a favourite theory, as one instance will show.

Mr. Stanley appears to have a special dread of our feeling too much reverence for the Holy Eucharist ; and would have us believe that in the Apostolic age the Lord's Supper (or Eucharist, for he identifies them) was the usual evening banquet, for which thanks were given to God ; after which, a cup of wine, for which thanks were previously given, was drunk. He

speaks of it (p. 238) as a 'social meal to which the hungry looked forward to satisfying their wants, and when some even indulged in excess;' . . . and 'a supper, . . . the regular substantial meal of the day;' attended by 'festive accompaniments.' He says there was no 'administration,' and that the people divided the bread amongst them, helping themselves; 'because it is said 'the bread which *we* break!' the *we* being understood to mean all the people.

In taking this view, Mr. Stanley wholly ignores the fact that the Eucharist was celebrated after the pattern of our Lord's action at the last Supper. That, accordingly, one person would take, bless, and break and divide the loaf, one would bless the cup. And of this a plain indication is given in the use of the first person, the bread which *we* break, the cup which *we* bless; i. e. the Apostle, and those Presbyters who presided, (*οἱ προεστῶτες*,) as opposed to the second person, ('as often as "ye" eat,' &c.) which is uniformly adopted throughout the passage where the people are spoken of.

The *δεῖπνον* is confounded by Mr. Stanley with 'the bread and the cup.' He holds that the 'eating this bread, and drinking this cup,' means only 'partaking of this feast' (p. 244); though it is evident that the two were distinct, from what Mr. Stanley himself observes, viz. that it was *one* loaf which was specially broken and eaten as *the* bread, 'the sacred loaf, representing, in its compact unity, the harmony of the whole society,' (p. 248;) a quantity manifestly insufficient for a *banquet* for the whole body of Corinthian Christians. And it is plain that the *δεῖπνον* was a separate thing from the one loaf divided among them, because the latter implies their being together and sharing it, whereas each ate his own *δεῖπνον* without waiting for others, and so one was hungry, and another ate and drank to excess. That the bread and cup were not, in S. Paul's view, such an ordinary meal, is demonstrated by his saying, 'What, have ye not houses to eat and to drink in?' And again, 'If any is hungry, let him eat at home.' It seems quite clear that the one broken loaf was distinct from the meal, from the supper, that is, which each could eat by himself out of his own store; and the blessed cup was also distinct from what they drank at that meal; for, otherwise, how could there be the contrast, 'one is hungry, and another is drunken,' out of that which might have been shared alike? Mr. Stanley illustrates his view from the passage in Acts ii. 4; but passes by the proper meaning of *κατ' οἶκον*, 'at home,' as opposed to 'in the

¹ 'The phrase "takes before another," evidently implies that each man helped himself, that there was nothing corresponding to what in later times is called "an administration of the supper." Compare the expressions "*we break the bread*," in x. 18.—Vol. i. p. 240.

Temple;' and in alleging the instance of S. Paul at Troas and the Christian assembly there, he imagines that their meeting in the evening 'to break bread' has all the accompaniments of an 'ordinary family meal,' although, owing to the Apostle's lengthened preaching, the 'breaking of bread' was delayed from evening all through the night till morning, which is scarcely compatible with the people having looked forward to it, to satisfy their wants by a substantial meal. We leave Mr. Stanley's picturesque description of the banquet and the tapestried room as a mere imagination. The natural exposition of this passage which distinguishes the broken loaf and 'blessed cup' from the Supper, and makes that supper the frugal meal which was eaten rather as a sign of mutual love and unity, than 'as the regular substantial meal of the day,' fits in exactly with the earliest accounts we have of its actual celebration in Pliny, in S. Justin Martyr, and in Tertullian.

Mr. Stanley chooses to say that in the words, 'the bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?' 'the communion of the body of Christ' means communion with His mystical body the Church. We cannot call this anything else than a wanton misunderstanding, since it is inconsistent with the very next clause, 'the communion of the blood of Christ,' as well as our Lord's own words, 'My body which is (broken) for you.' It is through our communion in His broken Body that we have communion one with another. But the whole of this portion of Mr. Stanley's work is valueless in the way of criticism or exposition; it is a vain attempt to destroy the Christian's faith in the most sacred institution of our Lord, and calls for the strongest reprobation. Let the following exposition of a few simple and nowise obscure words be taken as a specimen of Mr. Stanley's criticism. S. Paul says, 'Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup; for he that eateth and drinketh (unworthily), eateth and drinketh judgment to himself, not discerning the (Lord's) 'body.' Mr. Stanley explains the words thus:—

"Let every one examine the state of his heart and mind, *i. e.* to see whether he is likely to be guilty of the profanation here condemned; for, if he does not so examine himself, if he does not discern *that the body of the Lord is in himself, and in the Christian society, and that it is as the body of the Lord, or as a member of that body, that he partakes of the bread*, then heavy judgments will follow." This is harsh, but not more so than other explanations.—Vol. 1. p. 245.

What mockery it is, to call this an explanation of S. Paul!

We pass on now to Mr. Jowett's volumes: and we come at once into a widely different sphere of thought and reflection. We pass out of the light reading, the varied pictures, the ornate and wearying beauties of Mr. Stanley's style, into the outpourings

of deep and serious thought, in the workings of a refined, highly-gifted, but unsettled mind, which would investigate every mystery and raise questions on every subject moral and religious.

In these volumes the Dissertations annexed to the Commentary form the most important part of the work, in matter as well as extent. The work is published as a Commentary on certain epistles, but it is in reality a collection of essays on religious subjects, more or less connected with S. Paul's writings, but put together without system.

To each Epistle is prefixed an introduction and dissertation on its subject, and the time and place of its composition; to the Epistles to the Thessalonians and Galatians essays on the city and people addressed and on the genuineness of the letters, and discussions on Paley's chapters on these Epistles in his *Horæ Paulinæ*. These dissertations are, generally speaking, instructive, but distorted by the writer's fancies and prejudices against the truth of the History of the Acts, and against the clear and conclusive reasonings of Paley.

Each Epistle, again, gives occasion for dissertations, which, however, extend very far beyond what the exposition of the Epistle itself requires, and run out into topics very remote from the immediate questions which occasion them. The first Epistle to the Thessalonians suggests dissertations on the 'Evils in the Church of the Apostolical Age,' and on the 'Belief in the Coming of Christ in the Apostolical Age;' both of which exaggerate what is in itself true to such an extent as to make the representations put forth quite inconsistent with other portions of the Epistles. The second Epistle gives rise to an Essay on the 'Man of Sin,' what we consider a prophecy being in Mr. Jowett's view merely an expression of S. Paul's own anticipations of what was likely shortly to happen, couched in the phraseology of the Old Testament.

The Epistle to the Galatians gives occasion to an important dissertation on the 'Conversion of S. Paul,' a very beautiful Fragment on the Apostle's character, which is the more sad to read because its beauty is poisoned by error; a dissertation on 'S. Paul and the Twelve,' exhibiting the dreams—for it deserves no better name—of German critics, about the contentions of the Apostles and their followers; and two of a general character on the 'Quotations from the Old Testament in the New,' and on 'S. Paul and Philo:' the latter containing a very full account of Philo, his writings, and his phraseology, considered especially as exhibiting the language and modes of thought into which the first preachers of the Gospel, when they passed beyond the borders of the promised land, naturally fell.

Each chapter almost of the Epistle to the Romans suggests

a Dissertation; the first, two short essays on the 'Connexion of Immorality and Idolatry,' and on the 'State of the Heathen World;' and another, placed after the second Chapter, on the 'Abstract Ideas of the New Testament;' while to the second is annexed a dissertation on the 'Modes of Time and Place in the New Testament,' the design of which is to show, in a fanciful and exaggerated way, that the first Christians, including the writers of the Epistles, had not distinct ideas of time or place; that is to say, Mr. Jowett chooses to understand or misunderstand their expressions on this principle. The fourth Chapter suggests a few words on the 'Old Testament,' in which we will only notice that designedly, or with a forgetfulness of which we shall have to notice other instances, Mr. Jowett transfers the interpretation of the Old Testament by the light of the Gospel, which was 'reading the Old Testament after the manner of their age,' from our Lord Himself, to the Apostles. He says, "Did not their hearts burn within 'them?'" as the *Apostles* expounded to them the Psalms and 'the Prophets.' (Vol. ii. p. 143.) This whole essay, as also that on the quotations from the Old Testament in the New, ignores the fact that our Lord Himself (at least according to our Gospels) taught His disciples thus to understand the Scriptures.

The fifth Chapter gives occasion to a Dissertation on the 'Imputation of the Sin of Adam,' to which we shall again refer. The seventh, to one of great importance as exhibiting Mr. Jowett's views of the contrasts of 'morality' and 'religion,' on 'Conversion and Changes of Characters.' The ninth, and two following Chapters on the 'Contrasts of Prophecy;' the fourteenth, on 'Casuistry:' while at the end of the work are placed five Dissertations connected more or less with the whole argument of the Epistle, on 'Natural Religion;' 'the Law as the Strength of Sin;' on 'Righteousness by Faith;' 'the Doctrine of the Atonement;' 'Predestination and Free-will.'

With such a body of varied matter before us, it is obviously impossible to do more than offer general remarks on the character of the work, and illustrate its main features by some instances. There are but few pages of the Dissertation which do not call for a discussion extending to the length of an ordinary review, in order to analyse them thoroughly, to examine the grounds on which they rest, and to sift their nicely intermingled elements of truth and error.

One consequence of the writer's plan is, that the Dissertations are irregular, when viewed in their relations to each other or as a whole: so that we look in vain for any exact statement of the views and principles of the writer. It is indeed difficult at all times to determine what the writer's own views are. He

seems sometimes to put out statements of difficulties, like the *ἀποφαί* of Aristotle or Plato, and to dwell on them and draw them out; at others, to express the views of opponents, as if they were speaking; at others, to represent what is matter of fact, as the experiences of the religious life; at others, to put forward possible views, or the views that would result under certain contingencies; while vagueness appears to be his delight, and he seems to consider that it is the only form under which the mind of man can receive Divine truth.

The tone of these Dissertations is indeed often most attractive and beautiful, and the informal and almost meditative method adopted is calculated to win over the heart of the reader. Mr. Jowett shows in this respect, whether designedly or not, the greatest art. Obnoxious propositions are not stated at first: the readers are led on to them through considerations of difficulties which arise in the examination of other views, in language which 'religious persons' are accustomed to use, nay, which seems to express all they themselves have felt. In truth, Mr. Jowett, considered as addressing the young, the high-principled, the intellectual and religiously disposed Englishmen of this day, writes with consummate skill; he could scarcely have adopted any method more effectual than that of these Dissertations for the purpose of inculcating opinions from which, if they were barely stated, religious Englishmen would revolt. There is throughout an air of candour, sincerity, and of honest seeking for truth. We seem to be admitted to the very inmost thoughts of a sincere and anxious inquirer, whose difficulties are stated in simplicity, and whose most fearful propositions are, as it were, forced out by the investigation of the subject. These are expressed as the natural workings of the meditative mind, as the 'confessions of an inquiring spirit.' The sad result to which we come at last is kept from our sight, and even when arrived at, its presence is generally hinted, rather than formally enunciated; the conclusion is suggested as a possibility, or stated with so much of vagueness, that an ingenuous mind would hope the words do not mean so much as they seem to mean. All appears simple and artless, as if the writer were only expressing the thoughts suggested to a religious mind by the apparent inconsistency of what Christians believe, with the facts of nature, with the suggestions of reason, with the voice of our hearts. They who have felt, as so many doubtless have felt, difficulties in the doctrines of the faith, or in the structure and words of Scripture, or in the Divine government, seem here to find a sympathizing mind, and are told that they may retain their Christianity, freed from those doctrines and views, which now appear as a load to sink it. If, we repeat, it were desired to draw aside the young, the generous, the religiously disposed,

to cheat them into the relinquishment of that belief which is now the stay and support of their souls, no more effectual means could have been devised. Again, there is nothing in the language to offend, but much to attract. A tone of piety pervades the work. The writer seems fully to appreciate the good that is in others, and to understand the workings of the religious mind, so that the reader says: Here is one who has felt what I feel; he can sympathize with me; he seems to have known the love of Christ, and felt the power of prayer, and to have had experience of the deep workings of the soul in its conversion from sin to holiness, and admits such religious influences as facts.

Again, difficulties, as we have said, are insinuated rather than boldly stated, they are made almost to arise out of the reader's own thoughts, and are expressed with a semblance of fairness and truthfulness which appears to proceed from a pure love of truth. Then the ability and the interest of the Dissertations are both very great. There is throughout them a body of most just views and true observations mixed up with and verging on what is most untrue. The thoughts on nature and human life commend themselves to our experience, and show deep reflection and keenful observation of character. There are beautiful touches of feeling in Mr. Jowett's volumes. The pleasing style, the varied topics that are introduced—the new lights in which old subjects are placed, and the pervading freshness of thought, give continual interest to the reader. History and poetry, the old religions of Heathendom, the classic writers, and the most recent theories of physical and ethnological science, are subordinated to the writer's use. We are presented with novel and striking views on almost every subject. Some passages there are of singular beauty; and all have the charm of seeming to come straight from the heart. But a poisonous atmosphere pervades the whole, and the result of the work seems to be to leave no sure resting place for religious faith. It appears designed to unsettle all existing convictions, and instead of them to give a vague, undefined, and dreamy view of a sort of natural religion to which Christianity is to be subordinated. Its very beauty and interest are deceptive. The *mirage* and haze of style and illustration and speculation and suggestion keep out of sight the false reasonings, the ignoring and misrepresentations of facts, the one-sidedness which pervades throughout.

Accordingly, when the immediate influence of the style is over, and we begin to reflect on the substance of what we have read, we perceive that the unsystematic and illogical style of the composition not only hinders us from having a clear view of our author's meaning, but also leads him to leave out of sight the most weighty considerations that are opposed to his own

views, and to contemplate one portion of a fact without apparently being at all conscious of that which is immediately connected with it. This onesidedness of view and this principle of ignoring of important facts would be regarded as dishonest in a systematic writer; and much harder measure than Mr. Jowett has dealt out to Paley would be deservedly given him. But when a writer seems to be so confidential with us as to let us see the very inmost workings of his mind—to think aloud as it were in our presence—he disarms us. We cannot suspect treason in one who invites us into the innermost chambers of the soul; we cannot suspect intentional dishonesty, and we set it down to his having overlooked the facts. At the same time, there is really not only the greatest unfairness, as we shall show, in this ignoring of facts, or balancing of arguments, but we find in Mr. Jowett's statement of the views of others a caricaturing of them which is inconsistent with real candour. In proof of this, we need only allude to Mr. Jowett's description of the Catholic faith on the Atonement, or on Original Sin.

Of the vagueness of the statements in these volumes we can give no better proof than this: that if an inquirer asks what is his view on almost any subject, even the most essential, it would be impossible to answer. In his Commentaries, for instance, we read:—

‘We must go back to the predoctrinal age of the Apostle himself, ere such distinctions existed. The whole Christian life flows with him from union with Christ. Whether this union is conscious or unconscious, whether it gives or merely imputes the righteousness of Christ, is a question which he does not analyse. But in thinking of it, he perceives a sort of balance and contrast between the humiliation of Christ and the exaltation of the Christian. The believer seems to gain what his master has lost. He throws on Christ the worse half of self, that the better half may be endued with the spirit of life’—Vol. II p. 223.

‘What is meant by being crucified to the world? Not certainly being despised by the world, still less despising the world in return, or any mere figure of speech; but whatever is meant by being dead or buried with Christ, by the old man being crucified, by the life hidden with Christ in God’—Vol. I. p. 323.

So when this writer has treated almost with derision the ordinary belief of pious Christians in our Lord's Atonement, he leaves us absolutely in the dark as to what he does himself believe.

But one of the most marked faults in this work is that to which we have referred, the overlooking and ignoring of important facts; of which we shall give some instances. There are strange contrasts in Mr. Jowett's mind, ‘antitheses’ equal to any that he has dwelt on: such is the contrast between acuteness and nice observation of facts at one time, and dreaminess and apparent blindness to them at another. We could scarcely give a finer instance of the former than the argument for the genuineness of the Epistle to the Thessalonians, which is marked by the

greatest acuteness and good sense: the facts are sagaciously laid hold of, and distinctly brought out. We are impressed the more by these characteristics, because this Dissertation comes almost immediately after the Introduction to that Epistle, which is marked by instances of those grave faults of which we are speaking—one-sidedness, and that disregard or carelessness about facts which most of all affect the point at issue.

The object of Mr. Jowett in this Dissertation is to show that S. Paul progressed from a defective and half-Judaized view of Christianity into a clearer and fuller appreciation of it: and that the Epistles to the Thessalonians were written when he was in this half-dark state. The grounds for supposing this, as derived from the Epistles themselves, are their tone and topics. These Mr. Jowett attributes to the writer having as yet a carnal view of Christianity. Without going further into the subject, we would observe that Mr. Jowett says nothing of what is quite as probable and complete an account of the facts, namely, the little progress which the Thessalonians had made in Christian knowledge, and the Apostle's practice of adapting his teaching to the progress of his hearers. The Thessalonians, on Mr. Jowett's own showing, had only been taught by S. Paul during three Sabbath days, and an hour a day on each other day during three weeks; they had then been left by the Apostle, and were now addressed by him 'a few weeks, or at most a few months after.'

This is Mr. Jowett's own account of the matter: but here let us pause a moment, and consider the wildness of this notion that S. Paul, during his residence at Thessalonica, Corinth, and Ephesus, only devoted one day in the week, 'the Sabbath,' and an hour on other days, to the work of the Christian ministry. In his note on 1 Thess. ii. 9:—

'Of the twelve hours of the day, perhaps not more than one, of the seven days of the week, perhaps only the Sabbath, was devoted to the exercise of his spiritual calling.'—Vol. i. p. 51.

We would ask, Is this a specimen of the new light of criticism? Can anything be more monstrous than this view? To how little purpose has Mr. Jowett read the writings of S. Paul, and how utterly has he failed in acquiring an understanding of his ways. When he was at Ephesus 'he taught daily in the school of one Tyrannus' (Acts xix. 9); but beside this, he was with them 'at all seasons,' teaching them 'publicly and at home,' (*δημοσίᾳ καὶ κατ' οἶκον*) and 'by the space of three years ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears.' (Acts xx. 20, 31.) Yet it is owing to this strange notion of S. Paul doing nothing but work night and day, that Mr. Jowett says, in a miserable criticism of Paley:—

'Paley should not have omitted the verse following (Phil. iv. 16), which implies that S. Paul received support from the Philippians when at Thessalonica, and is therefore *partly inconsistent* with his working with his own

hands. "For even in Thessalonica ye sent once and again unto my necessities,"—Vol. i. p. 129.

So far from one statement being 'partly inconsistent' with the other, it is altogether confirmatory of it, as showing that the Apostle needed support, which compelled him to work with his own hands, and only inconsistent with the notion, which is entirely Mr. Jowett's own, that S. Paul worked so hard and so profitably as to render any further assistance superfluous. Mr. Jowett has to learn that S. Paul's doing anything 'night and day' does not mean that he did nothing else. But further, how is this notion consistent with the views elsewhere maintained by Mr. Jowett, that S. Paul spent *three weeks only* in Thessalonica, *i. e.* he converted these persons, and instructed them so far in Christian knowledge, as that in a few weeks or months after he could write the first Epistle to them, by three Sabbath days' preaching, and one hour a day's instruction? Surely this betrays a want of the most ordinary common sense, unless we suppose a miracle. Now well nigh the whole of Mr. Jowett's discoveries of inconsistencies between the Acts and the Epistles, and in the narrative of the Acts itself, and his objection to the arguments of Paley, are grounded on some such misapprehensions; *e. g.* 'he (Paley) alters the natural and *prima facie* meaning of the Acts and the Epistles.' Why, of course he does, by showing, in confirmation of other arguments, that the *prima facie* meaning is not the real meaning. Paley's argument is that the coincidences between the letters and the history are undesignated, and this is proved by the very fact that the *prima facie* meaning is not the true one.

But to return to the Introduction to the Epistle to the Thessalonians, and this notion that S. Paul was still in a half-Judaized condition. In the progress of his argument Mr. Jowett says, 'Not only have we *à priori* reason to suppose that S. Paul's Christian knowledge must thus have grown, or evidence from the Epistles that it did so, it is implied in his own statements.' He adduces two places, 'the knowing Christ after the flesh,' mentioned in 2 Cor. v. 16, and the words, 'If I yet preach circumcision,' in Gal. v. 11. Now we do not deny that S. Paul the longer he lived and prayed and meditated, advanced to deeper and fuller appreciation of Divine truth, and came nearer and nearer to the beatific vision; but what we do deny is that there is the least evidence that his teaching after he was called to be an Apostle, was in any sense carnal, Judaical, or defective: according to Mr. Jowett's views, indeed, it was tinged with these faults to the last, and it remained for our later centuries to eliminate these heterogeneous elements from Christianity. But we are not concerned now with anything more than Mr.

Jowett's own deficiencies as an expositor. And what we wish our readers to observe is, that, in each of the verses cited, the clause on which Mr. Jowett argues is but a portion of a sentence, and in ascertaining its meaning the rest of the sentence must be considered. But it is not. It is absolutely ignored. The young and those who are not familiar with Holy Scripture, or who are not on their guard, might read this Dissertation and be persuaded by it. But when they came to see the words *in situ*, they would perceive how much they had been misled. The first words argued on are these: 'Wherefore henceforth know we no man after the flesh:—yea, though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet henceforth know we him no more.' To pass by all the other objections to Mr. Jowett's interpretation, we simply note that he has not attempted to show what the first half of the verse would mean according to his explanation of the second half—he has simply declined to see it.

So in Gal. v. 11, Mr. Jowett says the words 'can have no other meaning than that S. Paul had once' (after he became an apostle) 'preached what his opponents declared to be the doctrine of the Circumcision' (*i.e.*, as the whole argument requires, proclaimed the duty of being circumcised, though Mr. Jowett vainly endeavours to give some other vague no-meaning to the expression,) he then argues from the words 'If I *yet* (*ἐτι*, still) preach circumcision,' as if they meant, 'if I still continue to proclaim the Judaizing view.' But a consideration of the whole verse will show that this is impossible: for the apostle's argument is, 'If I do this' (whatever it be) 'why am I *yet* (still) persecuted?' S. Paul says, 'If I *now* am preaching circumcision,' as may have been alleged, 'why do not the persecutions against me *cease*? Surely the objection to my preaching would have been done away. The stumbling-block of the Cross would have been removed.' The force of *ἐτι* in the first clause must be determined by the unequivocal meaning of the whole verse—which is, not that S. Paul had formerly or hitherto been preaching circumcision, but that, as some seem to have reported, he had *begun* to preach circumcision, having hitherto taught in such a way as to excite the hatred of the Jews, he now, they said, had adopted their views—in which case he asks, Why am I still persecuted? surely in this case, the stumbling-block of the Cross would have ceased.

We should not have dwelt on the subject had not the point been one which in Mr. Jowett's view is very important, and consequently we find the argument elaborated with great care, and grounded upon the words of these two places, interpreted according to his own fancy without any regard to their contexts. We are disposed to think that Mr. Jowett does not study the

Scriptures carefully, but remembers certain phrases, and develops large theories out of them, forgetting to test these by an examination of the connexion in which the words occur.

We can now appreciate the justice of Mr. Jowett's remarks :

'Biblical criticism is, from the very nature of its subject-matter, peculiarly liable to the error of stating as a certainty that which is no more than a probable conjecture.'—Vol. i. p. 14.

And also,

'There is a difficulty in meeting such objections as these, because, whatever real weight they may have, they ultimately resolve themselves in the impression of an individual critic.'—Vol. i. p. 16.

His own work is the best evidence of the truth of these observations.

We will now take another passage, on which it is impossible not to impute to the writer either very great carelessness, or ignorance of his subject, or unfairness arising from dwelling on one side only of an argument. And we would premise that Mr. Jowett is so unconscious of this fault in himself, that he is most severe, and, we must add, most unfair, in imputing the same faults to Paley. He objects to the *Horæ Paulinæ* on the ground of—

'their being written in the spirit of the advocate rather than in that of the judge, and consequently making no attempt to consider as a whole the objections of antagonists.'—Vol. i. p. 108.

And again he says,

'The omission of many of the discrepancies in the Epistles, and the absence of effort to regard the subject as a whole, and estimate the collective force of objections, place him' (Paley) 'in the rank of apologists, and not of impartial writers'—Vol. i. p. 109.

Mr. Jowett seems not to class himself among apologists, but among impartial writers; but he does not 'consider the objections' to his own notions, either collectively or singly. He wishes to have the spirit of the judge rather than the advocate. But one important function of a judge is to sum up evidence; and surely in doing this no judge would omit wholly the points of evidence which either of the parties considered the strongest, and simply ignore them.

Yet Mr. Jowett does this. We give an instance from his discussion on the punctuation of the well-known words in Rom. ix. 5, 'Of whom as concerning the flesh Christ (came), who is over all, God blessed for ever.' The words in the Greek are thus pointed by Lachmann, whom Mr. Jowett follows; *καὶ ἐξ ὧν ὁ Χριστὸς τὸ κατὰ σάρκα. ὁ ὧν ἐπὶ πάντων Θεὸς εὐλογητὸς εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας. Ἀμήν.* making the last words an interjectional ascription of glory to God the Father; thus; 'Of whom as 'concerning the flesh Christ came. God who is over all be 'blessed for ever.' Mr. Jowett, in a calm and innocent tone, prefaces an observation that 'we can hardly expect to get an

answer' on this question 'unbiased by the interests of controversy;' and then, as if he were in a pure atmosphere, high above the mists of theological disputations, undertakes to state reasons for and against the pointing commonly received.

Now, there is one most weighty consideration, nay, we may say, one mode by which the question might be settled irrespectively of such bias; that is, by ascertaining, if possible, how the early Christians read it. And as this is the principle on which Lachmann professed to settle the text of Scripture, whom Mr. Jowett herein follows, we should have expected it to have been applied in this case. Lachmann 'aims,' Mr. Jowett says, (Intro^d vol. i. p. vi.) 'at reproducing the text not as it ought to be, but as it was; that is, not as it may be supposed to come from the autograph of the authors themselves, but as it actually existed in copies of the fourth century.' The means used for ascertaining this are, *α*, the most ancient MSS.; *β*. citations in Origen; *γ*. the ancient Latin versions; *δ*. citations by ancient Latin fathers. In this instance, through the want of punctuation, the earliest Greek MSS. determine nothing; but the citations and the versions are decisive in favour of the pointing, 'Christ who is over all,' &c. The words are quoted very often, and always in the same way. Heretics alleged the verse to prove that it was the Father that became man; the orthodox replied to them, showing that such was not its sense: but no party seemed to imagine it could be understood in any other way than by referring 'who is over all,' &c. to Christ. The verse is thus often quoted before the fourth century, very often in it; but though its meaning was thus the subject of much controversy, there is not a trace of any other way of reading it than ours. This fact alone ought to have settled the point on Lachmann's principles. Here is the text of the fourth century. But Lachmann did not like this, and pointed it in his own way. Mr. Jowett follows his pointing, and, what is more, absolutely omits all notice whatever of the ancient mode of reading it. He does not seem to be aware of the fact, or, if he was, he disposes of it in these words,—

'Neither can tradition be of any real value, except so far as it preserves to us some fact or meaning of a word which we should not otherwise have known. Where it is repugnant to the style and phraseology of an author, it is in error; where it agrees with them, it hardly affords any additional confirmation.'—Vol. II. p. 244.

If these words refer to the 'tradition' of the text of Scripture, they are simply contradictory to the very principles on which the text professes to be based. Lachmann is commended (Intro^d. vol. i. p. viii.) because he 'based the text on the most ancient authorities, solely on grounds of evidence, without regard to doctrinal considerations, or claims of authority, and

‘irrespective even of the meaning of the words.’ That is, he was guided by ‘tradition.’ And if there be any fact morally certain, it is that the text of the first four centuries and onward connected ‘who is God over all,’ &c. with Christ. But our impartial critic simply suppresses all mention of this fact.

Next, in considering the construction of the passage, Mr. Jowett mentions indeed some arguments of little weight; but he wholly omits one which ought to be regarded as decisive, namely, that if the Apostle had wished to express, ‘God, who is over all, be blessed for ever,’ he must, according to the unvarying usage of the New Testament and the LXX. have placed *εὐλογητὸς* first, and said, *εὐλογητὸς ὁ ὦν κ. τ. λ.* There are about forty places in the Old Testament and five in the New in which this formula of doxology occurs, and in every case the arrangement is the same, ‘Blessed be the God who is over all, for ever.’ This ought to be conclusive, but Mr. Jowett *does not allude to it*. He dwells on less important points; nay, in giving reasons against the old pointing, says:—

‘It may be added: . . . That nearly the same expression, *ὁ ὦν εὐλογητὸς εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας* occurs also in 2 Cor xi. 31, but that it is applied, not to “himself,” but to “the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.”’

Now we observe here is, that Mr. Jowett has before him a construction exactly parallel to that of the text, which, of course, would go far to show that the words *ὁ ὦν*, &c. should be referred to Christ. He cites it for another purpose, but is quite blind to the fact that it is an exactly parallel construction, and decisive in favour of the received reading. Surely this is anything but candid.

We must now go on to the great question raised by this work, intimating by the way that we have brought forward these instances, not merely for their own sake, as showing the extreme unfairness of critics, who claim for themselves exclusively the credit of veracity and love of truth, but also because they afford a miniature specimen of the unfairness of the work as a whole; for a similar ignoring of the facts most important in their bearing on the gravest questions prevails throughout; we mean, an ignoring of the idea of revelation and of the truths on which it rests, viz. that the first preachers of the Gospel were divinely instructed and sanctioned by the exercise of miraculous powers, and, accordingly, that what they teach is the word of God, not of man.

Judging from Mr. Jowett’s silence, we might imagine that no such view was entertained—whereas it has been the common faith of Christians from the first, and is the promise of Christ and the distinct teaching of the Apostles themselves. ‘Ye received it,’ (our preaching,) ‘not as the word of man, but as it is in truth, the word of God.’ The idea of authoritative revela-

tion is simply and contemptuously passed over, as though it had never existed, as is also that of inspiration such as to secure an Apostle from error. The passage in 1 Cor. ii., in which the Apostle speaks of himself as having truths revealed to him by the Spirit, which he expresses in words taught by the Spirit, is most incorrectly explained by Mr. Stanley to refer to all Christians, simply because it speaks of 'we' and 'us,' though it appears clearly to be describing the Apostles. The authority which S. Paul claims is explained away: and all the evidence for the Apostles being authorized exponents of Divine truth, whose teaching was to be received simply, as being a message from God, is quietly neglected. S. Paul is criticised as a mere human writer would be. He and the twelve are considered to have differed. 'His own converts,' we are told, 'and his Jewish opponents were all the world to him; and through them, as it were in a glass, he appeared to himself to see the workings of human nature generally.' (Vol. i. p. 178.)

The appearance of our Lord to S. Paul is by both these writers regarded as probably a vision—an inward, not an outward fact, and, accordingly, not an evidence; although the Apostle himself asserts that the Lord had appeared to him, as He had done to the other Apostles, and although he claims to be of the same standing with them, as having seen the Lord Jesus Christ; an assertion which is merely delusive, if what he had seen was but a vision. Mr. Jowett says,—

'If we submit the narrative in the Acts to the ordinary rules of evidence, we shall scarcely find ourselves able to determine whether any outward fact was intended by it, or not. Such' (namely, that it was an outward fact, 'is, indeed, the impression at first sight conveyed; but we must remember that this impression is gathered from an author to whom the distinction of the spiritual and supernatural, which is so familiar to ourselves, had scarcely an existence; who, if he had been asked the question which we are now considering, would probably have replied:—"Whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell."')—Vol. i. p. 232.

So that S. Paul is set aside, as one whose testimony about the greatest event of his whole life is not worth listening to. And by way of still further destroying the value of his attestation of miraculous facts, we are told:—

'Often the apostle S. Paul has been described as a person the furthest removed from enthusiasm; incapable of spiritual illusion; by his natural temperament averse to credulity or superstition. By such considerations as these a celebrated author confesses himself to have been converted to the belief in Christianity. And yet, if it is intended to reduce S. Paul to the type of what is termed "good sense" in the present day, it must be admitted, that the view which thus describes him is but partially true. Far nearer the truth is that other quaint notion of a modern writer, "that S. Paul was the finest gentleman that ever lived;" for no man had nobler forms of courtesy or a deeper regard for the feelings of others. But "*good sense*" is a term not well adapted to express either the individual, or the age and country in which he lived. He who wrought miracles, who had handkerchiefs

carried to him from the sick, who spake with tongues more than they all, who lived amid visions and revelations of the Lord, who did not appeal to the Gospel as a thing long settled, but himself saw the process of revelation actually going on before his eyes, and communicated it to his fellow-men, could never have been *such an one as ourselves*. Nor can we pretend to estimate whether, in the modern sense of the term, he was capable of weighing evidence; or how far he would have attempted to sever between the workings of his own mind and the Spirit which was imparted to him'—Vol. i. pp. 299, 300.

We are not therefore surprised to find that what Mr. Jowett says of miracles is simply directed to underrating their value as grounds of conviction. For instance:—

'It is not upon the testimony of any single person, even were it far more distinct than in the present instance, we can venture to peril the truth of the Christian religion. Weak defences of comparatively unimportant points undermine more than they support. He who has the Spirit of Christ and his Apostles, has the witness in himself; he who leads the life of Paul, has already set his seal that his words are true. Were the other view supported by the most irrefragable historical evidence, had the sign in the clouds been beheld by whole multitudes of Jews and Gentiles, believers and unbelievers, it is to the internal aspect of the event we should be more inclined to turn, both as the more religious one, and the which more closely links the Apostle with ourselves.'—Vol. i. pp. 322, 323.

So Mr. Stanley:—

'The more ample we suppose the evidence for the Gospel miracles, or the more portentous their nature, so much the more striking is the testimony of Christ and the Apostle to the truth that it is not on them that the main structure of Christian faith is to be built up. The tendency in human nature, especially in Oriental nature, is acknowledged, and, to a certain extent, satisfied. But it is discountenanced as unworthy of the highest and best form of Christian Revelation.'—Vol. i. p. 58

What miserable trifling is this; what hypocritical evasion of the question, Was a miracle wrought or not? On the other branch of external evidence, prophecy, his view, as it is shown in the instance of the prediction of the Man of Sin, seems to be, that there is nothing in it but what is human. The whole interpretation of the passage in 2 Thess. ii. goes on the supposition that S. Paul repeated the imagery of the Old Testament without attaching any definite meaning to it; and that, in speaking of 'that which letteth,' and 'the Man of Sin,' he was only expressing his own merely human anticipations produced by his observing the tendencies of the times.

Then as to revelation itself; it is most difficult to ascertain what Mr. Jowett holds respecting it. There is a divine work; there are divine communications: but they come to us through human channels, and are coloured by the means through which they are communicated. The divine truth is distinguished from the human expression of it, the matter from the form, the essence from the accidents, the spirit from the letter. The writings of the Apostle are no longer to be regarded as teaching us what the revealed truth is. The whole of the Epistles pre-

suppose some previous teaching, and it is manifest that S. Paul did teach certain doctrines, which are alluded to, enforced, made the grounds of practical exhortations, or put forward as motives of conduct. It is manifest that, on the whole, to put the facts at the very lowest, he and the other Apostles taught substantially the same truths: to ascertain what these truths were has hitherto been the object of Christian theologians, and they supposed that they could discover something of them from the allusions and direct statements in S. Paul's Epistles. But now Mr. Jowett says (speaking of the Epistle to the Thessalonians):—

‘Unmeaning they can only appear when we judge them by a modern standard, and when, losing sight of him and his converts, we attempt to elicit from them notions of philosophy, or revelations of the unseen world.’—Vol. i. p. 34.

It would seem, then, that S. Paul is no longer to be regarded as teaching us anything when he speaks of our whole body, soul, and spirit; or when he describes to us the coming again of our Lord, or our being raised to meet Him. Are they only occasional letters of which the object alike, and meaning, and use have passed away? It is, indeed, difficult to determine what Mr. Jowett means by statements such as this. We would not willingly misjudge him. It will be best, before we proceed further with this topic, to show in some particular instance how he deals with the statements of the Apostle.

Mr. Jowett's method of setting aside the doctrine of the Atonement has been frequently referred to. We will only cite one passage which may illustrate our meaning.

To be told that Christ performed the greatest act that was ever done in this world, does not seem so much as to be told that He was the sacrifice for the sins of men. All history combines to strengthen the illusion; the institution of sacrifice is regarded as part of a Divine design in the education of the world. We cease any more to inquire how far the blood of bulls or of goats can be a real or adequate representation of the relation in which Christ stood to His Father and mankind. We delight to think of the religions of all nations bearing witness “to Him that was to come.”

‘It must be remembered that the Apostles were Jews; they were so before their conversion; they remained so afterwards in their thoughts and language; they could not lay aside their first nature, or divest themselves at once of Jewish modes of expression. Sacrifice and atonement were leading ideas of the Jewish dispensation; without shedding of blood there was no remission. In thinking of the death of Christ and the fulfilment of which He spoke, it was natural to them to think of Him as a “sacrifice” and “atonement” for sin. To Him bear all the prophets witness, as well as the types of the law and the history of the Jewish people. All their life long they had been sacrificing and living in the commandments of the law blameless. What a striking view must it have been to their minds that their rites and ceremonies were not in vain, but only done in ignorance of their true design and import; not that they were nothing, but that there was more in them than the chief priests and Pharisees could even conceive! And the very deadness of them as practised by the Jews in general, and the entire passing away of

their original meaning, would greatly assist their new application. *There was something in the sacrifices that they could not comprehend, as they truly felt that there was in the death of Christ also far more than they could understand, and they interpreted the one by the other.* And when once the thought was suggested to men's minds, at every opening of the book of the Old Testament a new light fell upon the page: the history of Abraham, the settlement in the promised land, the least details of the Temple and the Tabernacle, were written for their instruction.'—Vol. ii. pp. 475, 476.

In writing this, Mr. Jowett seems to forget that One higher than the Apostle thus spake of His death. But the gist of the whole is, that we are in advance of the Apostles, and can discriminate where they could not, and can divest ourselves of Jewish 'thoughts' and modes of expression, and discern where the Jewish element trenches on the Christian.

We will next consider the way in which this writer treats the doctrine of Original Sin, as an instance of the mode in which his views on this subject, the weight to be attached to the words of the Apostle, are applied to a particular case.

In two places of his Epistles (Rom. v. and 1 Cor. xv.) S. Paul connects our sinfulness and liability to death with the sin of Adam, and the death which was its consequence. Mr. Jowett's view is, that our nature is sinful, 'that we are one in a common sinful nature, which, even if it were not derived from the sin of Adam, exists as really as if it were,' (vol. ii. p. 167;) nay, he says, (ibid. p. 154,) 'Human nature is sinful: this we know as a fact, *nor can we imagine how it could be otherwise;*' but he repudiates the notion that this sinfulness is in anywise connected with the sin of our (supposed) first parents.

In his notes he says (vol. ii. p. 155), 'The Apostle is about 'to speak of Adam *the type of sin*, as Christ *is the type of righteousness*. The sin of Adam is the sin of man, as the 'righteousness of Christ is the righteousness of man.' On verse 19 of this fifth chapter Mr. Jowett has no note, the words being 'as by one man's disobedience many *were made* sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many *be made* righteous.'

We must here first observe the want of fairness and candour shown in treating this subject. Mr. Jowett's sympathies are all exhausted on doubters; believers are treated with no more consideration in this case than in that of the Atonement and others; their opinions are simply caricatured. Here, for instance, the consequences of the fall are stated in the most repulsive form, as an *imputation* of the sin of Adam. This doctrine, he says, is 'at variance with our first notions of the moral nature of God,' (vol. ii. p. 167;) and therefore the words of the Apostle which seem to teach it must be otherwise explained.

But surely Mr. Jowett must have known that there is a view of the effects of the Fall, most generally held by Catholic Chris-

tians, which is not exposed—(even if the view of Imputation were, which we by no means admit)—to the charge of contradicting the Divine attributes of justice and mercy. We cannot express the view better than in the words of Mr. Mozley's *History of Predestination*:—‘The doctrine of the fall of man has been always held as a fundamental doctrine in the Church; and all Catholic writers have witnessed to the truth, that the first man came from the hands of God an upright creature, that he fell from that uprightness by voluntary transgression, and that he involved in his fall the whole of his posterity.’

Mr. Jowett admits the sinfulness of our nature. Now there is no more injustice in allowing mankind to come into this sinful state through the sin of one, than in causing them to be in it in any other way. If it be admitted that they are such as they are, is it less difficult to believe that they were made such by immediate creation, or by developing into it from some other state, or by any other means than by that of the fall? The pretence of the inconsistency of the doctrine of Imputation with the Divine attributes, is put forward as a reason for endeavouring to explain away the words of S. Paul, or, if that should fail, for showing that the Apostle was mistaken.

The general process to which the words are to be subjected is expressed thus:—

‘We should consider:—First, what space they occupy in Scripture; Secondly, how far the language used respecting them is literal or figurative; Thirdly, whether they agree with the more general truths of Scripture and our moral sense, or are not “rather repugnant thereto;” Fourthly, whether their origin may not be prior to Christianity, or traceable in the after history of the Church; Fifthly, how far to ourselves they are anything more than words.’—Vol. II. p. 162.

Here are five successive testings; and we ask what statement could possibly be made which might not be evaded through some one or other of them?

In this instance Mr. Jowett applies the first and third processes, then (in his Notes on the passage) the second; then, in his dissertation, the fourth, that the doctrine of Adam's sin affecting his posterity was a Jewish notion, which adhered to S. Paul from his Rabbinical schooling; ‘the language he uses is that of his age and country.’

‘There is direct evidence to show that the Jews connected sin and death, and the sins and death of mankind, with the sin of Adam, in the same way as the Apostle. The earliest trace of such a doctrine is found in the apocryphal Book of Wisdom, ii. 24. It was a further refinement of some of their teachers that when Adam sinned the whole world sinned, because at that time, Adam was the whole world, or because the soul of Adam comprehended the souls of all, so that Adam's sin conveyed a hereditary taint to his posterity. It was a confusion of a half physical, half logical or metaphysical notion, arising in the minds of men who had not yet

learnt the lesson of our Saviour—"That which is from without defileth not a man." That human nature or philosophy sometimes rose up against such inventions is certainly true; but it seems to be on the whole admitted, that the doctrine of Augustin is in substance generally agreed to by the Rabbis, and that there is no trace of their having derived it from the writings of S. Paul.

'But not only is the connexion of sin and death with each other, and with the sin of Adam, found in the Rabbinical writings; the type and anti-type of the first and second Adam are also contained in them.'—Vol. ii. p. 165.

Now, first, to take this remarkable statement about the Rabbinical doctrine. Is it to be supposed that if the doctrine of Adam's sin affecting his whole posterity be so horrible, so inconsistent with the Divine attributes, S. Paul could have given it any sanction? Surely there was a large mass of opinions thus received—a floating atmosphere of views on religious subjects. In the midst of these views Christ and His Apostles came. They took up, modified, and so sanctioned, the true; they repudiated the false. Their net drew up of all kinds; they kept the good, the evil they cast away. Is there any such sympathy between the mind of S. Paul and the errors of Judaism, that he should formally enunciate and confirm a view which (as is alleged) is repulsive to the moral sense of all good and holy men? This is to set S. Paul below the average mark of discernment of spiritual truth, not above it,—to regard him as still burdened by the beggarly elements. And this observation applies to a very large part of Mr. Jowett's theories. He seems to regard S. Paul as the Jew of Tarsus only, whom the philosophers of the nineteenth century may criticise as a person of narrow views, labouring under the disadvantages of a Rabbinical education.

But the inconsistency of these divers explanations is patent: either S. Paul meant that the sin of Adam was the cause of the sinfulness and death of his posterity, or he did not. Mr. Jowett's first explanations go on the view that he did not,—that Adam's sin was only a sort of type of ours. His latter explanation is that he did,—and that he was under the influence of Jewish errors and prejudices.

On the subject generally it is obvious to remark, in the way of analogy, that the whole conduct and history of the world is replete with instances parallel to that before us, of the sins, the negligence, the disgrace of parents affecting their posterity. There is not a more common truth than that many a man who is now in this life enduring almost hopeless misery, and is borne down by the heavy burden of sin, by physical suffering, by shame and dishonour, might, as far as we can see, have been a useful, virtuous, and happy being, had it not been for the fault of others. And these results are according to the laws of nature, of which Mr. Jowett says (vol. ii. p. 413):

—‘There is no resting-place until we admit freely that the laws ‘of nature, and the will of the God of nature, are absolutely ‘identical.’ So that, if a contradiction to our notions of justice and mercy—to the suggestions of our ‘moral sense,’—be allowed to hold against what we have good reason to believe to be divine appointments, it is plain that we must deny that the author and governor of the world is a just and merciful God.

If it be said: True; but it is only when viewed piecemeal that these things seem thus contradictory to the Divine goodness, and they ought to be viewed as parts of a whole: we reply, that those doctrines which the Apostles teach respecting God, must also be viewed as parts of a great system, the whole of which is unknown to us; and that it is only by isolating them, and then caricaturing them, that Mr. Jowett endeavours to show that they are inconsistent with the attributes of God.

Besides, there is another very important consideration bearing on the whole of Mr. Jowett’s work which this instance will illustrate. The statement which we have cited from Mr. Mozley’s work expresses simply and clearly a fact which is most important in its relation to this subject—namely, that the whole Christian Church, from the earliest point of history which we can ascertain, has held the doctrine that the sin of Adam affected his posterity. The same must be said, in even a stronger degree, of the doctrine of the Atonement, which from the first was believed by Christians, in that they regarded the death of our Lord as the procuring cause of our forgiveness and salvation, as a sacrifice, and as a ransom. It comes, then, to this—the conclusion seems inevitable—that the Apostles taught this doctrine: that they not only alluded to our Saviour’s death in the metaphorical language of the Law, or mentioned it by the way in their Epistles, but taught it as the Christian doctrine to their converts. So that if there could have been any doubt as to the teaching implied in the Epistles, the belief of the Christians would have decided the point; unless we suppose that S. Paul, who is so anxious in guarding his disciples against error—so jealous for the honour of God—who takes so great pains to remove misapprehensions and to clear up difficulties—would have permitted his converts to be misled into believing something which is inconsistent, as it is alleged, with the purer attributes of God, and more degrading beneath the errors of the heathen. It is surely, then, important to ascertain, if we can, what the Apostles did teach. Because it is certain that S. Paul laboured much in the personal instruction of his converts; still more in that of his constant companions, as Timothy and S. Luke,—that in that teaching he might have removed erroneous views which they had imbibed from the metaphors he adopted. While the Epistle took but a

short time to write or to read, the Apostle's daily conversation and frequent teaching must have afforded ample opportunity for exact and unmetaphorical instruction. Yet, we repeat, we find only one doctrine of the effect of our Lord's death, that of atonement, sacrifice, ransom, and, involved in ransom, satisfaction.

And yet, in relation to the doctrine of the Atonement, Mr. Jowett quietly overlooks one important fact—the institution of the Eucharist as a commemoration of our Lord's *death*; and that not as a great moral fact, but as an atonement—'the Body given or broken for you'—'the Blood of the New Covenant'—'the Blood shed for you and for many for the remission of sins.' Just as the coeval institution of the Lord's-day is a standing memorial of the fact of our blessed Lord's Resurrection, so is the institution of the Holy Eucharist a standing monument of the doctrine of His Atonement. His own words, attested by S. Paul as well as by the Evangelists, stamp this character upon it, and throw us on to Himself as being, in this as well as His other teaching, the Revealer of the Atonement; whilst the absence of all reference in the Eucharistic rite to the idea of a great moral fact, and the exclusive view of the death as an atonement, is decisive, if proof were needed, that this doctrine was taught as the most essential truth of our religion, bound up and interwoven into the very innermost life of Christians.

But to return. Not in these instances only, but throughout his work, Mr. Jowett endeavours to lessen the authority of S. Paul. He is spoken of as one whose notions were limited to his own day and to those with whom he held relations. His views and statements are supposed to be applicable only to them, and to be influenced by their language and mode of thought. Whatever there was divine in the Apostle's mind was struggling against these restraints and hindrances. The result is, not that we are to subject ourselves to the teaching of the Apostle, but to submit his teaching to our judgment. His authority is destroyed. Miracles are slighted, prophecy seemingly regarded as impossible. The passages of the Old Testament which seem to testify of Christ, are only accommodated by S. Paul to this meaning. Plato and the Alexandrian school are considered, in order to suggest to us a human element which entered into the form and expression of revelation. All this tends towards lowering and making human what we have hitherto held to be divine; *e.g.*—

'Except from the Gospel history and the writings of Josephus and Philo, we know but little of the tendencies of the Jewish mind in the time of our Lord. Yet we cannot doubt that the entrance of Christianity into the

world was not sudden and abrupt; that is an illusion which arises in the mind from our slender acquaintance with contemporary opinions. Better and higher and holier as it was, *it was not absolutely distinct from the teaching of the doctors of the law either in form or substance; it was not unconnected with, but gave life and truth to, the mystic fancies of Alexandrian philosophy.* Even in the counsels of perfection of the Sermon on the Mount, there is probably nothing which might not be found either in letter or spirit, in Philo or some other Jewish or Eastern writer. The peculiarity of the Gospel is, not that it teaches what is wholly new, but that it draws out of the treasure-house of the human heart things new and old, gathering together in one the dispersed fragments of the truth. The common people would not have "heard Him gladly," but for the truth of what He said. The heart was its own witness to it. The better nature of man, though but for a moment, responded to it, spoken as it was with authority, and not as the Scribes; with simplicity, and not as the great teachers of the law; and sanctified by the life and actions of Him from whose lips it came, and "Who spake as never man spake."

'And yet, after reviewing the circumstances of the first preaching of the Gospel, there remains something which cannot be resolved into causes or antecedents; which eludes criticism, and can no more be explained in the world than the sudden changes of character in the individual.'—Vol. ii. p. 204.

Some of this language seems to recognise the true view of the relation of the Gospel to existing opinions. But we are left quite uncertain what the 'dispersed fragments of the truth' are. The Apostles, it seems, gathered fragments of error as well as of truth.

Thus again:—

'The best and holiest persons among the poor and ignorant are not entirely free from superstition, according to the notions of the educated; at best they are apt to speak of religion in a manner not quite suited to our taste; they sing with a loud and excited voice; they imagine themselves to receive Divine oracles, even about the humblest cares of life. Is not this, in externals at least, very like the appearance which the first disciples must have presented, who obeyed the Apostle's injunction, "Is any sad? let him pray; is any merry? let him sing psalms?" Could our nerves have borne to witness "the speaking with tongues," or "the administration of Baptism," or the love feasts as they probably existed in the early Church?'—Vol. ii. p. 204.

The evident direction of these exaggerated remarks is to lower the authority of the Apostles. Accordingly not only the doctrines, but the moral teaching of the Apostle, is subjected to Mr. Jowett's judgment. St. Paul's character is considered on this principle: he lived in twilight. His language is the language of ecstasy. The world against which he warns us is only the Jewish or heathen world of his own day. His rules of conduct are grounded on the mistaken notion that the world would soon come to an end. This error modified all his practical views.

The result of all this is, that the authority of the Christian Scriptures being impaired, if not destroyed, it is open to the

writer to sit in judgment on each doctrine or precept, and to accept or reject it according as it agrees or not with his canons. These seem to be two:—i. The laws of nature as discovered by experiment and research. ii. The moral sense of mankind. We apprehend we must so understand Mr. Jowett. It is not his own moral sense, but that of men generally. Whatever there be in Scripture or the doctrines received by Christians that is in Mr. Jowett's judgment opposed to these, that must be set aside as not Divine. It is of the accidents, not the essence of the truth.

Now the former of these principles may be admitted in the general, but what the truths discovered are remains to be shown, and then that the doctrines of our religion are inconsistent with them. We cannot give up what God has even probably told us, for the passing philosophies of the day, which will ere long be superseded.

As to the second, we demur to the use made of this test, the moral sense of mankind:—First, in the mode of applying the test, which is to Mr. Jowett's representation of the Christian doctrine,—as in the cases of Original Sin and of the Atonement; secondly, to the assumption that he truly represents the expressions of this moral sense—for example, when the writer makes the moral sense of mankind repudiate the doctrine of the Atonement, which is the one doctrine of the Gospel which, more than any other, has drawn men to accept the true religion, and won them by its correspondence with their nature's needs;—and, thirdly, to the possibility of the moral sense judging on such subjects, until reason had stated the whole case and presented a just view of it to that sense. For the moral sense, as is clear, is even now continually misjudging actions, characters, questions of conduct, as Mr. Jowett has shown in his *Essay on Casuistry*: the cause of which is, that every character and action has its varying sides and aspects, the more so as each is in itself more complicated, and it is the office of another faculty to state the case, and set it in a right point of view before the moral sense. And of the Divine dealings and dispensations reason cannot judge as a whole, because they are imperfectly known. The moral sense, therefore, must be an insufficient critic of a supposed revealed doctrine, if it be beyond reason to judge of it in all its bearings. This may be easily illustrated. The teaching of the Apostles must have presented many aspects opposed to the moral sense of the Jews as well as to the reason, and, as they would have said, the well-grounded convictions of the Gentiles. But these gave way before the authority of teaching, which on the whole so commended itself to the consciences and moral sense of the hearers, as that

they were convinced it must be from God, and which they saw or heard was sanctioned by miracles.

Indeed, the idea of Revelation, as it appears in Holy Scripture, seems to be set aside by Mr. Jowett, and to be superseded by the philosophy of the age. What the Apostles believed was, that they were divinely taught certain truths concerning the unseen world, as well as concerning the duties and destinies of men. That these truths were absolutely certain. That they must be received implicitly by faith as being the words of God. That God had given assurance of their truth by the resurrection of His Son, and that He sanctioned themselves as the messengers and exponents of these truths by enabling them to work miracles. This is the teaching of the Gospels, the Acts, and the Epistles. And the words of Christ, as well as of His Apostles, are decisive as to the permanent and abiding character of the Revelation and its institutions,—that they were to continue to the end of the world.

The fact of the Divine original of Christianity, which is involved in the documents themselves, ought to determine the laws of their interpretation. To interpret them as merely human documents, is to prejudice the question. That Christianity is of Divine original, is indeed certain if anything can be certain. If so, our submission to it, our reverent way of viewing its documents, our abstaining from judging of the Divine counsels on partial knowledge, result as duties immediately consequent upon this truth.

Before concluding the subject, we must take up a very painful part of our duty, an examination of Mr. Jowett's trustworthiness as a guide in the understanding, in the simplest way, of Holy Scripture, or in the facts on which his reasonings are built. It is necessary to do this, because his views are generally stated in so magisterial a tone, that one feels as if they must be well grounded; and the severity with which he has dealt with Paley for some alleged errors, makes one suppose that he himself must be free from them. But, in his writings, we continually come across evidences that Mr. Jowett is not well acquainted with the Scriptures he is criticising, nor by any means accurate in his statements.

We read, for instance, (vol. i. p. 24,) that 'the favourite word *καυχᾶσθαι* nowhere occurs in the First Epistle to the Thessalonians.' But *καύχησις* does, (ii. 19,) which in this argument comes to the same thing.

'They' (the Epistles to the Thessalonians) 'say nothing of justification by faith and not by the works of the law, but no more does the earliest narrative of the primitive Church,' *i.e.*

the Acts of the Apostles (i. 11). Yes, it does, in Acts xiii. S. Paul, at the very beginning of his Apostolical preaching, declared respecting Christ, 'by whom all that believe are justified 'from all things from which they could not be justified by the 'law;' a passage which (by the way) also shows that this doctrine was part of the Apostles' earliest teaching; and, therefore, that its absence from the Epistles to the Thessalonians is not to be accounted for by supposing that S. Paul grew into such views.

In vol. i. p. 334, among many questions this is raised: 'Were 'the teachers who came from Jerusalem to Antioch, saying, '“ Except ye be circumcised, ye cannot be saved,” commis- 'sioned by the Twelve?' This blasphemous supposition might have been anticipated by remembering the words of the Apostles in their letter from the Council at Jerusalem: 'Forasmuch as 'we have heard that certain which went out from us have 'troubled you with words subverting your souls, saying, Ye 'must be circumcised, and keep the law; *to whom we gave no 'such commandment.*'

On the previous page: 'Nor is it without significance that 'in the discussion of this question of the admission of the 'Gentiles, no reference is made . . . to the intercourse of Peter 'with Cornelius.' Why S. Peter's speech at the Council is wholly on this subject, and most decisive, how God 'made 'choice among us, that the Gentiles by my mouth should hear 'the word of the gospel and believe,' and 'put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith;' and that of S. James begins: 'Simeon hath declared how God at 'the first did visit the Gentiles, to take out of them a people 'for His name.' (Acts xv. 1—11. 14)

Indeed, this whole account of the relation to the Twelve, of S. Paul, and of the Judaizers of the Apostolic Church, is a dream, which a simple attention to facts, rather than imaginary deductions and *à priori* reasonings, would have dispelled. But, unhappily, Mr. Jowett would rather sacrifice the authenticity of the History of the Acts than his own theories. He says:—

'Nor, again, in No. 10, is it quite satisfactory to omit to notice the different character in which James is exhibited in the Acts, as the supporter of S. Paul on two great occasions of dispute (Acts xv. 13; xxi. 18), between Jew and Gentile, compared with the light in which he is incidentally alluded to in Gal. ii. 12. (comp. ver. 9), or the inconsistency in Peter's conduct at Antioch, when compared not merely with the decree of the council which is alluded to by Paley, but with the vision at Joppa, which is omitted by him, though more to the point.

'But the great instance, not of unfairness in the writer, but of want of perception of what is due to the reader, occurs in the comparison of the visit of Gal. ii. with the council in Acts xv. The true result of such a comparison is to show the identity of the two occasions (see note at the end of

chap. ii), amid the diversity of the accounts of them. Paley, while half admitting this identity, overlooks the extreme difficulty of supposing that S. Paul should have referred to this visit and yet have concealed precisely that circumstance in it which was most to the purpose.'

'The narrative of the Acts of the Apostles, when compared with the Epistle to the Galatians, does not show equal historical accuracy. It differs in details, and also in the point of view in which its author regards the question of Jew and Gentile. Was it that years had passed away, and the breaches between the Apostles were no longer seen in the distance, or forgotten in their common sufferings? Whatever may have been the reason, the amount of discrepancy between the earlier chapters of the Acts and the Epistle to the Galatians affords a striking contrast with the precise agreement of the later chapters with the Romans and Corinthians.'—Vol. i. pp. 351, 352.

Mr. Jowett remarks;—'It is obvious that such a belief' (in the immediate coming of Christ) 'was inconsistent with an established ecclesiastical order. A succession of bishops could have had no meaning in a world that was to vanish away.' (Vol. i. p. 104.) Yet S. Paul appointed Timothy and Titus, and commissioned and directed them to provide for a succession of bishops.

Incidentally we may observe that Mr. Jowett's views on the belief of S. Paul and the early Christians, as to the immediate return of Christ, are altogether exaggerated. He overlooks what they themselves say; and the fact that the time of Christ's coming being left quite uncertain, they only believed (and that rightly) that it might be at any time, and would most probably be in their own time.

Again:—'We naturally ask, why a future life, as distinct from this, was not made a part of the first preaching of the Gospel?' Surely it was so made. Part of the foundation doctrines of the faith, was the resurrection of the dead, and eternal judgment; and the contrast of things temporal and things eternal, and the earthly house of this tabernacle and the future house, are contrasted as much as they could be by us now.

It is perhaps of slight importance in Mr. Jowett's view, what the actual words of Scripture are. His theory of preferring the spirit to the letter, the matter to the form, the essence to the accidents, makes it immaterial. But his mistakes and apparent want of acquaintance with Scripture, is what we should not have expected. They remind us of the witty canon of S. Paul's concluding his sermon, 'in the words of *the Psalmist*, Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace;' and would even do to be related among the blunders of Oxford examiners.

Thus in vol. ii. p. 456, we read, 'When in the *Gospel* it is said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," &c.' and this is not a misprint, or slip of the pen, because the context requires that the Gospel should be meant, for it is contrasting the teaching of the Gospels and Epistles. One would have

thought that the words of the jailor of Philippi would have been remembered.

A few lines after, (p. 457) we read, 'as our Saviour to *the disciple who affirms his belief*, says, Thy sins be forgiven thee;' it was a paralytic, not a disciple, one whose friends had by their deeds shown great faith in Christ's power, but who had not affirmed any belief at all, to whom these words were spoken.

In vol. i. p. 300, of S. Paul: 'He who wrought miracles, who had handkerchiefs carried *to him from the sick*:' they were carried from him to the sick.

This want of acquaintance with Scripture, or carelessness about it, is, we presume, not material on Mr. Jowett's view. He has a theory which overrides the words of Scripture. If S. Paul differed from him, S. Paul would be mistaken. *Tant pis pour les faits.*

But there are questions which must be settled by facts, and history is one of them. Now the history of the Church throws but little light on the favourite theory of the Judaizers and the *imaginary* divisions between S. Paul and the Twelve. Accordingly, Mr. Jowett despises it, as he does the Acts of the Apostles. He calls it 'the twilight of Ecclesiastical history.' (Vol. i. p. 344.) He says elsewhere, that when the fathers of the second century speak of the first ages, 'they do but display their own ignorance;' of no one could this be said with more truth than of Mr. Jowett. He rarely indeed refers to the early times of the Church. But rarely as he does refer to them, each reference shows his ignorance, *e.g.* (vol. i. p. 112) in criticising Paley's words: 'I question whether any ancient forgeries were 'executed *in the lifetime* of the persons whose name they bear:' he says, 'That forgeries came into existence *soon after the death* 'of the person whose name they bear, is certainly proved by 'the example of the Shepherd of Hermas, the Clementine 'Homilies, and some of the Apocryphal Gospels. Neither the 'interval of *a hundred years*, nor a distance of a hundred miles, 'needs to be interposed.' These words lead us to suppose that Mr. Jowett understood these forgeries to have been made in or near the lifetime of their supposed authors: but the Hermas whose name the Shepherd is supposed wrongly to bear was contemporary with S. Paul. The book is supposed to have been written circ. A.D. 136. The Clementine Homilies are dated by Mr. Jowett himself A.D. 160, by Mr. Stanley circ. A.D. 212—230; but S. Clement died A.D. 100. And how many of the Apocryphal Gospels were written much less than a hundred years after the death of those whose names they bear, we should wish Mr. Jowett to show.

Again, in speaking of the history of heresy, in connexion with

the Judaizers, he says, 'We should have to begin by forming a 'criterion of the credibility of Irenæus, Clement, Tertullian, 'Origen, and Eusebius.' Mr. Jowett omits Justin, and apparently is not aware that it is he who is the chief authority on this point, as he gives a very precise and explicit contemporary account of the parties then in (or out of) the Church, relative to the Judaizing questions.

But the most remarkable instance is the following; and that on a subject of no less importance than the extent to which the Epistles of S. Paul were known in the middle of the second century. Mr. Jowett has been speaking of S. Paul's supposed opposition to the Twelve, when he makes the following observations:—

'Bearing in mind these two general facts, the tendency of which is to throw a degree of doubt on the early ecclesiastical tradition, and so to lead us to seek for indications out of the regular course of history, we have to consider, in reference to our present subject, the following statements:—

'1. That Justin, and probably Hegesippus and Papias, living at a time when the Epistles of S. Paul must have been widely spread, were unacquainted with them or their author.

'2. That Marcion, who was their contemporary, appealed exclusively to the authority of S. Paul in opposition to the Twelve.'—Vol. i. p. 345.

'4. That in the Clementine Homilies, A. 160, *although a work otherwise orthodox*, S. Paul is covertly introduced under the name of Simon Magus, as the enemy who had pretended visions and revelations, and who withstood and blamed Peter.'—Vol. i. p. 346. 4

The calm and quiet manner in which these statements are made, gives them all the character of unquestioned and well-known facts: whereas Mr. Jowett ought to have known that they (Nos. 1 and 4) are simply false.

'Justin, and probably Hegesippus and Papias, were unacquainted with the Epistles of S. Paul, or their author.' Why, it must require the very strongest evidence to prove what is so utterly improbable. And what evidence is there that Justin, Hegesippus, or Papias, were unacquainted with S. Paul or his Epistles? *Absolutely none.*

It does not at all follow that they were unacquainted with them because we do not find them cited in the few fragments of Papias and Hegesippus now remaining. The extant remains would not fill more than five or six pages such as are now before our readers: and the book Papias wrote led him quite away from S. Paul; it was on the words of our Lord, and traditions respecting Him and the Apostles who had known Him and lived with Him. Surely then, even if he had never mentioned S. Paul and his writings, it would have been no evidence whatever that he was unacquainted with them. On the other hand, Papias was the intimate acquaintance of Polycarp (*ἐταῖρος τοῦ Πολυκάρπου*) and Polycarp's letter shows his knowledge and

esteem of S. Paul and his Epistles, so that Papias could scarcely avoid being acquainted with them.

Why does Mr. Jowett say 'that Justin, and probably Hegesippus and Papias,' were unacquainted with S. Paul's Epistles? Why not, Hegesippus, Papias, and probably Justin . . . for that is the order we should have expected, unless the 'probably' refers to Hegesippus only. We are glad that Mr. Jowett thinks that Hegesippus was *probably* unacquainted with the Epistles—because it shows that he does not agree with the notion that Hegesippus cited S. Paul's words and directly condemned him of false teaching, as in a passage referred to by Mr. Stanley, found in a fragment in Photius. We are, however, inclined to think that Mr. Jowett did not know even so much as this about Hegesippus. But was Hegesippus really unacquainted with S. Paul's writings?—he who travelled through the churches, gathering up all the information he could, who stayed at Corinth and at Rome with the bishops of those Churches, to whom it is that we are indebted for our information about the Epistle of S. Clement which was read in the Church at Corinth—an Epistle which is so intimately connected with S. Paul.

The boldness of this assertion is only exceeded by that of S. Justin *not being acquainted* with S. Paul or his writings, immediately followed as it is by the statement 'that Marcion, 'who was their contemporary, appealed exclusively to the 'authority of S. Paul in opposition to the Twelve.' Did Mr. Jowett know that Justin (as he himself states) wrote a work 'against all heresies,' and that he wrote one specially against Marcion himself, of which we have an extract in Irenæus. How can it be supposed then that he was unacquainted with the Apostle to whom exclusively Marcion *appealed*? He must have been a very indifferent controversialist indeed not to have read the writings of the person whom he opposed, or have been 'unacquainted with' those Epistles from which exclusively Marcion's authorities were taken. And, though Justin does not cite S. Paul formally or by name, as there was no reason that he should in apologies to Roman emperors or a controversy with a Jew, yet it is plain enough that he was so well acquainted with his writings as to express himself in the Apostle's peculiar phraseology, *e.g.* about the man of sin. The passages may be seen in Mr. Westcott's work on the Canon.

But the statement that 'the Clementine Homilies, A.D. 160,' was 'a work *otherwise orthodox*,' except in its attack on S. Paul, shows the most profound ignorance of the whole subject. The Clementine Homilies are anything but orthodox; they are replete with heresy; they are the work of Ebionites, 'the Judaizers' run to seed, who united the belief in the permanent obligation of the Law with that of the mere humanity of our Lord. And

in the Clementine Homilies, S. Peter is represented as strongly maintaining that Christ was a mere man, adducing arguments which would interest Mr. Jowett, while Simon Magus, representing S. Paul, maintains the Catholic doctrine. Indeed, if Mr. Jowett's date, (A.D. 160,) were right, we should have in these heretical books earlier indications than are extant any where else of the Catholic arguments for the Divinity of the Son from His being the Son, and *therefore* God, and of the same *ovola* as the Father. The Clementines also maintain that Christians who die impenitent cease to exist, and are not punished eternally, with divers other errors. So much for Mr. Jowett's quiet assertion, that they are 'otherwise orthodox,' and so much for the value to be attached to this writer's historical statements.

On Mr. Jowett's errors as an interpreter or expositor of S. Paul, we have not time to dwell. They are trifles in comparison of the general views which he puts out, which make the interpreting S. Paul a very unimportant matter, seeing that when we have ascertained what S. Paul meant, we may be told that he was under a mistake.

In Mr. Jowett's view, the ideas and expressions of the Apostles belong to their own age and circumstances. If so much be shadow—be the outward garb—the question arises then: What is the substance? What is there that we may rest upon as true? It would seem, alas! as if there was but little, and that little is likely to grow less: and the prospects of those who do not accept any part of the revelation—whose lives are good according to the ordinary measure of men's goodness, are still the objects of God's love and mercy—exercised not in order to convert them, but to save them as they are—they are a law to themselves. Faith, indeed, in his view, is the spirit of liberty: and freedom from anxiety and scruples, with love, is his idea of religion. 'Faith, in the language of the Apostle, is almost synonymous with freedom,' (vol. ii. p. 457), or it is 'the spiritual principle whereby we go out of ourselves to hold communion with God and Christ.' How small a remnant of our religion would content Mr. Jowett, the following words may show:—

'In inquiries of this sort it is often supposed that, if the evidence of the genuineness of a single book of Scripture be weakened, or the credit of a single chapter shaken, a deep and irreparable injury is inflicted on Christian truth. It may afford a rest to the mind to consider that, if but one discourse of Christ, one Epistle of Paul, had come down to us, still more than half would have been preserved. Coleridge has remarked, that out of a single play of Shakspeare the whole of English literature might be restored. Much more true is it that, *in short portions or single verses of Scripture the whole spirit of Christianity is contained.*'—Vol. i. p. 352.

The objects of faith are not simply the things which God has revealed. With his usual inaccuracy, Mr. Jowett says, 'Faith may be spoken of, in the language of the Epistle to the Hebrews, as the substance of things unseen. But what are the "things unseen?"'

'Not merely an invisible world ready to flash through the thralldom of the material at the appearance of Christ; not angels, or powers of darkness, or even God Himself seated, as the Old Testament described, on the circle of the heavens; but the kingdom of truth and justice, the things that are within, of which God is the centre, and with which men everywhere by faith hold communion. Faith is the belief in the existence of this kingdom; that is, in the truth and justice and mercy of God, who disposes all things—not perhaps in our judgment for the greatest happiness of His creatures, but absolutely in accordance with our moral notions. And that this is not seen to be the case here, makes it a matter of faith and not of sight, that it will be so in some future world, or is so in some ways that we are unable to comprehend. He that believes on God, believes, first, that He is; and, secondly, that He is the Rewarder of them that seek Him.'—Vol. ii. p. 463.

—In other words, simple natural religion. In his careless citation of this text, Mr. Jowett forgot that the words of the Apostle are inconsistent with his interpretation: those words are, 'Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' The things hoped for must be something more definite than what he has put out, and the whole chapter from which they are taken shows that faith is relative to the promises and revelations of God.

Mr. Jowett continues,—and we cite his words to show where he places faith in Christ:—

'Now, if we go on to ask what is it that gives us this absolute and present assurance of the truth and justice of God, the answer is, the life and death of Christ, who is the image of God and man alike, the Son of God; the First-born of the redeemed. We know what He Himself has told us of God, and we cannot conceive perfect goodness separate from perfect truth; nay, *this goodness itself is the only and the highest conception we can form of God*, if we confess and comprehend what the mere immensity of the material world tends to suggest, that God is a Being different in kind from any physical power; a Being of whom the reason of man, however feeble, forms a far truer (though most inadequate) conception than imagination in its highest flights. Admit the statements of the Gospel respecting Christ; it is not so much a matter *to be proved by dubious inference from texts*, as manifest on the surface that *He is Divine in all that truly constitutes divinity* except this outward garb of flesh.

'That is the only image of God which we are capable of conceiving; an image not of physical, nor even of spiritual power, *seen in the sufferings rather than in the miracles* of Christ our Saviour; the image of perfect goodness and peace and truth and love.

'We are on the edge of a theological difficulty; for *who can deny, that the image of that goodness may fade from the mind's eye after so many centuries, or that there are those who recognise the idea and may be unable to admit the fact?* Can we say that this error of the head is also an error of the heart? The lives of such unbelievers in the facts of Christianity would sometimes

refute our explanation. And yet it is true that *Providence has made our spiritual life dependent on the belief in certain truths, and those truths run up into matters of fact, with the belief in which they have ever been associated*; it is true, also, that the most important moral consequences flow from unbelief. We grant the difficulty: no complete answer can be given to it on this side the grave. Doubtless God has provided a way that the sceptic no less than the believer shall receive his due; He does not need our timid counsels for the protection of the truth. If among those who have rejected the facts of the Gospel history some have been rash, hypercritical, inflated with the pride of intellect, or secretly alienated by sensuality from the faith of Christ,—there have been others, also, upon whom we may believe to rest a portion of that blessing which comes to such as “have not seen and yet have believed.”—Vol. ii. pp. 463, 404.

This is indeed a strange passage. In what sense Mr. Jowett holds the divinity of Christ it is hard to say: it would seem, from the words cited here, as if he only held it in the sense of His perfect goodness: but it may be that he here speaks not of his own convictions, but of what may be held by others. Yet it would seem that this small remains of Christianity may die out, when the image of that Goodness dies away, and ‘Providence,’ not God, has connected our spiritual life with the belief of truths, and those truths run up into matters of fact with which *they have always been associated*:—

‘No one who, instead of “hanging to the past,” will look forward to the future, can expect that natural science should stand in the same attitude towards revelation fifty years hence as at present. The faith of mankind varies from age to age; it may be hereafter weaker than it is now; it may be stronger also. But that which never varies or turns aside, which is always going on, and is quite independent of faith, is knowledge based on the sure ground of observation and experiment, the very progress of which is itself matter of experience. When the results even of our present knowledge are familiar to us, when they become the possession not of the few but of the many, can the wisest foresee the effect on religious and social life? Doubtless God has provided a way that the thought of Him should not be banished from the hearts of men. And habit, and opinion, and prescription may “last our time,” as men say; and many motives may conspire to keep our minds off the coming struggle. But if there ever be a day when our present knowledge of geology, of languages, of the races and religions of mankind, of the human frame itself, shall be regarded as the starting-point of a goal which has been almost reached, we can hardly anticipate, from what we already see, the nature of the conflict that will then arise between reason and faith. The cry of the soul to God, “Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?” may be the entrance to a new life.’—Vol. ii. p. 445.

It would seem from this that Christianity may give way to pure natural religion; nay, all that the writer seems to expect is, that God will provide a way ‘that the thought of Him should not be banished from the hearts of men.’

We continue the quotation; and the distress and misery expressed by it, if it really be a picture of the writer’s own state, must excite sympathy and compassion:—

‘Such are a few of the trials which, in proportion as we reflect either on ourselves or on the world, meet us in the course of our pilgrimage, as the law did the Apostle S. Paul. Like him we must overcome them not by earthly warfare, nor by human wisdom, but by humility, by patience, by resignation to the will of God, by taking up the cross, and following Christ. There is a circle within which we can still live; a spirit of truth, which in the deepest night and lowest abyss of scepticism may yet save us, “so as by fire”’—Vol. ii. p. 445.

Of the misery of such restlessness, and the difficulties of conduct that it involves, read the following:—

‘Inquiry is not an easy task; hard to all, impossible to most; seeming in its very nature to have no resting-place until all is disclosed. Behind every reason another reason seems to be concealed; each cause points to a further cause; the solution of every difficulty brings into view new difficulties yet unsolved. The mind, true to itself, naturally asks, what is the use of a little inquiry, if the first principles of truth and right are to remain uninvestigated? if inquiry commences at the end of the scale of knowledge, what need of inquiry at all? As we pursue the never-ending track of investigation, our days are told. Life has passed away ere we have learned how to live. We hang between the opposing tendencies of reason and faith, our theory at variance with practice; the head contradicting the heart. And then, if, pursuing our doubts, we wage war against established opinions, we ourselves become isolated, and deny our social nature. We have no meeting point with others, no communion of souls, no church in which to worship in the same sense and with the same feeling, as other men. For the sake of truth we place ourselves in the position least favourable to the practice of virtue, or of religion, almost to the investigation of truth itself. No one can say that we have done wrong, hardly that we could have done otherwise without doing wrong. And yet it is scarcely possible to overrate the ill effect on the character, of isolation in opinions from the rest of mankind. Alone we move in a world of shadows; there arises in us a feeling of suspicion respecting the human faculties themselves; a vain consciousness of superiority, though it be in knowing that we know nothing; an utter apathy about all aims of human good or schemes of earthly ambition. Our sense of differences of opinion will probably lead to an habitual concealment of opinion. To that class of men who are the most devoted to the good of their fellows we shall become peculiarly the objects of enmity and of aversion. Better not to have been than to live in doubt and alienation from mankind.’—Vol. ii. pp. 443, 444.

How melancholy a failure, but how true. What, then, shall we say of one who puts forth all these doubts and uncertainties—who does not wait till he can see his own way, or suggest any helps, or offer any safe resting-place for others, but publishes his own difficulties, and with all the skill, and ability, and genius that he possesses, writes in such a way as is peculiarly calculated to unsettle the belief of others, and to destroy their faith in Holy Scripture, and the doctrines of the Church:—who stimulates them to this very inquiry, ‘which is hard to all, impossible to most;’ and which consequently it must be wrong for most men to attempt? How is it that he does not see that it is to be expected from the mercy and goodness of God, that some guidance and sufficient support would be provided to give that assured knowledge which investigation cannot attain to?

And this, we are told, is taking an enlarged view of revelation, of which we have another phase in the Dissertation on Natural Religion, where Mr. Jowett says :—

‘Of the many causes, the operation of which may be expected to modify “the Church of the future,” none will probably have a greater influence than our increased acquaintance with the religions of the world, and with the state of heathen countries. Not only may we hope that a door will be thus opened to the spread of true religion, it is scarcely possible that the study of the heathen world should be without its effect also on our own minds. *It is the first step in the philosophical study of revelation itself.* It seems as if in these latter days, in all that relates to man, no less than to the merely material creation, laws of nature were beginning to appear. We feel that we cannot interpret the purposes of God by narrowing them to ourselves. No one who looks at the religions of the world, stretching from east to west, through so many cycles of human history, can avoid seeing in them a sort of order and design. They are like so many steps in the education of mankind. Those countless myriads of human beings who know no other truth than that of religions coeval with the days of the Apostle, or even of Moses, are not wholly uncared for in the sight of God. Can we bear to think that they are equally with ourselves the objects of his love? To the Apostle the mystery was that of past ages, to us it is that of distant nations, so unconscious of Him, yet not the less known to Him; which are still a sort of under-world to us, not yet appearing in the light of day.

‘But it is not only the appearance of law in the religions of mankind, and the consciousness that all men everywhere are within the circle of the moral government of God, that powerfully affect us. *The parallels of heathen religions seem to alter our point of view in respect of many of the details, as they may be termed, of Christian truth.* That the most widely spread form of faith in the world has its canonical books, its councils, its controversy respecting faith and works, its incarnations, its hierarchy, its monks, its saints; and these not derived from Christianity, but of an older date, is a fact, the knowledge of which is not easily effaced from our minds. *Facts of this kind are instructive, partly because they help us to separate the accidents from the essence of the Gospel;* and also because they show its adaptation to the mind of man, which is the soil in which true and false religions alike grow; the latter seeming to stand in the same relation to the former as the plant in its uncultivated state to the same plant when sown by the husbandman, which becomes a type of the kingdom of heaven.

‘In such considerations on the nature of religion the Scripture is no longer our guide. *They go beyond the knowledge of mankind which existed in that age of the world when God was pleased to reveal himself by Apostles and Prophets.* They are not repugnant to the word of God, but independent of it. As in the application of the lessons of Scripture to our lives we comprehend also our own experience, so in the study of Divine revelation we cannot but add what we surely know from our experience of history. There are blinds which we may interpose between the world of history and the world of which religion speaks to us, mists in which we may involve and intercept both; we stumble and fall if we ignore or deny matters of fact.’
—Vol. ii. pp. 386, 387.

This passage is a fair specimen of the way in which just views and observations are combined with what looks very much like placing Christianity as one among the various forms of religion that have existed in the world; and severing from the Gospel

as an accident, and not of its essence, what it has in common with other forms of religion.

It is impossible to shut our eyes to *the consequences* of such teaching as Mr. Jowett's, on those, for instance, who as clergymen are to teach others.

The views and 'doctrines,' considered in their positive and Christian elements, are so vague that it would be impossible for them to be held by ordinary minds. In their negative character they seem to shade off into unbelief. We do not see what standing ground there is between Mr. Jowett's views and the notion that the Christian religion is a temporary form of religion, introduced by God like the Jewish, as suited to the then state of the world, but now to be superseded by superior enlightenment, by increased knowledge of nature, and the advancement of the general moral sense by civilization. Unhappily our own country at this time does not give us much ground to anticipate any advance in this direction. But leaving these considerations, and taking docile minds who ask, What am I to believe—so unsubstantial are the forms of truth, if truth they be, that an ordinary mind could not grasp them? Mr. Jowett says: 'There are some minds to whom it would be impossible 'to conceive of the relation of God to the world, under any more 'abstract form,' than that in which He is represented in the arguments from First and final Causes. We ask, how many minds are there who would be able to conceive of any religious truth in the subtle and abstract form in which it is represented by Mr. Jowett? The writings of Apostles, on which they have hitherto rested, as most certainly true, are represented as full of mistaken notions—and what have they left? They may well exclaim, 'You have taken away my God!'. The 'idols of the temple' are the forms whereby God Himself has vouchsafed to aid His poor weak creatures in the knowledge of divine things. The Gospel is distinctively preached 'to the poor:' and the need of the poor is shown by the very fact that mankind have everywhere 'filled up the desire of their eyes by 'imagining an outward form (of doctrine, it may be), instead of 'resting in higher and unseen objects of faith.' (Vol. ii. p. 475.) The writer is speaking here of the doctrine of the Atonement, of our idolatrously believing that 'He was the sacrifice for the sins of men,' instead of resting in the general notion that He 'performed the greatest act that ever was done in the world.' (Vol. ii. p. 475.) What doctrine is there which may not be eliminated by the same process as that by which Mr. Jowett has eliminated the Atonement; as belonging to the accidents of the essence of the Gospel—to the form, not the substance—as

the generally received opinion of the time, which could not but influence Apostles as well as others?

What is to become of the Christianity of the great mass of our fellow-creatures? What is the Christianity we are to preach to the heathen? What is to be the teaching of such a person, were he a clergyman ministering in an ordinary English parish, with but few intellectual hearers? What is he to say to his people about Christian doctrines? That they have believed cunningly devised myths?—which were, in fact, to make them simple unbelievers—or is he to preach and teach the Christian doctrines as commonly received, on the ground that it is good for the people, though he believes it not? It is the people who compel the priests to liquefy the blood of S. Januarius. In what can this end but heartless unbelief? Men cannot go on always preaching vaguely and indefinitely, decking out the cold doctrine of Unitarianism in the terminology of Evangelicism, and so-called Spirituality, uttering unbelief in religious language and a tone of earnestness. The time must come when Englishmen will ask their teachers, What they do believe? and the answer must be, That they do not know.

NOTICES.

THE spread of neology is not an unmixed evil. It makes us feel the large extent of common ground between ourselves and some from whom we are at times compelled to differ. Among books calculated to call forth such sentiments, we may mention, with great pleasure, one by the biographer of Mr. Bickersteth, Mr. T. R. Birks, entitled 'The Difficulties of Belief in connexion with the Creation and the Fall.' (Macmillan.) Without binding ourselves to the immediate acceptance of every position in this interesting little volume, we may yet express our hearty approbation of its tone. Mr Birks' suggestions may occasionally seem bold, but they are very ably reasoned out, and never, we think, pass the limits of a reverent and Christian philosophy. We fancy that something might be said upon the argument in pp. 94, 95, in favour of the common view. The sin of the rebel angels was (unlike that of Adam) committed with a resolute, unrepenting will, with no excuse of an external tempter, and in the immediate presence and full fruition of God's glory. And while we agree with Mr. Birks in reproving all such denunciations of traducianism as he has quoted in p. 162, and admit the force of much that he has urged on its behalf, we think that he has in turn spoken almost too strongly the other way. But these points do not affect our general verdict.

The Rev. J. Penrose, who was Bampton Lecturer at Oxford so long ago as 1808, has produced a volume concerning natural and revealed religion, which he entitles 'Faith and Practice.' It shows that the writer still retains great mental vigour, can make good use of his classic stores, and keep *au courant* with the scientific and historical literature of the day. But we must add with regret that his language respecting the central verity of the Christian Faith, the Incarnation, does not sound to our ears safe or satisfactory.

'Dorothy. a Tale,' (J. W. Parker,) is of a high range of excellence; not the less so because it recalls several of our favourites. Dorothy herself is a sort of Christian Die Vernon; in some of the Selby family we are reminded of Miss Burney; and Miss Young's manner of bringing out character by long and very domestic conversations is not so much imitated as acquired by this writer. There are delicate shades and *nuances* which lady writers alone can attain; and though their writings generally display the laboured and repeated stippling which is required to produce effect, the effect is produced. For plot, generally speaking, and invention, they have not sufficient sinew; but in telling and distinct conception of a single character, and illustration of it by minute touches, they are unequalled. We class this tale very high in its display of artistic powers.

If, which is not our case, any are persuaded that the Psalms can be translated into English verse, Archdeacon Churton's 'Cleveland Psalter,'

perhaps the very best among the praiseworthy attempts to do a thing, by the nature of language, impossible, constitutes their best argument. To such, a selection from it, in a cheap form, published by J. H. Parker, will be a valuable gift.

Mr. James Anderson's solid and comprehensive 'History of the Colonial Church,' (Rivingtons,) has reached its third volume. The present instalment is chiefly concerned with the New England Church, the fortunes of which are brought down to the inauguration of the Anglo-American Episcopate. Although we cannot award to its author much praise, either for style or arrangement, and though with him the historical muse eschews any lofty flight, we are glad to say that a conscientious examination of documents, and a careful and candid estimate of facts, are always to be found in Mr. Anderson's volumes. A writer who is never betrayed into enthusiasm, and who does not feel strongly enough to become a partisan, is generally to be trusted in his facts. Of these Mr. Anderson is full, not lucidly arranged, or always, as we think, apprehended in their full significance. But they are there. We must say for Mr. Anderson, that the leaden atmosphere of the times of which he writes, the eighteenth century, very possibly exerts its influence over his pages; but there are few indications that the annalist feels that there are influences at work under this dull crust ready in the fulness of time to burst out into a bright and living flame.

Mr. Jelf's edition of the 'Ethics' (J. H. Parker) strikes us as being rather below the mark of the Oxford study of Aristotle. It is certainly *in usum Tironum*, and, in our judgment, of such *Tirones* as are not likely to profit by this or any other system of annotation. Wherever, as far as we can see, Mr. Jelf is right, he is something less than commonplace; and not unusually when he is original he is wrong. His notes are neither scholarly nor philosophical; and, on the whole, they look very much like the first crude marginal scribbings of an undergraduate in his first term.

'Church Poetry.' (Mozley.) This simple and unambitious collection, remarkable for its uniformity of tone, and for the fact that it has revived the knowledge of many of our Elizabethan writers, is to be congratulated on attaining its fourth edition. It is a nice school-book and gift-book.

The immediate motive which has prompted Mr. Singer to publish his new edition of 'Shakspeare' (Bell & Daldy) is to be found in Mr. Collier's famous folio. Strictly speaking, the present text is only the republication of an old edition, undertaken by him in connexion with Whittingham of Chiswick many years ago: but Mr. Singer's veteran reputation was stimulated by Mr. Collier's adventurous pretender. Probably the real text of Shakspeare is incapable of recovery; or, still more probably, even in Shakspeare's own time it was not settled. The author's own copies might have varied, and, as he was constantly recasting his thoughts, did vary. Much of it, in old and uncritical times, depended on the scrupulousness or licence of actors and copyists. The author certainly did but little to secure an authorized text. The quartos look more authoritative than any

later copies; but for half the plays we have only, a book for all critical purposes about the most worthless in existence, the first folio. In this state of things, Shakspeare has been the common prey of conjectural editors. The sticklers for the first folio are refuted by the patent worthlessness of their authority; the conjecturalists, by the fact that they are only conjecturalists. In this state of things, an editor who simply exhibits good sense and modesty, and is tolerably well versed in contemporaneous literature, stands the best chance—for, after all, it is only a chance—of being right. These qualifications Mr. Singer possesses in an eminent degree. He is sober, unaffected, judicious; and he has produced an edition portable, cheap, and singularly unencumbered with critical impertinences. The labours of his coadjutor Mr. Watkiss, who furnishes introductions to each play, and a biography of Shakspeare, are remarkably stupid, yet very pretentious. We should recommend Mr. Singer, in a future edition, which we hope to welcome, to get rid of this nonsense. If we are to have excurses and introductions, Knight's are the best.

Mr. Nugee, who in a practical work has shown an appreciation so keen of the wants of women in the work of penitentiaries, has earned the right to make the female character an especial subject of illustration and instruction. In his 'Holy Women of the Gospel,' (Masters,) we recognise warmth of style, a sound grasp of doctrine, facility of illustration, and warnings warm alike and practical.*

A series of 'Lent Lectures' (Masters) on death-bed warnings, by the same writer, and in some respects a companion volume, strikes us as having attained the right pitch—not enthusiastic, but warm and affectionate.

'A Concise View of the Doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration,' by Mr. W. H. Hicks, (Masters,) really contains a great deal of matter. It is too closely reasoned for a tract, and too condensed for a treatise, but is a useful syllabus of the subject.

A noble edition of Adams' Allegories, (Rivingtons,) designed for a Christmas book, reached us too late to be acknowledged last quarter. Some accident, we believe, delayed its publication; but it is an edition of no temporary value or purpose. It enshrines what is a household book in Church families, in a suitable casket. The engravings on wood are among the best among many competitors. With the landscapes we were especially satisfied. The distance and atmospheric effects are quite charming. A pleasant memoir of the respected writer is prefixed.

Another Christmas book is Mr. Kingsley's 'Heroes.' (Macmillan) We like it much better than his prejudiced, one-sided, affected, yet often powerful, 'Westward Ho!' In the 'Heroes,' Mr. Kingsley relates some of the old and better Greek myths, in the form of children's stories, with considerable taste and good feeling, and always with great power of language. But how is it that, in this writer, one always feels that he is condescending? There are some writers of the day—Mr. Kingsley among them—who say good things and true things, but have a very provoking way of dealing out instruction. They are our betters and superiors, much more learned, and kind, and good than ourselves. But they know it—and somehow we find

out that they know it—and, 'still worse, let us feel that they know it, and wish us to know it. There is a mistake somewhere. By the way, Mr. Kingsley should not publish his drawings. They are very well for an amateur, and they show that he has seen Flaxman and Hope's Costumes; but such gawky scarecrows ought not to parade their skinny nakedness to the public. A sense of the ludicrous Mr. Kingsley has yet to add to his accomplishments.

Mr. Ford having completed his body of 'Annotations on the Gospels,' has followed it up by a 'Commentary on the Acts.' (Masters.) For variety and profuseness, this collection stands almost without a rival; but its very exuberance of illustration from writers of every age, sentiment, character and tone is distracting. Prose and verse, exegesis and illustration, practical and critical, all is here. • The effect is, of course, that of a commonplace book, interesting and curious rather than systematic. Mr. Ford seems to have read many of the later Latin poets—and very bad poets many of them were—but there is a pleasing tone of piety in the extracts brought before us by Mr. Ford, which may, perhaps, send students as enterprising as himself to Hæftenus, Selneccerus, and Graswinkelius, with whom—if editors can be ignorant of anything—we must profess that we make our first acquaintance in this curious volume.

Two or three Hymnals have reached us. We cannot think them so superior to any extant collection as to justify their publication. One, a 'Hymn Book for the Services, &c., and for private reading,' (J. W. Parker,) announces a mistake *in limine*, 'Hymns for private reading.' The compilers alter and add to extant compositions, often, we think, without reason, sometimes against it.—'A Hymnal for the use of Christ Church, St. Pancras,' by its excellent incumbent, does not compel us to reverse our judgment on the undesirableness of increasing these competing manuals.—After many trials, we have selected one by our own publisher, 'A Hymnal for use in the English Church,' (Mozley,) the compiler of which is unknown to us, but which answers every purpose, and is full and faithful.

In several and important matters, we suspect a divergence between Mr. Gurney, of Marylebone, and ourselves; but, in a volume of 'Sermons on Old Testament Histories,' (Rivingtons,) recently printed by him, we observe so much good sense, real feeling, entire earnest honesty, and application of Scripture to the sort of life in which we live, that we desire to mark it as a very exceptional volume. It is far beyond the run of collections of Sermons.

On a previous occasion, and in the early part of the Series, we spoke well of 'Practical Sermons, chiefly on the Characters of the Old Testament.' (Masters.) This verdict we desire to recal. Some of the Sermons are good; but what shall we say of a writer like this? His subject is the faith of Abraham:—'He who adds to his creed his own correlative practice, and leaves, against the judgment, a Christian life as the apodosis of a Christian faith, is like the child who sows myrtle seeds in the form of the letters of his name, which every warm ray of sunshine, and every passing shower from the sky cherishes,' &c. &c. (p. 270.)

'Classical Scholarship and Classical Learning.' (Deighton.) By Dr. Donaldson. *O si sic omnia*. Here is a volume replete with good sense,

and creditable to the feeling and scholarship of the writer: creditable to the University which in so many ways Dr. Donaldson adorns, and creditable to his affectionate reverence for his academical mother. The author cannot, of course, quite avoid his pet subject of Scriptural interpretation, and he treats it after his own regrettable fashion. But the volume, as a whole, is one which merits a very cordial welcome from all to whom English scholarship is dear.

After murdering Horace, Mr. F. W. Newman has committed a violent attack on Homer, and we fear meditates running a-muck 'with every serious Greek poet, except Pindar.' This is serious; and much to our annoyance, we fear that we are slightly responsible for his 'Iliad of Homer, faithfully translated into unrhymed English metre.' (Walcott and Maberly.) In noticing his Horace, we happened to say that Homer had been well represented in ballad metre by Maginn. Mr. Newman eagerly caught the hint, and careless of Maginn, plunges into an *à priori* investigation of what sort of ballad metre he could 'do' Homer into. After a great many trials, he falls into the conclusion that the 'Long metre of our Hymn-Books' most suits the genius of Homer; and then, with admirable consistency, translates him into the metre of,

'For the king hath hired the horned fiend
'For twenty maravedies,
And there he goes, with hoofs for toes,
To terrify the ladies;'

which Lockhart prints in two lines, and which, as we have been reminded, is familiar to the world as,

'A captain bold in Halifax,
Who lived in country quarters.'

Mr. Newman, as a pre-requisite for reproducing Homer, remarks that the metre 'must be fundamentally musical and popular,' 'not without a tendency to degenerate into doggerel.' This last condition of the auto-heroic and auto-Homeric the present translator has fully attained; of the 'fundamentally musical and popular' we shall produce specimens. Further, and we are not going to dispute it, Mr. Newman argues that Homer should appear in a certain archaic attire, 'as much Saxo-Norman as possible,' whatever that dialect may be; aware that in adopting it 'the translator ought to be quaint, and not to be grotesque.' In all this, which we are not disputing, Mr. Newman has, we think, got hold of true principles, although we do not agree with him that rhyme is to be proscribed. We think that in a translation of Homer rhyme is to be retained, not because it is an equivalent, but because it is the only possible substitute, for the matchless melody of the hexameter. It does something in the way of satisfying the ear. Mr. Newman has hit the bull's eye, when he says that Walter Scott was the man to translate Homer,—and is right when he says that the principle to be observed in rendering an ancient poet is 'to use little strange diction, but to impart elevation by the mode of combining known words.' We part company, however, with Mr. Newman, when, in allusion to our own strictures on his Horace, he pronounces that it is enough 'to aim at a likeness of moral genius,' while to attempt to produce 'a near likeness or analogy to the metrical form of the original, is a secondary

question.' And, in conclusion, he thinks, and we think with him, that enough is done if a translator 'imparts to the English reader the means of judging for himself what the true Homer really was.' Here, then, we pause, to see how Mr. Newman fulfils his own ideal of a translation of Homer. The Greek Homer was a writer of wonderful variety of strength, richness, and smoothness. his verse is an instrument flowing, 'easy, harmonious, flexible; his syntax is natural, simple, and intelligent; his natural sense of melody refined and constant. In Mr. Newman we find 'the long resounding line' of 'the blind old man' transformed into quick, jerky, broken pants—we find his language, which was a whole, and uniform, and unisonous, reproduced in a piebald dialect, half slang, half Chatterton. Neither, then, in melody or in language does Mr. Newman reproduce Homer. Especially in the former respect does Mr. Newman lack the faculty of translating any poet. He is utterly insensible of metrical beauty. He has no ear. He is apparently a hard-headed, cold, unimpassioned, person; without the slightest requisite of the poet or orator. He has very great powers, as he has shown in other departments of literature; but to have printed this book, and not to have seen its ludicrous absurdity, its absolute contradiction to everything Homeric,—character, melody, *lexis*, *ethos*, manners,—only shows that Mr. Newman utterly mistakes his vocation. He is affected and stiff when he thinks that he is quaint; barbarous in his attempts after the antiquated: when he is literal, he is generally unintelligible: and in striving to reproduce the Homeric feeling, he substitutes Northern mythology for Hellenic, and worn out Scotticisms and Teutonicisms for those of Homer. This is remarkable in the stereotyped epithets; thus that mysterious word *δαιμόνιος*, we believe, Mr. Newman, invariably renders 'elf-possessed.' Zeus, A. 561, addresses Here,—(by the way, how can Mr. Newman, who writes in his preface so sensibly on this point, talk in his poem about Juno?)—as 'O elf-possessed wight, who suspectest and discernest.' Now, to say nothing of the utter confusion between the Teutonic elfs and the Oriental demons and afrits, the word *δαιμόνιος* is utterly untranslatable, as Damm remarks. In scarcely two passages of Homer has it the same meaning. in no language has it any one equivalent; and in no Homeric passage does 'elf-possessed,' fully or nearly represent it. 'Εὐκνήμιδες is 'dapper—grac'd'—in no language, and at no period of it, did 'dapper' convey the sense of εὖ or κάλος. Κορυθαίολος 'Εκτωρ is 'Hector with helm of motley work.' We are at issue with Mr. Newman as to the sense of the word. Χαλκοχιτώνες is brazen-cloaked; χαλκός not being brass, nor χιτών a cloak. But here are some single lines taken at random. observe their 'fundamental melody':—

καὶ μὲν οἱ τότε γ' εἰς ἀγορὴν ἴσαν, οὐνεκ' Ἀχιλλεύς,
 'Now even then to mote came forth enheartened, sith Achilles.'
 καὶ τὰ γ' Ἀθηναίῃ λήϊτιδι δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς
 ὑπόσ' ἀνέσχεθε χεῖρι, καὶ εὐχόμενος ἔπος ἤδα'

'... but there aloft divine Ulysses raising
 'Unto Athene, booty-driving, spake his vow and worship.'
 εἰ δέ κ' Ἀλεξανδρὸν κτείνῃ, ξανθὸς Μενέλαος,
 'But if the auburn Menelaus slaughter Alexander.'

This is how Zeus, in the 'Council of the Heavens,' discourseth:—

' To Menelaus, loved by Ares,	victory hath fallen;
' Our part it is to ponder, how	may these affairs be ended,
' Whether pernicious war to rouse	and the grim cry of battle,
' Listeth, or amity betwixt	the combatants to order.
' But if, to all of us aloft,	pleasant it be and canny,
' Let folk stull throng within the wall	of Priam's royal city.'

xviii. 360.—

' To Jove thus Juno made address,	his sister and his consort
' O Son of Saturn! grim and dire,	what saying hast thou blurted?
' Man verily, I trow, for man,	who mortal is of fabric,
' Nor kenneth counsel like to me,	is wont his will to complish.
' How then should I, who claim to be	of goddesses the chiefest,
' (Eldest by birth and rank alsò,)	for that I hold the title,' &c.

Our readers will remember—who can ever forget?—the immortal close of the eighth book:—*ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἔν οὐρανῷ ἄστρον κ. τ. λ.* This is Mr. F. Newman's notion of it; and it is a favourable specimen:—

' And as around the shining moon the little stars of heaven,
(*ἄστρον* being not little stars, but constellations)

' Glitten with radiance distinct,	when all the sky is breathless,
' And every lofty peak is shown,	and headlong edge and forest,
' And from behind the cloven blue	uncounted heaven bursteth,
' And all above thee seemeth stars,	and joyful is the shepherd
' So many fires,' &c.	

We remark that Mr. Newman denies that the *Odyssey* is by the poet of the *Iliad*.

From Mr. Van Voorst we have received an elegant and portable 'Hand-book to the Aquarium,' by Mr. Gosse. These cheap and useful appendages to the conservatory and sitting-room bid fair to supersede the useless vase of gold-fish. They are very manageable, as well as beautiful.

We are not going to disturb—but rather choose to co-operate with and confirm—the unanimous voice of approval which has welcomed Mr. Arthur Stanley's 'Sinai and Palestine.' (Murray) The accomplished author has done more to illustrate the geography of Scripture than any extant writer. With a keen and hearty appreciation of scenery,—which is much more in place here than in annotating on the Epistle to the Corinthians,—he is no mere landscape painter; he paints with exceeding taste and skill, but all is subordinated to an historical purpose. He shows (what was new to us) the especial and local propriety of many of the illustrations of the Sacred Narrative. As an instance, we would allude to his discussion of the local characteristics of the trans-Jordanic hills, and his parallel of Galilee to the manufacturing districts. His account of the Sinai localities is of unequalled beauty and interest. We observe that Mr. Stanley moves *sicco pede* over the topography of Jerusalem, and especially he glides lightly over the identification of the Holy Places. We agree with him in wishing that 'some competent opponent would seriously consider Mr. Fergusson's architectural argument from the dome of the Sakkarah, which undoubtedly is calculated to 'produce a great impression.' We ask, Why are not Mr. Catherwood's

plans made public? What, in our judgment, Mr. Fergusson proves, or shows the strongest evidence for, is, not that the Dome of the Rock is the true site of the Holy Sepulchre, but that it is a Christian building, at least as early as Justinian's time.

'The Week of Darkness: a Manual of Mourners,' (Rivingtons,) is pretty, but verges on the sentimental.

'Selections from the Letters of S. Francis of Sales,' (Masters,) by Mr. C. W. Bagot, has been adapted for English use. It is a very useful monograph of spiritual advice in the common concerns and exigencies of life.

'Sketches on Italy,' (Hamilton, Adams & Co.) is anonymous. It is the production of an Italian libral of the redder type, and is ushered into the world under Sir C. Eardley's *imprimatur*. For what facts it contains of the recent revolutionary history of the Italian peninsula, we are grateful. We can say nothing for the writer's spirit. He hopes that peace will lead to an Italian unity under Victor Emmanuel, with a suppression of the Papacy.

Mr. Cleveland Coxe, the well-known American Churchman and poet, has just published a small volume, his 'Impressions of England; or, Sketches of English Scenery and Society, gathered during the Exhibition year,' (New York, Dana,) which had already appeared in the columns of the Church Journal. Interesting as the work is, it bears somewhat too evidently the marks of its origin in its collected form. It is, we should imagine, more American, so to speak, than its writer, from having had to be wound up to the tone of trans-atlantic journalism. In particular, its 'No Popery' occurs to us needlessly offensive and personal. We are no advocates, as our pages have repeatedly shown, for Romanizing; but there is no such effective help to give Rome, as to show manifestly that whenever we approach her we lose our temper, and let go our impartiality; *e.g.* Mr. Coxe should have recollected that his book would, in all probability, be read in England, and not have reprinted it with his exaggerated picture of the 'almost maniacal visage' of 'poor fallen Newman,' whom he heard preaching at the Oratory, Birmingham. Full, moreover, of the Papal aggression mania, which was in full blaze during his visit; he lays it down roundly that we ought to have answered the famous brief by a British fleet off Civita Vecchia, calling on the Pope to annul the act,—at all hazards to the peace of Europe,—observing, 'Alas! for the extinction of the England of 1588.' It seems to us that arming a fleet for such an object would have been an exact copy, not of the England, but of the Spain of 1588. These passages are, however, few and far between in Mr. Coxe's volume. The staple of his work is healthy and sound, and if it succeeds in making any section of his countrymen form a different notion of the monarchical institutions, the aristocracy, and the Established Church of England, to that which they are accustomed to hear from orators of the stump, it will be a most useful, as it is an interesting, work.

A third of the 'Manuals for Theological Students,' now publishing by Macmillan, has reached us. It is by Mr. Hardwick, the Christian Advo-

cate; and is his second part of Church History, embracing the Reformation period. We cannot award it higher praise than to say that it equals its predecessor on the mediæval period. If it has a fault, we should say that the history of the Roman obedience was, perhaps unavoidably, treated on a different scale. It is not so full as the chapters on the German communions. The work is a manual, and not a history; had it made the latter claim, we should perhaps have objected to its geographical division. The whole volume displays a profusion of learning, great accuracy and honesty in collecting and collating authorities, a clear as well as concise narrative of events, and, which is the chief value of the volume, it always refers to the authorities on which the history is grounded, and while it is impartial about motives and causes it preserves the critical mean between indifference and partizanship.

‘Aird’s Poems,’ (Blackwood,) have, we believe, established a reputation. The smaller Idyllic poems are fresh and pleasing. We could not master the longer ones.

A full and elaborate ‘Book of Family Prayer,’ (Bell & Daldy,) has reached us. The only fault we can find with it is its price. Much of the prefatory matter might be retrenched, and a less extensive style of printing be adopted. The manual would then, as it fully deserves, meet with general acceptance.

‘The Whole Evidence against the Claims of the Roman Church,’ by Mr. Sanderson Robins, (Longman,) is not exactly that which it pretends to be, but is nevertheless a full, and generally speaking fair, controversial manual. To say that it recalls the old school of anti-Roman writers of Laud and Barrow is high praise, and we can conscientiously award it.

Another contribution from Trinity College, Dublin, reminds us that Mr. Lee and Dr. Todd are not alone in their services to the extant and immediate necessities of the Church. Mr. James Byrne has printed ‘Six Lectures delivered at the Donnellan Lecture, on Naturalism and Supernaturalism,’ (Hodges, Smith, & Co) in reply to Mr. Newman, Mr. Theodore Parker, and the sentimental theists of the day. They give us great satisfaction, not only because they are an able publication, but because they prove that among ourselves we have writers capable of work which has been done, however ably, by strangers to us, Messrs. Rogers and Isaac Taylor.

We have, on more than one occasion, recorded our dissent from the conclusion arrived at in Mr. Seudamore’s ‘Communion of the Laity,’ (Rivingtons;) but we must express our satisfaction with the ability and temper with which he handles his subject.

Dr. Badham, a superior classical scholar, has printed an edition of Plato’s ‘Philebus,’ (J. W. Parker,) which, in compactness of elumination and general good sense, may serve as a model for lecture-room editions.

Such as consider the late Archdeacon Hare a very great man, will be pleased to hear that an edition of his Charges, from 1843—46, is published by Macmillan. We lay them down with the conviction that he was a very honest, good man, with a considerable amount of self-reliance, which

is the euphemism for conceit, and an utter inability to understand the logical, though he could well sympathize with the moral, position of his antagonists.

Lord Arthur Hervey's 'Five Sermons on the Inspiration of Scripture,' (Macmillan,) are eclectic. As far as we can understand the accomplished author, he professes to hold both Coleridge's views and many of those against whom that eminent but very dangerous writer composed his 'Reflections of an Inquiring Spirit.' Either there is great indistinctness in Lord Arthur, or in the medium through which we see his Sermons; but we must profess our entire inability to understand what doctrine on Inspiration he holds.

The 'Influence of Christianity upon International Law' was the subject for the Hulsean Prize in 1854. The successful candidate, Mr. C. M. Kennedy, of Caius, has printed his exercise. (Macmillan.) It exhibits reading and ingenuity, and may be considered a respectable, if not superior, production.

Mr. Craik, of Christ Church, Louisville, (Hooker, Philadelphia,) has in his 'Search of Truth' presented us with the sort of discourses and manuals which the American Church finds useful in winning on the ranks of the sects by which it is surrounded. In this aspect the volume is full of interest: but it has higher merits. It is written in a readable style, and its principles are generally sound. In one place we thought Mr. Craik was writing below his convictions, when he argues that the 'Christian priest-hood of the ministers of the Sanctuary only differs in degree' (p. 228) 'from that of the Christian community.'

A posthumous volume of 'Sermons, chiefly Practical,' (Bell & Daldy,) by the late Mr. Nunn, of Trinity Church, Leeds, is published under the editorship of Dr. Hook. They are sound and simple, and come up to the Editor's estimate of a 'thorough-going Church-of-England-man.'

We find in Mr. Mackreth's 'Churchwarden's Manual' (Rivingtons) much useful information compactly put together: it is small and unpretending, but contains all that is required.

'Dialogues on Universal Restitution.' (Freeman.) This is a curious book. It is anonymous, and it is intended to be a cheap and popular exposition of Mr. Maurice's views on Universalism. What strikes us in this class of writers is the extreme coolness—we had nearly said impudence—with which they flatly contradict Scripture, in an easy, jaunty, patronizing way. This writer, for example, sets out with the strongest conviction that Universalism is true. It must be true, because it ought to be true. Scripture cannot contradict it, because it is true. But Scripture does contradict it. Scripture does speak of 'the fire that shall never be quenched'—or 'unquenchable,' if the present writer prefers it, which is not *ἀσβεστος*. Scripture certainly speaks of Judas, so that 'it had been good for that man if he had not been born.' These passages come before this writer; and thus he meets them. 'Certainly,' he acknowledges, 'I cannot understand, if Universal Restitution be a truth, how it can be that it would have been well for any one if he had not been born.' (P. 145.) That is to say, in

plain English—Here, at last, is my view and Holy Scripture at direct issue. After this we must say that the pious talk with which the dialogue goes on, expressing its reverence for Scripture, and its complaints against falsifiers of the Word of God, is sheer cant and nonsense. What reverence for the Word of God can a man have, who believes that it contains a deliberately false and cruel statement of doctrine?

Mr. William Heygate's 'Evening of Life' (Masters) is an extremely grave and religious manual for aged Christians. It is a mosaic of scriptures, psalms, meditations, and instructions; and is, perhaps, the best among the many practical services which its author has rendered to the Church.

From Mr. J. David Chambers we have received 'Strictures, Legal and Historical, on Dr. Lushington's Judgment.' (Benning.) It is, as the writer claims it to be, 'a complete exposition of law and fact on the subjects in dispute.' In our judgment it is irrefragable: and we sincerely congratulate Mr. Chambers on achieving this triumph, not the least of his many services to the Church of England. Mr. Chambers combines several qualifications for the task he has undertaken. He is a good lawyer, a good churchman, and his tastes are archæological, and his studies ritual. Except in the first of these qualifications, Dr. Lushington is exactly the reverse. Unless we are much misinformed, the general feeling is that Dr. Lushington has made a mistake. the world at large does not like the tendency of the courts to substitute private partialities for law. We observe two or three misprints in Mr. Chambers' valuable work:—p. 141, Dr. Robert 'Smith' should be 'South.' Who is (p. 117) 'the Marquis of Bawden'? The inventories from the State Paper Office are not the least important contribution of Mr. Chambers to the literature of this subject.

Mr. Henry Denison, Fellow of All Souls, has translated Shakspeare's 'Julius Cæsar' into Latin. (J. H. Parker.) The Latinity is creditable; but the whole play is done into prose. Here is the result:—

'Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman,' &c.

'Veni, Antoni; veni, juvenis Octavi; vosmet de Cassio solo omnium ulciscamini; Cassium vitæ tædet. Bene dilecto odis est,' &c.

Mr. W. J. Blew's Version of 'Agamemnon the King,' (Longman,) is in every respect the antithesis of Mr. Newman's 'Homer.' Without saying that we adopt all his renderings, or see the exact relevancy of all his parallel passages, we may give him the praise of having executed a most poetical and faithful version, which reproduces for English readers, as closely as the genius of two different languages, religions, social laws, and metrical systems would admit, the masterpiece of Hellenic tragedy. In his Preface Mr. Blew shows a great range of reading, a keen sense of poetic excellence, and a scholarly appreciation of the difficulties and pleasures of his task, on achieving which with so much success, he deserves and receives our congratulations.

Mr. Parminter's 'Materials for a Grammar,' (Macmillan,) are a bold, yet we think successful, attempt to make intelligible to English readers the principles of universal grammar, but with an especial view to familiarize them with the classical elements and vocables in our composite language. We shall, perhaps, incur Mr. F. Newman's censure, who in his preface to the Homer to which we have already alluded writes strongly against purists and pedants in English grammar, if we object to Mr. Parminter's rule and syntax, p. 199:—'If the former of two substantives in apposition be an inflected genitive, the latter does not take inflection. *Ex.* "This is 'Byron's work, the poet.'" Nobody would write such a sentence; but if we were forced to it, we should, we fear, say 'poet's.' In a *sustoichia* of genders. Mr. Parminter, after Boy, Girl; Earl, Countess; &c., gives Flirt, *mas.* Jilt, *fem.* We should say that his experience of the *beau sere* was not to be depended on. Happy man! never to have met with a female flirt, and not to be able to conceive the possibility of a male jilt!

Mr. Nind has printed an elegant little volume of translations of German poetry. Some of his pieces are hacknied: Burgers 'Leonora,' for example. Those most difficult of songs, the *crucés* of all translators, Margaret's, in the 'Faust,' are very cleverly rendered. So is Korner's 'Sword Song.' The poems from Freiligrath and Geibel are happy innovations on the stock pieces of German anthology.

'The War and the Newspapers,' a Lecture, by Mr. Kennaway of Campden, (J. H. Parker,) is a vigorous and useful protest against the folly of being led, or misled, by the *Times*, and of the mischief which 'Our own Correspondent' has done. Much of Mr. Kennaway's matter is derived from the able and vigorous pages of the *Saturday Review*, a periodical which, at its first start, attained and keeps the highest rank among existing newspapers—though, by the way, it is not a newspaper.

A very beautiful and elaborate treatise on the world of creation revealed by the microscope is before us under the title of 'The Micrographic Dictionary.' (Van Voorst.) It is by Dr. Griffith and Professor Henfrey. It consists, first, of an Introduction descriptive of the microscope and its accompaniments, with various details to assist purchasers and experimenters; and then, in the shape of a Dictionary, it brings down the discoveries of this noble instrument to the latest time. Forty-one plates and nine hundred wood-cuts, all executed with the publisher's usual success, complete this stupendous and beautiful publication. Almost all the foreign authorities, down to the fugitive transactions of scientific societies, have been searched by the unwearied patience of the compilers; and to the anatomist, the botanist, the zoologist, and especially to the physiologist, here, in an available form and moderate compass, are stored an immense number of facts, and the results of thousands of delicate observations. Unscientific readers will be pleased with the sober tone of the inquiries, and there are few educated persons who will not profit by even a casual perusal of this handsome volume. One thing struck us in turning over its pages; which is, the state of our scientific terminology. We must say that scientific writers had better at once write in Latin than in the barbarous and abominable language now in vogue with them. It is utterly

unintelligible to the non-classical reader, and only provoking to the scholar. If we do not understand Latin, we do not understand the descriptions; if we do, they annoy us. Here are some examples:—‘*Draparnaldia*—a con-
‘*ferva* common in ditches—*plumosa*. Principal filaments somewhat pinnately
‘branched; ramelli in linear-lanceolate tufts, mostly approximated to the
‘axis.’ ‘*Dytiscus*’—a water-beetle, we believe—‘the head is well adapted
‘for the trophi. The labrum is transverse; the mandibles short and robust;
‘the maxillæ are short, flat, and ciliated internally, with the lip acute; the
‘outer lobe palpiform; the true maxillary palpi are about twice as long
‘as the maxillæ; the mentum is transverse, with the sides produced into
‘two lobes; the labium is short; the palpi are joined. The character of
‘the anterior tarsi is curious, the basal joints being expanded laterally into
‘a broad patella,’ &c. Of the *Fossombronina* we receive this lucid descrip-
tion, that ‘the perichæte is large, and the capsule bursts irregularly into four
erose valves.’ The ‘*Lycopodium Selaginoides*’ is distinguished as having
‘oosporanges and antheridial sporanges.’ Every page of this volume, and
indeed of all such scientific treatises, is treated in this language, or lack of
language; and the evil has reached such a pitch, that we are bound to call
the attention of the scientific world to it.

We ought long since to have mentioned as a useful and very welcome ally, Mr. J. H. Parker’s periodical, the ‘Literary Churchman,’ which in a modest form contains much learning, an excellent spirit, and sound Church principles. We can speak of it with respect and deference, when its criticisms differ from our own; and with cordial sympathy when, as is usually the case, its judgments agree with us. The ‘Literary Churchman’ is especially valuable in its foreign department.

A Brighton clergyman, Mr. E. B. Elliott, has, it appears, been running a-muck in a pamphlet, which he styles, ‘Delusion of the Tractarian Clergy as to the Validity of their Ministerial Orders shown on their own principles.’ Some of our readers may remember Ware’s ‘Foxes and Firebrands:’ its object was to show that, in the seventeenth century, it was the fashion for Romanists, especially Jesuits, to act Puritan for the purpose of vilifying and disparaging the Church of England. We never had much faith in this alleged plot. But, certainly, Mr. Elliott goes far to justify the view. He is the most complete Romanizer we know. He is exactly the man to endorse and accredit ‘the putid fable of the Nag’s Head consecration.’ He attacks the Church of which he is a minister with Romanist weapons; only Romanists now-a-days have the decency to disavow them. Mr. Elliott has been answered by two critics, either of whom has in his way admirable qualities for administering a castigation. They are Mr. Neale, in his ‘“Tractarian Delusions” Catholic Truths,’ (Masters,) and Mr. Gresley, in his ‘Answer to Mr. Elliott.’ (Masters.) Mr. Neale replies with learning and vigorous sarcasm; Mr. Gresley, with plain common sense. Mr. Neale shows that his opponent is ignorant of all antiquity; Mr. Gresley shows that he lacks controversial and even moral honesty. Mr. Gresley proves that his opponent ought not to be an English clergyman; Mr. Neale, which is superfluous, shows that he knows nothing of the subject on which he writes. In detail, Mr. Neale proves that Mr. Elliott’s assumption, that

Episcopal consecrations by less than three bishops are invalid, is false. He also proves that a layman can be raised *per saltum* to the episcopate, and that the Western chorepiscopi were true bishops. Mr. Gresley contents himself with a calm and confident reference to the formularies of the Church of England, and concludes with this pertinent question, the more stinging from its entire simplicity:—‘Why the Nonconformists professed their inability to receive the doctrine of the Church of England, and withdrew themselves from it; and why you and your friends, being of the same principles as the Nonconformists, not only find no difficulty in continuing members of the Church of England, but seem to think yourselves the only consistent members of it?’ (P. 11.)

In the Penitentiary work—a work which it is our pride and pleasure to have assisted in promoting, and inaugurating—we have to record a cluster of important and deeply beautiful productions. 1. The Bishop of Oxford’s touching and eloquent Sermon, ‘Christ the Healer,’ (Masters,) preached at the opening of the noble buildings at Clewer. This great and successful work is too solemn for us to enlarge upon in this place. We can only commit it to the prayers and exertions of the Church. It is preeminent among the signs which assure us of God’s continued presence. 2. ‘Mercy for the Fallen,’ (Masters,) is the title of two Sermons preached in behalf of this noble Institution by its founder, Mr. T. T. Carter, who has also favoured us and the Church with the second edition of ‘The First Five Years of the House of Mercy, Clewer,’ (Masters,) an affecting and encouraging history of the work, its difficulties, its successes, and its future necessities.

Mr. Carter has also published ‘Inward Life in Outward Troubles,’ (Masters,) a single Sermon, preached at S. Matthias, Stoke Newington, the beautiful services at which deserve, and command, the affection of those who are privileged to attend them.

From the Burntisland, or rather Pitsligo, Press, a valuable undertaking by Mr. George Forbes, which rivals the labours of the Abbé Migne, we have to acknowledge two very important *fasciculi*. They are the first-fruits of considerable works, which we commend to the patronage and support of the Church. 1. The first part of a critical edition of ‘S. Gregory Nyssen.’ The accomplished Editor has examined some unexplored MSS. and is executing, in obscurity, a work which the English Universities ought gladly to undertake. 2. Mr. Neale, in conjunction with Mr. Forbes, is publishing an important revision of the ‘Gallican Liturgies, illustrated by a comparison of the Roman, Ambrosian, and Mozarabic Rites’: that is to say, he is absorbing, enlarging, and correcting the labours on this subject of Bona, Muratori and Mabillon. The edition promises to be beautiful in typography, and correct and critical in its text.

The ‘New Oxford School’ is receiving that attention and refutation on the spot which its serious character demands. Besides the two full and admirable Sermons from Dr. Pusey, which we mentioned with respect in our last number, Mr. Jowett’s unhappy speculations—to which we elsewhere devote a fuller notice—have been commented on successively in the University pulpit, by—1. Dr. Goulburn, in ‘The Goodness and Severity

of God as manifested in the Atonement,' (J. H. Parker;) 2. Mr. Baring, in 'Christ's Death a Propitiatory Sacrifice,' (J. H. Parker;) 3. Mr. Bernard, a select preacher, in two Sermons, 'The Exclusion of Wisdom, and Offences in Christ,' (Hatchard;) 4. Professor Heurtley, 'The Doctrine of the Atonement,' (J. H. Parker;) 5. and by Professor Hussey, 'The Atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ,' in an Ordination Sermon, delivered at Christmas. In Mr. Baring's Sermon we select the useful caution 'not to take an opponent's statement of what is the true and orthodox doctrine.' Dr. Goulburn's exhibits a deeper view of the subject, especially on the expiatory nature of the sacrifice. Mr. Bernard's two able discourses rather break up the preliminary ground, and define the office of the reason in judging of revealed truth. Dr. Heurtley's is full and especially satisfactory on the point of reconciliation; while Professor Hussey's, being addressed to the candidates for ordination, presents a condensed and valuable syllabus of the subject. Surely this crisis is one which demands the Regius Professor of Divinity to descend into the arena: although Oxford has done much in protesting against this last assault on the Faith, we must admit that even more remains to do.

Without committing ourselves to the Sabbatarian movement, we may remark, that the case of Sunday trading is entirely independent of those other and perplexed questions which involve the precise relations of Christian festivals to the ceremonial or patriarchal law, or which define, or fail to define, the consistency of recreation with Christian rest. Further, it may be held that an Anti-Puritan observance of the Sunday is quite compatible with the very strictest legislation against Sunday trading. The disciples of Bramhall and Laud may agree with Lord Shaftesbury here. Whatever freedom may attend the Sunday, it is not a freedom to devote the day to business and trade. The writer of 'Sunday Trading in London,' (Rivingtons,) himself an employer on a large scale, has done good service in this his second publication, in what we deem to be the cause of justice. He and his friends had done well had they taken the pains to show that the Sunday Bill of last year, defeated by the Hyde Park outrages, was designed for a protection to the middle classes, rather than an oppression of the lower ones.

We must acknowledge, with especial commendation, Mr. Alford's 'Two Letters to John Sperling, Esq., on the Lord's Day Question,' (Rivingtons.) They are in reply to the 'personal vituperation of that mendacious and unprincipled journal, the *Record*,' of which Mr. Alford thus speaks.—

'It were much to be wished, that men of high standing and undoubted piety in that portion of the Church which the *Record* professes to represent would take courage, and put forth a manly expression of their feelings with regard to it. Every where, there seems to be but one opinion as to the unchristian character of the paper. Many of the best of those who agree with it in theological sentiments disclaim all sanction of it, and some such will not even allow it in their houses. In private society, they do not scruple to speak freely their estimate of its character. But let such persons ask themselves, whether something more than this be not required of them as faithful servants of Christ. While they are secretly complain-

'ing, the wretched journal is going on its mischievous course. The bold 'large-print lie, followed by the insufficient small-print apology, which is 'again neutralized by the subsequently-repeated lie—the shameless attributing of opinions and motives known to be false, and when remonstrated 'with, the hypocritical expression of extreme caution not to be personal—the pertinacious marring of every projected good work of every kind and 'from every quarter, except "what is framed by themselves and hammered 'on their own anvil,"—these, and a long list of similar violations of truth 'and charity, are the "fruits by which" this pretender to the censorship of 'the Christian world "may be known." It is the deliberate conviction of 'the writer,—founded on long experience of hearts embittered, love between 'good men chilled, ungrounded suspicions sown, and mischief occasioned 'by slander and falsehood in parishes and families,—that this paper has 'done and is doing more to hinder the spread among us of "the mind which 'was in Christ," and the progress of His work, than all the infidel publications of our time put together. Their evil influence, sad as it is, affects, 'for the most part, those without: its evil influence is exerted over those 'who are Christians in heart and life. They are enemies prowling round 'the fold: while it is a wolf in sheep's clothing, admitted and cherished 'within. In the name of our common Christianity, let some such protest 'be made by the Evangelical party,—or, which would be the far preferable 'alternative, let the paper, retaining its present doctrines and predilections, 'cease from its present practices, and learn to write in truth and love.'—
Pp. 8, 9.

Dr. Heurtley's Sermon 'On the Lord's Day,' (J. H. Parker,) may be carefully read by all who are desirous to know all that may be said on a single, and somewhat confined, aspect of the subject.

The 'Threc-fold San-Tsze-King, or the Trilateral Classic of China,' (Nutt,) is another of Mr. Malan's useful but tenebrose publications on Chinese literature. It consists of three primers: 1. The ordinary Chinese First Book. 2. The Missionaries' Christian Primer. 3. The Primer of Tae-ping-wang, the insurgent chief, who, it is well known, has adopted a sort of Christianity into his pretensions. As far as we can judge, he is following the policy of the emperor Akbar, who tried an ingenious eclecticism of the same sort, hoping to fuse Mahometans, Buddhists, and Christians into a useful political and social whole, by admitting the correlative claims of each religion to a divine mission. The rebel chief, however, claims to be a prophet.

We have, on a previous occasion, called attention to the labours of Mr W. G. Jervis, of Kingston, who has taken up the subject of clerical poverty. His scheme is to impose a per-centage on all ecclesiastical incomes. Without going to this extent, we think there is much in the plan—how does it prosper?—which was launched last year, of a Clerical Benefit Society. In a second publication which has reached us, 'The Poor Condition of the Clergy, and the Causes, considered,' (Hatchard,) Mr. Jervis pursues the subject. He had, perhaps, done well to have confined himself to the single point of the extant destitution of the clergy, without entering into historical disquisitions; but we can recommend his pamphlet with confidence.

The subject is especially interesting to ourselves, because we were among the first to call attention to the fiscal burthens of the clergy, and not altogether without success—for the subject is coming before Parliament. Enough cannot be said, however painful it is to say it, of the increasing, daily increasing poverty of the clergy. It threatens to be a social evil of general incidence. If the Church is to be preserved at all, much larger exertions must be made, and all false delicacy must be laid aside. In the richest diocese in the world, that of London, the Diocesan Society for the Relief of the Clergy Widows cannot, with every exertion, obtain an income of 300*l.* per annum from regular subscriptions. Scarcely a single layman in London subscribes to the fund at all. The alms doled out to the widows and orphan daughters of those who in holy things have ministered even in the metropolitan cathedral, are at the rate of 20*l.* a-year. Another sad evidence of clerical destitution is to be found in the fact that there is a society, besieged by eager applicants, for supplying the families of the clergy with cast-off clothes. We are assured by one officially connected with the Clergy Widows' Society in the diocese of London, that in prosecuting a recent appeal in its behalf, in one of the largest suburban parishes, with a staff of some twenty-five clergymen, he did not receive a single shilling from the whole clerical body. Not one could give even a mite to the widows and orphans of his brethren, so severe was the pinch upon melting incomes by war, general distress, and the failure of income by the suppression of parochial burying-grounds.

Mr. Skinner, of S. Barnabas, has very naturally felt himself called upon to bring Dr. Lushington's Judgment before his people, so painfully and personally interested in it. In a Sermon, 'Why do we prize Externals in the Service of God?' (Hayes,) he defends, with sobriety and earnestness, the usages which it is attempted to destroy and prohibit.

Partly in connexion with this subject, we observe the reprint of two warm and impressive Sermons, on 'Choral Services and Ritual Observances,' (Masters,) by Mr. Flower, of Crawley. He has prefixed a very useful letter to his parishioners on the present troubled state of the Church, and on secessions to Rome. Mr. Flower always writes with good sense; and we are assured that he is engaged, heart as well as pen, in the Church's work.

Mr. Alfred Lee has, in the form of an 'Address to the Churchmen of England on the Increase in the Episcopate,' (Masters,) done good service to a cause in which, if common sense and common honesty were to prevail, there would be no place nor occasion for appeals. However, before we can enter very heartily into the plea for more Bishops, we must get some guarantee against an enlarged hierarchy of the Villiers type.—On the same subject we observe a series of Tracts, of which the first two numbers have reached us:—1. 'More Bishops: Why we want them?' 2. 'More Bishops: How shall we pay them?' (Hone & Co.)

'Service, not Rule, the Work of the Ministry,' (Skeffington,) is an Ordination Sermon, preached at Lincoln, by Mr. Henry Mackenzie, formerly of S. Martin's in the Fields. It aims at and attains a cautious mediocrity.

Mr. Clement Moody, as the hard-working, ill-paid, and care-distracted Vicar of Newcastle, may be excused if he writes with more vigour than delicacy on the Cathedral question. His pamphlet, 'Our Cathedrals: Are they to be Reformed or Abolished?' (Longman,) would have pleased us better had it not been addressed to Sir George Grey. We sincerely believe that the present Government is impressed with the duty and policy of destroying the Church of England: the time, therefore, has passed to urge remonstrances in this quarter. We are not disposed to attach the canonries to any benefices; but we certainly sympathize with Mr. Moody's indignation, in the face of the spiritual destitution of Newcastle, at seeing the surplus revenues of the diocese of Durham diverted into other than Durham needs.

We should, were it worth while, have one or two things to say on Dean Bower's general opinions on Church matters—especially should we reprobate his very singular view of the English Reformers as 'those wise and able men' who were mainly instrumental in working out the people's will in regard to needful changes from the Romish Ritual; but in his general statement, however hesitatingly adopted by him, that 'Open Churches, with endowments, are preferable to pew-rents'—the title which he has chosen for an occasional Sermon, (Longman,) preached at Manchester—we are cordially agreed. The very worst feature of the otherwise objectionable measure on Church Rates now awaiting, we trust, its rejection by Parliament, is its scandalous provision for saddling, if remotely, yet certainly, all our free parish churches with seat-rents.

It was, perhaps, scarcely worth while in Chancellor Harington to transcribe his discussion on 'Pope Pius IV. and the Book of Common Prayer,' (Exeter: Holden,) from the congenial pages of 'Notes and Queries.' If we are asked to arbitrate between Mr. Harington and T. L. we should say that the Chancellor has the advantage in precision, accuracy, and book-work, and, in at least one place, he certainly convicts his opponent of great slovenliness in quoting Antonio de Dominis. But, at the same time, the whole story of the Pope's alleged offer is so utterly improbable in itself, Ware was so addicted to retailing gossip and nonsense, and, *pace tanti viri*, Sir E. Coke was so very unscrupulous a person, that we conclude against either of Mr. Harington's alleged authorities for the story; and so far we agree substantially with T. L. We disagree entirely with him as to the grounds of the story. We suspect it to be rather an Anglican fiction designed to conciliate recusants, than 'a Popish invention to create division among Protestants.'

'Remarks on the Legal and other Studies of the University of Oxford,' (J. H. Parker,) by Mr. C. Neate, of Oriel, might much more appropriately be styled, *Grumbling de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. Undoubtedly one who finds fault with everything, must find fault with many abuses and mistakes; and Mr. Neate has stumbled upon such. But indiscriminate censure defeats its object.

Much more pertinent, because so condensed, is Mr. Drummond Chase's earnest and often touching appeal—we fear a useless one—on behalf of 'The Rights of *Indigentes* in respect to College Foundations.' (J. H. Parker.)

'L'Observateur Catholique' is the title of a Parisian 'Bi-monthly,' of which twelve numbers are before us. It is written with great spirit and ability; and Gallican, or even Jansenist in principles, its object is to expose, which it does in no unsparing language, Ultramontaniam in general, and the *Univers* in particular. Its principles are those of the late Abbé Laborde. It constitutes a very distinct proof that we are not to take for granted the real character of the French Church from its Parisian externals. The *Correspondant*, again, under the influences of MM. Albert de Broglie and Montalembert, exhibits a wide and happy divergence, not only from the politics but from the ecclesiastical tone of the *Univers*. M. de Montalembert's admirable 'De l'Avenir Politique de l'Angleterre,' (Paris: Didier,) has already commended itself to our readers. 'L'Observateur Catholique,' we ought to have observed, signalizes itself by a very strenuous and consistent opposition to the new dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Had we space we would describe and recommend several publications by the late—that is, politely displaced—Bishop of Chartres, M. Clausel de Montals, especially his 'Coup d'Œil sur la Constitution de la Religion Catholique.' (Chartres: Garnier.)

From Bishop Doane we receive as usual another pleasant remembrance of his zealous and loving spirit in the shape of a 'Lenten Offering, 1856.' (Burlington: Atkinson.)

Sir A. H. Elton's—we believe that the author is familiarly known—'Tracts for the present Crisis.' Though we did not in all things sympathise with him, we can speak with respect of the writer's general good and sound feeling, and with considerable admiration of his popular talents and telling style.

Six parts of a serial, published at regular intervals—'The Seasons of the Church; what they teach,' (Mozley.)—have been forwarded to us. They are edited—not, we believe, all written—by Mr. Newland, of S. Mary Church; and on the whole they form a valuable body of instruction and meditation. The style of the Sermons is familiar, without being vulgar, and it is full of illustration, always forcible and interesting and generally correct. If the series has a fault, we should say that occasionally this fondness for original illustration betrays the preacher into extravagance. In a Sermon on the Day of Judgment (p. 64), we find an allusion to the lost Pleiad. We are told that, many centuries ago, one of these stars was observed to grow much brighter: in a few days it became still brighter; gradually this brightness lessened, and at last the star went out. Now we are quite ready to admit that this fact is a very good illustration, but we hardly think it right to say, 'No doubt in that star this brightness was its day of judgment. The earth and all the works therein shall be burned up. So it was there.' Surely this assumption of the historical tense is bold even to the limits of presumption.

Among Confirmation Papers we are able to single out two of rare combinations,—brevity, pith, and practical importance: 'A Plain Tract on Confirmation,' and its sequel, 'A Plain Tract for those who have lately been Confirmed,' (Mozley,) by Mr. Ridley, of Hambleden.

Mr. Paget's 'Series of Popular Tales' (J. H. Parker,) has reached its fifteenth or sixteenth monthly issue, and always with sustained life and

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interest. 'Windycote Hall' we may select from the series, as particularly popular.

As we are going to press, a translation of M. le Comte de Montalembert's volume on 'The Political Future of England,' already recommended by us, reaches us from the publisher, Mr. Murray.

Mr. Beresford Hope has printed,—or rather Mr. Grundy, a publisher of Maidstone, has printed, from a short-hand writer's notes,—'A Lecture delivered at the Kilndown Library,' on the celebrated Greek and Roman writers. This fashion of rural lecturing, with which we sympathize a good deal, is calling out some very useful publications. Among them we specify Mr. Beresford Hope's as a really remarkable effort: to have said so much and yet so intelligibly on a subject somewhat foreign to the thoughts or habits of the Kentish yeomanry, and to say it so flowingly, and yet with such point, does credit to the lecturer's versatile talents and popular habits. And though the thought is obvious, that perhaps not much solid instruction is given in these occasional lectures, we must express our convictions that much of indirect good accrues from them, not only to the lectured in expanding tastes and in stimulating dormant powers,—not only to the lecturers in giving them ease and readiness in expression—but in cultivating intercourses far removed both from mere hospitality among equals and mere condescending charity to inferiors. We are glad to see the clergy in various places taking part, or the lead, in these courses of secular lectures. Nor is this custom confined to the country. We have heard of courses well attended at Stoke Newington, at S. Andrew's, Holborn, and elsewhere, during the past winter.

From this general approval of popular lecturing we desire to except productions as 'A Lecture on the Jews,' (Oldham,) delivered to a Yô Man's Christian Association at Dublin, by a Mr. Fleury, who certainly is not in powers a descendant of the celebrated Church historian. What are we to think of the judgment, either in religious or political science, of a person who asks, 'What more probable than that the present bloody contest between England and Russia should terminate in the stipulation that the land of Palestine, with its holy places, should be resigned to its ancient possessors, the Jews, *in trust*, under the safeguard of the powers now at war, but then reconciled, on condition,' &c. What more probable? We can conceive nothing less probable—except Mr. Fleury's return to common sense.

Among Sermons we have to acknowledge: volumes, 1. by Mr. Alford, of Queen's Chapel, (Livingtons;) 2. Mr. G. Hill, of S. Philip's, Berkeley Street, (Livingtons;)—both, we believe, popular preachers; 3. by Mr. Pinner, (Barking;) 4. 'Sketches from our Lord's History,' by Mr. S. Hallerman, (Hatchard;) 5. 'Homilies on St. John: the Evangelist,' by Mr. S. Boschaquet, (Hatchard;) 6. 'Five University Sermons,' by the Bishop of Melbourne, (Macmillan.) Unfortunately, we cannot think very highly of any of these volumes.

ERRATA.

In our last Number, in the article 'Weekly on S. Augustine,' page 193, line 4, for 'they have' read 'they have no means'; and in page 195, from 'We,' line 17, to 'election' surmount should be removed from the page and read as a foot-note.

